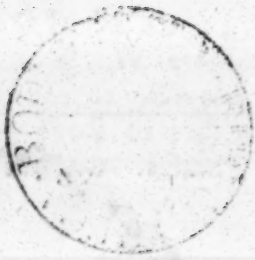


NEW EDITION
OF THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON



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To the High. Puissant, and most noble Prince,

JAMES,

Duke of HAMILTON, CHASTLERAULT, and
BRANDON.

Marquis of CLIDSDALE,

Earl of ARRAN, LANERK and CAMBRIDGE.

Lord AVEN, POLMONT, MACHANSHIRE and
INNERDALE,

Barron of DUTTON.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE

OF all the endowments of nature, heroic virtue
has justly been the most admired.

It shines in none of the Heroes of antiquity
with a truer lustre, than in Sir WILLIAM
WALLACE. and none of them have deserved bet-
ter of their country, than he has done.

ALL his wisdom, valour and conduct. were still em-
ployed for the good of his country; and while he held

The DEDICATION

the supreme command, by his vigilance, defended SCOTLAND from all treasons at home, and attempts from abroad.

'Tis these heroic virtues of our great GENERAL that makes me presume, MY LORD, to beg your GRACE's patronage to this history done in modern Scots verse, and I humbly presume your GRACE will have the goodness to forgive the low strains of a writer, whose greatest motive, is to make the history of an ancient HERO intelligible to the age he lives in; in order to form their minds to virtue, by setting so glorious a model before their eyes,

Is by that, I can deserve my country-men's thanks, or intitle me to the least share of your GRACE's favour, I shall reckon myself unspeakably happy.

I am not, now, My LORD, to take up your Grace's time, or offend your modesty by recapitulating, the advantages you have from your birth improv'd by education, and assisted by ample fortune nor of your many princely virtues; these my Lord being every where spoken of with the outmost admiration by all. That your Grace may be your country's darling, and as useful to it as any of your illustrious ancestors have been, shall be the constant prayer of

May it please your GRACE

Gilbertfield Sep,
21st, 1721.

Your GRACE's most humble
Most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

William Hamilton.



THE AUTHOR'S

PREFACE.

IT is hoped that the reader will be so generous as to overlook the many imperfections of the following sheets which now offer themselves to public view,

If any person shall seem surprized at the low strains and homely verses: he may understand, that nothing more was intended in this new edition, than making the original copy intelligible. putting the book in modern Scots, and making the numbers run smooth and easy; all which will be found in some measure to be done.

The PREFACE

AND tho' this homely way was the method concerted and concluded upon, by a vast majority, yet, to gratify the inclinations of a few, some part of the Book is done by way of Paraphrase, and in more lofty strains than what was at first proposed.

It is also expected that this new edition shall not be taxed with injustice or partiality to either side, since it contains nothing but what is the same in substance with the old book, there being no design to offend any person whatsoever, but, the contrary, to oblige all.

THE



T H E

INTRODUCTION.

THIS history of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, with the other of the valiant King Robert Bruce, which followeth upon the end of it, the former written in Latin by Mr John Blair, chaplain to WALLACE, and turned in Scots metre by one called blind Hary, in the days of King JAMES the IVth, the other written by Mr John Barbour Archdean of Aberdeen, a learned man in the days of King David Bruce, and Robert Stuart) contain a relation of the most famous war that ever fell out in the Isle of Britain, fought most valiantly for the space of forty years, betwixt the two realms of Scotland and England, the one unjustly pursuing, the other constantly defending the liberties of their country. During which broils, there happened great alterations, both in the general state of this Kingdom, and in the overthrow and advancement of particular families, the one for betraying the other for maintaining their countrys freedom and welfare

THAT the whole history may be the more clear, we

have thought good in a short Preface. to set down the causes, occasions, and the most memorablè passages of this war. In the year 1285. Alexander the third King of Scotland. being suddenly taken away by a fall off his horse. at Kinghorn. without any issue of his body and in him the whole posterity of his Father Alexander the second, and Grand-father to William the Lyon being extinct the right of the crown fell to the heirs of David Earl of Huntingtoun and Garrioch youngest brother to William the Lyon. He had left three daughters, the eldest Margaret married to Allan lord of the Galloway; the second Isabel, to Robert Bruce (surnamed the noble) lord of Annandale, and Cleveland: the youngest Ada, married Henry Hastings an Englishman; who having no just title to the crown, the contention rested betwixt the posterity of the two elder daughters: For Allan lord of Galloway. having no sons by his wife Margaret his eldest daughter Dornagilla of Galloway married John Baliol a man of great power and lands both in Scotland, England and France, and bare to him John Baliol; afterwards King Robert Bruce by his wife Isabel of Huntingtoun had Robert Bruce. Earl of Carrick (by marriage of Marthaheratrix thereof who contended with John Baliol, and died in the time of WALLACE wars. His eldest son Robert Bruce succeeded King of Scotland

DORNAGILLA of Galloway claimed the crown as heir to Margaret eldest daughter to prince David. Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick albeit son to Isabel the second daughter, yet, contended that in fensal succession, the first male ought to succeed before a woman standing in the same degree, as a son excludeth his sister from succession although she be elder: and therefore he and Dornagilla of Galloway standing in the second degree from Prince David, he ought to be preferred to her; as

from her son John Baliol, he could claim no right but by her, and likewise was a degree further off from Prince David. The like practice had fallen out some ten years before, in Hugh the fourth Duke of Burgundy, whose eldest son Hugh (dying before his father) left a daughter Joio, countess of Nevers who claimed to succeed her grand-father Hugh the IV, notwithstanding Robert second son to the same Hugh the IV, was preferred to her and succeeded the Duke of Burgundy; if then the second son in feudal inheritance succeeded before the eldest son's daughter, far more ought the nephew to succeed before the Niece. The right of succession being thus made doubtful, the competitors were so powerful, that they drew the greatest part of the kingdom in two equal factions; so that it seemed impossible to settle the controversy at home, without running into a most pernicious civil war.

THE states of Scotland to prevent this mischief, thought it fittest to submit the arbitrament of the plea to Edward the I, surnamed Long-shanks King of England and that upon diverse weighty reasons; for he and his father King Henry III being joined by many alliances of bands and friendship to the two last Kings of Scotland had lived in great amity and concord with them receiving and interchanging many favours and kind duties. The two competitors also Bruce and Baliol, had as great lands in England as in Scotland, so that he (and he only) was able to make them to stand to reason. Finally, the states of Scotland not being able to determine the plea, there was no prince besides more powerful, and in appearance more like to compose the controversy without great blood shed. This motion was in secret very greedily embraced by King Edward hoping in so troublesome a water to find a gainful fishing, either by drawing the kingdom of Scotland under his direct subjection, or at least under his homage, as Lord Paramount and su-

perior ; considering the difficulty to determine the question at home, and the interest he had in both the parties being (for a great part of their estates) his vassals and subjects ; his great power also, having (besides Ireland) a great part of France under his dominion, and the low countries his assured confederates, gave him great encouragement ; neither wanted he great friendship in Scotland, having at that time many of the greatest noblemen in Scotland, vassals and feud rics to himself for many lands which they held in England, partly for great services done to himself and his father, partly lying within Northumberland, and the border shires then holden by the Scots in fee of England ; partly also by interchange of marriages and successions betwixt the two nations, which for a long time had lived in perfect amity, as if it had been one kingdom, And to make the controversy more fearful, he stirred up eight other competitors, besides Bruce and Baliol : Florence Earl of Holland (descended of Ada sister to William the Lyon : Patrick Dumbair Earl of March, Sir Walter Rofs, Sir Nicholas Soules, Sir Roger Mondevile, Sir John Cumine of Badenach (these five were descended of younger daughters of Allan Lord of Galloway) Sir William Vescie, begotten upon King Alexander the II his bastard daughter, but pretended to be legitimate, and John Hastings Lord Abergevany, descended of Ada youngest daughter to Prince David of Huntingtoun.

HAVING thus prepared matters, he came to Berwick, and met with the states of Scotland, to whom he promised to decide the controversy according to equity, which that it might seem more likely, he had brought from France sundry of the most famous lawyers of that age ; He choise also out of the states of Scotland assembled, twelve of the wisest and most honourable, to whom he joined the like number of English, as assessors to himin

his arbitrament. At this meeting, by the doubtful answer of lawyers, and number of new pretendents, he made the matter more difficult, and appointed a new convention at Norham in the borders, the year following.

DIFFICULTIES thus increasing, and the Earl of Holland having on foot a great army to take the crown of Scotland by force (which their own stories affirm to have landed in Scotland and to have intercepted some strengths) at the meeting of Norham, King Edward dealt secretly, and by fit agents with the states of Scotland, for eschewing of imminent mischiefs to become his subjects; He being descended of K David's sister and so but two degrees further from the crown of Scotland than Bruce or Baliol were. This being flatly refused by all, he betook him to his other design, And first dealt secretly with Robert Bruce promising to decern in his favours, if he would take the crown of Scotland holden of him, and do him homage for it. But he stoutly refused to subject a free nation to any Over lord; whereupon King Edward called for John Baliol, who knowing that he was not so much favoured of the states of Scotland easily condescended to King Edward's desire, and being by him declared King of Scotland the states desirous of peace, conveyed him to Secon where he was crowned, Anno 1291, and all except Bruce swore to him obedience, thereafter Duncan Macduff Earl of Fife, was killed by the Lord Abernethy (a man of great power in those times allied both with the Cumines and Baliol:) The Earls brother finding the King partial in the administration of justice, summoned him to compare before the king of England in parliament; Where being present and sitting besides King Edward (after he had done him homage) when he was called upon, thought to answer by a procurator: but he was forced to rise and stand at the bar, This indignity grieving him greatly, he re-

solved to free himself of this bondage. At the same time war breaking out betwixt England and France, King Edward sent ambassadors to the parliament of Scotland to send aid to him, as now being their Overlord. There came also other ambassadors from France, desiring the ancient League to be renewed. The King and states of Scotland renewed the league with France which had remained inviolably kept, for the space of five hundred years before. The King of England's suit was rejected because the pretended surrender and homage was made by John Baliol privately, without consent of the parliament. A marriage also was concluded betwixt prince Edward Baliol, and a daughter of Charles Earl of Valois brother to the French King PHILIP Edward having foreseen all these things, had drawn Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, with his friends, enemies to Baliol, and divers noblemen of Scotland who held lands of him in England, to bring such forces as they could make to assist him in the French war; but without taking truce with the French for some months, he suddenly turned his forces destinate against France toward Scotland. His navy was vanquished at Berwick and eighteen of his ships taken. Yet his land host by the means of the Brusian faction, and the Englished-Scots noblemen took the town of Berwick with great slaughter, and shortly thereafter Dunbar, Edinburgh, and Stirling. In, and about these castles, he had killed or taken captives the greatest part of the Scots noblemen: So that crossing Forth, the blow being so sudden he found no preparation for resistance, Baliol surrendered himself to King Edward at Montrose and was sent by sea unto England, where he remained captive, till such time, as by intercession of the Pope, he was set at liberty, swearing and giving hostages never to return into Scotland, King Edward came to Scoon and took upon him the crown of Scotland, as forfeited by the rebellion

of his homager Baliol. He sent for the nobles of Scotland who remained, that they with such as were his captives might swear homage to him, as to their Liege Lord and King, these who refused, Were detained prisoners.

KING Edward thinking that now all was sure for him in Scotland, lest John Plantagenet [some call him Warran] Earl of Surrey and Sir Hugh Cressingham treasurer, and returned to prosecute the French war, taking such of the nobility of Scotland as he feared along with him with their followers. The great men of Scotland being in this manner either imprisoned by King Edward, or sworn to his obedience, and tied thereto by reason of their lands holden of the crown of England, the rest either fled into the isles and highlands, or thought it sufficient to defend their own, till better times.

BUT while men of power neglected the publick cause of the liberty of Scotland WILLIAM WALLACE a youth of honourable birth, being son to Malcom Wallace of Ellerslie, but of mean power, having first in private killed as many Englishmen of the garrisons as he could overtake them, by these exploits became so encouraged, being a man of invincible hardiness, incredible strength of body, and withall very wise and circumspect, that he gathered his friends and neighbours, and by jeopardies and stratagems, divers times cut off great numbers of the enemy: the report thereof drew to him such as affected the liberty and welfare of their country, and had courage to hazard themselves for the vindicating thereof, As namely the Earl Malcom Lennox, the Lord William Douglas [who had been taken captive at the winning of Berwick, whereof he was captain and sent home upon assurance] Sir John Graham, Sir Neil Campbell, Sir Christopher Seaton, Sir John Ramfay, Sir Fergus Bar-

clay, Andrew Murray, William Oliphant, Hugh May, Robert Boyd, John Johnstoun, Adam Gordon, Robert Keith, Rannald Crawford younger, Adam Wallace, Roger Kilpatrick, Simon and Alexander Frazers, James Crawford, Robert Lauder, Scrimger, Alexander Auchinleck, Ruthven, Richard Lundie, William Crawford, Arthur Bisset, James and Robert Lindsay, John Cleland, William Kier, Edward Little, Robert Rutherford Thomas Haliday, John Tinto, Walter Newbigging, Gerdan Barde, Guthrie, Adam Curie, Hugh Dundas, John Scot, Steven Ireland, Mr John Blair, Mr Thomas Gray, and other gentlemen, with their friends and servants : who after some valiant exploits happily achieved, and an army of ten thousand men led by Thomas Earl of Lancaster to the Earl of Warran (defeat by WALLACE at Biggar) holding an assembly at the Forrest Kirk, choosed WALLACE to be warden of Scotland and Viceroy in Baliol's absence. In which office he so valianly behaved himself, that in a short space he recovered all the strengths on the borders, and brought the south parts of Scotland to good quiet.

THE English fearing the loss of all, subtilly took truce with WALLACE for one year beginning in February. In June following they proclaimed a justice-aire to be holden at Glasgow and Air, the eighteenth of that month, thinking to intrap WALLACE and all his friends, and under colour of law to cut them off at the day appointed. All landed men, according to the custom assembling to this court, The English men condemned them of felony, and hanged them presently : among the rest Sir Rannald Crawford sherriff of Air, uncle to Wallace, sir Brice Blair, Sir Neil Montgomery, and many of the Barons of Kyle Cunningham, Carrick, Cliddisdale. These that escaped by flight advertised WALLACE who chanced to come later than

the rest. He assembling such of the country, as detesting so horrible a fact, extremely hated the authors thereof in the beginning of the night secretly entered into Air, set fire unto the place, where the English men after that fact, were securely sleeping and suffer'd none to escape. The garrison of the castle issuing forth to quench the fire, an ambush laid for the purpose entered the house, and made it sure. The next morning WALLACE came to Glasgow where the Lord Henry Percy had retired from Air the day before. him he expelled thence with great slaughter. The victory he so hotly pursued, that immediately thereafter he took the castle of Stirling recovered Argyle and Lorn with the town of St Johnstoun and country about: thence he travelled through Angus and Mearns, taking in all the strengths untill he came to Aberdeen, which he found forsaken of the English men who had fled by sea with the Lord Henry Beaumont an English Lord who had married the heretrix of the Earldom of Buchan named Cumine. Thus all the north country was reduced to the obedience of Wallace except the castle of Dundee, while he lay at the siege hereof news came of the approach of the English army, led by John Earl of Warran and Surrey. and Sir Hugh Cressingham with a great number of Northumberland men, and such of the Scots as held with England to the number of thirty thousand, WALLACE having with him ten thousand men hardened in arms, met them beside Stirling on the North side of Forth, which having no foords at that place, was passable only by a wooden bridge. This he on purpose had caused to be weakened, so that the one half of the host being past, led by Cressingham, the bridge broke with the great weight of their baggage. These who were come over, WALLACE charged suddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part in pieces with their leader Cressingham; the rest seeking to escape.

drowned in the water. The Earl of Warran with those that escaped, was assailed by Earl Malcolm Lennox captain of Stirling castle and being hotly pursued by WALLACE, barely escaped himself, flying into Dumbar, a castle then belonging to Patrick Earl of March. In this battle fought on the 13th of September 1297, there died no Scots man of remark, but Andrew Murray of Bothwell. The English garrisons hearing of this discomfiture fled from all places so that before the last of September, all the strengths of Scotland were recovered except Berwick and Roxburgh.

AFTER these victories : He held a parliament at St. Johnstoun, as warden of Scotland, and settled the whole country, causing the nobility to swear to be faithful to the state, till such time as they might condescend who should be King ; Earl Patrick Dumbar refusing to acknowledge the authority of this parliament, was chased out of Scotland, and because the year by past the ground had not been manured and great famine threatened the land, Wallace assembled a great host and entered England, where he remained all the winter, and the spring following, living upon the enemies and enriching his soldiers by their spoil during which time the English could never encounter him in open field : only at his first entry King Edward with a great army of raw soldiers came against him in the plain of Stanmure ; but perceiving the discipline and hard resolution of WALLACE's host, before they came nearer than half a mile, drew back his army and retired : WALLACE for fear of ambush, kept his soldiers in order, and pursued them not. Thus King Edward left his country to the mercy of a provoked enemy, and notwithstanding that he promised battle, yet he kept himself close till peace was concluded for five years, Berwick and Roxburgh being rendered to the Scots.

SCOTLAND thus enjoying perfect liberty. WALLACE being earnestly requested by the French King, to the end that his special captains might be kept in military exercise during the peace, sailed over to France with fifty of them in his company. He was encountered on the way by Thomas of Charters [commonly called Thomas of Longveail] who with sixteen sail infested the seas: but boarding WALLACE's ship, he was taken by him, and thereafter fought most valiantly under him and King Robert Bruce, for the liberty of Scotland. After his landing in France, he was employed in war against the English, who at that time possessed the Duchy of Guyen and Burdeous; there he defeated in sundry skirmishes. But in few days he was called home by some of his friends in Scotland, for King Edward understanding his absence, and pretending that he had broken the peace in Guyen, dealt with Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, and his friends, and with such noblemen of Scotland as held lands, in England, or envied Wallace's glory, showing that it was a shame for them to suffer Wallace, a mean gentleman, to rule Scotland, while any of the blood-royal did remain; so promising his assistance to Robert Bruce, he sent a great army into Scotland, and by the help of the Brucean faction and English noblemen, he easily obtained the greatest strengths in Scotland. Wallace returned the next summer, and secretly amassing a number of his special followers, who had lurked till his backcoming, on a sudden surprized St Johnstoun by stratagem; and pursuing his victory hotly chased the English out of Fife. Upon the report hereof all the rest of his followers came from their lurking holes, by whose assistance he recovered divers strengths. The Lord William Douglas took the castle of Sanquhair by a stratagem, and finding the English captains of the nearest garrisons to come and besiege him, he sent secretly to Wal-

ace, who coming with his power not only raised the siege, but chased also the whole English garrisons out of those quarters : from hence he came to the North parts, which he recovered with small difficulty except the strong castle of D U N D E E, to which he laid siege.

THE King of England grieved at this fortunate success of Wallace, and understanding that he was highly envied by the Earl of March, the Cumines, (the greatest surname then in Scotland) and divers ancient noblemen [to whose honour Wallace's renown seemed to derogate] he stirred up Robert Bruce elder his faction, persuading them that Wallace was Bruce's only competitor for the crown : having so made a strong party for himself in Scotland, the next spring he came with an army of forty or fifty thousand men, Scots and English to Falkirk, six miles beneath Stirling. The Scots army was very great being thirty thousand strong if they had been all of one mind. For John Cumine Lord of Cumberland, who had an eye to the crown) had persuaded the Lord John Stuart of Bute, being tutor and Grand-father by the mother of the Lord James Stuart of Rentrew lately deceased, to contend with Wallace for the leading of the van-guard, alleging the same belonged to the Lord Stuart's house by ancient privilege. Wallace refusing this, they parted one from another in high chaff, there remaining with him no more but ten thousand of his old soldiers. Cumine with ten thousand of his followers, after a small shew of resistance, fled treasonably, leaving the valiant Stuart inclosed by two battles of the English, by whom (after he had fought valiantly for a long time) he was cut off with all his followers. Wallace with his battle defended themselves valiantly, until they were safely retired beyond the river of Carron, losing (besides

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others) the noble Sir John Graham: the most valiant worthy of Scotland next unto WALLACE. Bruce, whom the King of England had brought with all his friends to the field, pretending to assist him for recovery of his right from the usurper WALLACE, perceiving WALLACE on the other side of Carron, desired to speak with him; and upbraided him with so foolish an usurpation of the kingdom of Scotland, against so powerful a faction at home, assisted by so mighty a King abroad; I, answered WALLACE intended never to reign in Scotland, but finding my native country abandoned by you, and Baliol, who have the right to the crown have set myself to defend my friends and neighbours from the unjust tyranny and usurpation of the King of England, who setteth you forth most unnaturally to tear the bowels of your mother with your own hands. After diverse speeches to this purpose, Bruce perceiving the fraudulent and tyrannous design of King Edward, returned to the host. The next morning WALLACE understanding that the English army was weakly entrenched, and in great security, amassing with his own army such as had escaped, set upon them in the dawning before they could be arrayed and killed many; so that the English King returned at that time without any further exploit. Bruce remembering what he heard of WALLACE, desired King Edward according to his former promises to put him in possession of so much of the kingdom of Scotland as then was under his power: to whom he answered in the French tongue, Have we no more ado but conquer kingdoms for you? By this speech the Lord Bruce conceived so great grief and anger, that within few days he departed this life, without seeing his eldest son Robert Bruce afterwards King, being kept for assurance of his Father's obedience, in Cila's castle in France.

AFTER this unhappy battle, WALLACE (living

to recover such castles and strengths as King Edward had intercepted found such opposition and backwardness by envious emulators, that he returned to St. Johnston, and in an assembly of the states resigned his charge of warden, and with eighteen men passed again into France, according to a promise at his return therefrom. This fell out in the end of the year 1300. The opposite faction having gained their desire: chused John Cumine governour: the rather because King Edward had promised to assist him to the crown of Scotland. But he found him as great an enemy as he had been to WALLACE. For after seven months truce, obtained by means of the French King Edward sent Sir Ralph Gontray with a great army to subdue the Scots and to put an end to the war, which they expected should be easie, WALLACE being now out of the way, John Cumine joining with the Lord Simon Frazer, making some eight or nine thousand men, came to resist the English who having wasted the country as far as Rossing, about five miles from Edinburgh expecting no resistance divided themselves into three battles, that they might spoil farther in the country. The Scots embracing the occasion, set upon the first battle, and easily discomfited them: The second also albeit stronger by the joining of those who fled, was after a long conflict put to the rout. By this the third battle coming to the revenge, put the Scots to a strait, as being sore wounded wearied, and weakened in the two former battles, and having to withstand a fresh enemy of far greater number. Hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives, lest they should assist the enemy, and with their weapons to arm their baggage men: and setting forward both with courage and necessity seeing no escape, after a long and hard fight, they put the enemies to flight. This was the 24th, of March 1302.

KING Edward sore incensed by this evil success, sent

Edward for Robert Bruce younger out of Calais, whom he persuaded that he had for a long time, against WALLACE defended his father's right to the crown of Scotland; that having put WALLACE out of the way, he found the Cumines as great enemies; notwithstanding he intended yet once more to put that enemy out of the way, and so settle him in his kingdom. The young Prince believing him, caused all his friends and favourers in Scotland to join with him and entering the borders, spoiled the country and took divers castles as far as Douglas. Some report that the lady Douglas named Ferras, an English woman, betrayed that castle to the Bruce, who took the Lord William Douglas captive with all his children and goods. The Lord himself was kept prisoner in Berwick, and thereafter in York, where he died. Mean time King Edward had prepared a mighty army both by land and sea, with which he entered Scotland and subdued all before him. While he came to Stirling, kept then by Sir William Oliphant; who after a long siege, knowing of no relief, yielded the castle upon condition that himself and all that were with him, should pass with their lives safe: notwithstanding King Edward kept still all the noblemen, together with the captain Sir William Oliphant; and such as would not swear homage to him (pretending to be protector of Robert Bruce's right) he sent prisoners to London. Having in this castle intercepted divers of John Cumine's friends, he procured them to draw him to a party with him: in which he so blinded him with hopes of the kingdom, and with fear of utter undoing that he joined himself and his friends to the English; who by this accession easily passed forward with the course of victory as far as the outmost bounds of Ross, and in his back coming carried away with him into England all books, registers, histories, laws, and monuments of the kingdom; and among others the fatal

Marble Chair, whereupon the former Scots Kings used to be crowned at Scoon, on which was engraven a prophecy, bearing, ' That where this chair should be transported, the Scots should command there ; He carried also with him all the learned men and professors of Scotland, amongst others the famous Doctor John Duns, surnamed Scotus, thinking hereby to discourage and effeminate the minds of the Scots that they should cast off all care of recovering their liberty, the memory thereof being drowned in oblivion. At his return into England he left his cousin Sir Aymer de Vallange Earl of Pembroke viceroy, having fortified all castles with strong garrisons,

THE Scots who stood for the liberty of the country, being forsaken by John Cumine, sent earnest letters to France to move WALLACE to return. He was then making war upon the English in Guyen; but hearing the mischiefs of his country, obtained leave of the French King to return; and secretly amassing some of the remainder of his old friends, recovered divers castles and towns in the north, and having greatly increased his army besieged St Johnstoun till it was rendered. But as he proceeded in the course of his victories he was betrayed by his familiar friend Sir John Monteith, to Aymer Vallange who sent him into England, whereby King Edward's command he was put to death, and his body quartered, and sent into the principal cities of Scotland, to be set up for a terror to others,

NOTWITHSTANDING this cruelty prevailed little for the assuring of King Edward's conquest. New enemies arising whence he least expected; for as he returned from his last journey into Scotland, John Cumine and Robert Bruce meeting together, after long conference of the state of their country, perceived that not.

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withstanding he had promised to each of them a-part his help to obtain the crown of Scotland, yet his intention was only to use their assistance to conquer and secure to himself, as he well declared by spoiling the country of all monuments public and private. Hereupon they agreed that Cumine should quite all his right to the crown in favours of Bruce, and that Bruce should give him all his lands for his assistance. This contract written and sealed by both parties. Bruce returned into England with the host, waiting for a fit time to escape from King Edward: In the mean time WALLACE returning, and recovering many places in Scotland, sent privately for Bruce to come home and take the crown, and to his brother Edward Bruce, a most valiant youth; who coming out of Ireland, took sundry strengths in Annandale and Gallo-way, Cumine who had kept old enmity with WALLACE not enduring that Bruce by his means should come to the crown, revealed the contract betwixt him and Bruce to King Edward; who at first delayed to cut off Robert Bruce, till such time as he might get the rest of his brethren into his hands,

BRUCE advertised of his danger by the Earl of Gloucester (some call him the Earl of Montgomery) his old friend, who had sent him a pair of sharp spurs, and some crowns of gold as if he had borrowed the same, guessing the meaning of this propine, caused by night shoe three horse backward and posted away from court with two in his company and on the fifth day (the way being deep in winter) arrived at his own castle of Lochmabane, where he found his brother Edward with Robert Fleming, James Lindsay, Roger Kilpatrick, and Thomas of Charters who told him how WALLACE was betrayed by Sir John Monteith and the Cumine faction a few days before. Immediately hereafter they intercepted a messenger with letters from Cumine to

King Edward, desiring that the Bruce should be dispatched in haste ; lest (being a nobleman much favoured by the commons) he should raise greater stirrs. The treachery of John Cumine before only suspected, was hereby made manifest, which so incensed the Lord Bruce, that riding to Dumfries and finding Cumine at the mass in Gray Friars, after he had shown him his letters in impatience he stabbed him with his dagger ; and others who were about him doing the like, not only dispatched him, but also his cousin Sir Edward Cumine and others who assisted him. This slaughter fell out the ninth of February in the beginning of the year 1306 as we now account.

THE Bruce thus rid of one enemy, found a great Number as it were arising out of his ashes. even the whole puissant name of Cumine with their allies, the Earl of March the Lord of Lorn, the Lord of Abernethy the Lord of Brechin the Lord Soules the most part of the north, and all Galloway followed the Cumines : The E. of March and Lord William Soules commanded the Mers, with Berwick and the borders ; all which they yielded to King Edward, and maintained against Robert Bruce. At the same time his two brethren, Thomas and Alexander Bruce with Rannald Crawford younger, secretly landing in Galloway, were taken by Duncan Macdougall a great man in Galloway and sent to King Edward, who caused them all three to be hanged. On the other side, assembled to him besides these above named, the young Lord James Douglas (who hearing of his father's death, had returned from France where he was at schools, and stayed a time with his kinsman William Lamberton Bishop of St Andrews) E. Malcom Lennox, Earl John of Athol, (although of the Cumines blood, yet being father in law to Edward Bruce Sir Neil Campbell Sir Gilbert Hay, Sir Christopher Sea-

son, Sir Thomas Rannald Sir Hugh Hay, John Somervale, David Barclay Alexander and Simon Frazer, Sir Robert Boyd, Sir William Haliburton with sundry who had stood with WALLACE before. With this company he past to Scoon, and took upon him the crown of Scotland in April 2306. After this he gathered an army, minding to besiege St Johnstoun: but finding his power too weak, he retired to Methven, where he was unexpectedly assaulted and discomfited by Sir Aymer de Vallance but with small loss of men, except some who were taken, as Rannald Barclay, Frazer, Inchmartine, Somervale, and Sir Hugh Hay, who were constrained to swear homage to King Edward. The commons discouraged with this hard success, fearing the English, forsook the new King; who had a few company of gentlemen about him, with whom he travelled towards Argyle, meaning to lurk for a time with his brother in law Sir Neil Campbell: but he was encountered by the way, by John of Lorn Cousin to John Cumine, and constrained to flee, albeit with small slaughter of his own folk. After this second discomfiture, he sent his Queen [being daughter to Gratney Earl of Mar] with his brother Sir Neil Bruce, and John Earl of Athol, to the castle of Kildrimmy in Mar. The King of England sent his son Prince Edward with a mighty host to besiege this castle. The Queen hearing this, fled to the frith of Fane in Ross: but the Earl of Ross took her, and her daughter, and sent them captives into England. The castle of Kildrimmy was traiterously burnt by one of the garrison: all that were within it taken, and hanged at the command of the English King.

KING Robert seeing winter approaching, and finding no retreat in the main land, retired with his most entire friends to his old friend Angus Lord of the isles; with whom he stayed a short time in Kintyre and thereafter

sailed over into the isle of Raughline, where he lurked
 all the winter : every man esteeming him to be dead.
 The next spring he landed quietly in Carrick and on a
 sudden intercepted his own castle of Turnberry, the Lord
 Piercy flying home out of it to his own country. Sir
 James Douglas departing thence secretly, came, into
 Douglas-dale, and by means of Thomas Dickson an old
 servant of his father's, he recovered his own castle of
 Douglas, and cast it down once and again : therefore
 he returned to King Robert to Cumnock shewing him
 that Aymer de Vallance and John of Lorn with an army
 were coming against him. The King with five hundred
 valiant men kept themselves in a strong place, waiting,
 while Sir Aymer should invade : But took no heed to
 John of Lorn who fetching a compass, set upon his back
 with eight hundred highland-men and had well nigh
 inclosed him about. The King perceiving the danger,
 divided his men in three ; and appointing where they
 should meet at night, fled three sundry ways. John of
 Lorn having a sloth hound, pursued still after the King,
 who putting away all that were in his company, save
 one man, fled into the next wood and with great dif-
 ficulty escaped the sloth-hound. Sir Aymer disappoint-
 ed of this enterprize, shortly thereafter with fifteen hun-
 dred chosen men, very nigh surprised the King in Glen-
 trole wood : but the King with his men taking courage,
 so resolutely defended the place being very strong, and
 killed divers of the first who assailed them, that the
 rest fled back. Therefore with more courage he went
 into the fields and reduced Kyle and Cunningham to his
 obedience, Sir James Douglas also with threescore men
 lying in an ambush at a strait place in Cunningham, cal-
 led the Netherfoord where Sir Philip Moubray was pas-
 sing with a thousand men against the King being then
 in Kyle, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight.
 On the tenth of May following, sir Aymer with three-

thousand men came against the King then lying at Gauf-
ton in Kyles : King Robert hearing of his coming, altho-
it he exceeded not six hundred men, came forth against
him at a place under Loudon hill, which he was so forti-
fied on either hand with dykes and fossies, that the e-
nemies could not inclose him on the sides : and so by the
stout and resolute valour of so few, Sir Aymer was put to
flight, which he took so sore to heart, that he retired in-
to England, and gave over his office of Warden, or
Viceroy, John of Britain Earl of Richmond being sent
into Scotland in his place,

KING Robert after this past into the north, leaving
Sir James Douglas on the borders, who taking his own
castle of Douglas by a stratagem, razed it to the ground,
and in few days chased all the English out of Douglas-
dale Attrick Forrest, and Jedburgh Forrest and took
Sir Thomas Rannald, the King's sister's son (who had
followed the English ever since his captivity) and Sir
Alexander Stuart of Bonkle, Sir Alexander and Simon
Frazer meeting K. Robert in the north, shewed him
how John Cumine Earl of Buchan, David Lord Brechen
Sir John Moubray, and the rest of the Cumine faction
were gathering an army against him

MEAN while by the assistance of his friends in these
quarters, on a sudden he surprized the castle of Inver-
ness ; the same of which victory caused many other
strengths to yield ; all which he overthrew, and great-
ly increased the number of his friends. In his recov-
ing ; taking sickness at Inverury, Cumine set upon him
The King, after his friends had for a time defended
him recovering somewhat, went out to the field and
so hardily assaulted the enemy at Old Meldrum, that al-
beit their number was far greater, yet they took their
flight, With the like success he set upon the King in

Glencsk in Angus, where being shamefully put to flight he fled into England with Sir John Moubray and died there shortly. Lord David Brechen, fortified his own castle, but David Earl of Athol forced him to yield it, and he fell to the King. Mean time Philip Frazer took the castle of Forfar; And the King pursuing this victory, reduced all the North to his obedience: And joining with Lord James Douglas, returning from the South with his two captives, he took St Johnston by surprise; from thence he past into Lorn, the Lord where of had ambushed two thousand men on the side of an high steep hill, where the King behoved to enter through a narrow passage; but Sir James Douglas, with sir Alexander Frazer and sir Andrew Gray, climbing the hill came suddenly on their backs, and put them to flight. John of Lorn fled into England by sea; his father Lord. Alexander M Douglas yielded himself and the castle of Dunstaffnage to the King.

BY this means all on the North side of Forth was reduced to obedience; Sir Edward his brother in the mean time, with long and hard fighting had conquered Gallo-way James Douglas by a stratagem surprized the strong castle of Roxburgh on the Fallens even, while all the garrison (after the customs of the time) were feasting and playing the riot. The report whereof so whetted the valiant Thomas Randal, newly restored to his uncle's favour, and made Earl of Murray, that having besieged the castle of Edinburgh for some months, he set himself by all means to carry the same, which he obtained by a narrow passage up through the rock discovered to him; by which he and sundry stout gentlemen, secretly passed up, and scaling the wall, after long and dangerous fighting made themselves master of the place. The garrisons of Rugline, Lanerk, Dumfries, Air, Dandee and Bote, hearing this, yielded up these castles, which were all raz'd

the isle of Man also returned to the obedience of the crown of Scotland. Sir Edward Bruce having besieged Stirling castle three months, agreed with the captain Sir Philip Moubray, that if the King of England did not rescue him within twelve months thereafter, the castle should be yielded to King Robert. Albeit this seemed a rash provocation of so mighty a King as Edward II (who some seven years before, had succeeded his father Edward Longshanks, but far degenerate from his valour) having not only England and Ireland, and many Englished Scots, with the Duchy of Guyen, Burdeaux, and other parts of France subject unto him, but also the low countries strictly confederate with him; Yet King Robert prepared himself to encounter him in the fields, and gathered some five and thirty thousand men, few but valiant. The King of England had above an hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand horse; with which multitude intending to destroy the inhabitants of Scotland, and to divide the land to his followers, he came to Banockburn (some two miles beneath Stirling) where on the twenty first of June 1314, he was encountered by the Scots, and after long and hard fighting, his great army put to rout; himself with a small company fleeing into Dumbar, was sent by the Earl into England in a fishing boat, leaving two hundred noblemen and gentlemen killed by the Scots, and as many taken. The number of the commons slain and taken was incredible. of Scots were slain two gentlemen of note, Sir William Wepont, and Sir Walter Bots, with four thousand common soldiers,

After this victory Stirling being yielded, and Dumbarton gotten by composition, the Earl of March, the Lord Soules, and Abernethy, and others of the Cumines allies, were reconciled to the King, who past into the isles and brought them to obedience, taking John of Lorn captive who died in prison in Lochleven. Thus Scot-

land was freed of the bondage of England, except Berwick which was recovered four years thereafter 1318 and the Scots making divers incursions into England under the leading of Earl Toomas Randal, and James Lord Douglas requited the harms received from them before, and enriched themselves with their spoil.

AS for the authority of these two histories, although they possibly err in some circumstances of time place, and number, or names of men, yet generally they write the truth of the story of these times, both at greater length and upon more certain information than those who have written our Chronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusal (Gentle and courteous Reader) I wish you profit thereby and all happiness from G O D,
F A R E W E L L.

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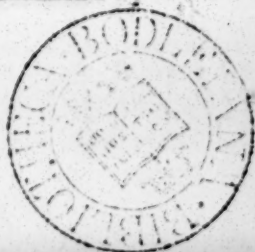
OF THE RENOWN'D
Sir WILLIAM WALLACE

GENERAL and GOVERNOUR of SCOTLAND:
Wherein the old obscure Words are rendered more
Intelligible. and adapted to the Understanding of
such who have no leifure to study the Meaning and
Import of such Phrases. without the help of a
Glossary.

THE

By WILLIAM HAMILTON.

ABERDEEN:
Printed by J. BOYLE. MDCCLXXXVI.





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O F

Sir William Wallace,

C H A P. I.

O F our ancestors brave and true ancient Scots,
Whose glorious scutcheons, knew no bars nor,
blots :

But blood untainted circled ev'ry vein,
And every thing ignoble did disdain ;
Of such illustrious Patriots, and bold,
Who stoutly did maintain our rights of old,
Who their malicious, and inveterate foes,
With sword in hand, did gallantly oppose ;
And in their own, and nations just defence,
Did briskly check the frequent insolence
Of haughty neighbours, enemies protest,
Picts Danes and Saxon's Scotland's very pest :
Of such I say, I'll brag and vaunt so long
As I have power to use my pen or tongue ;
And sound their praises, in such modern strain,
As suiteth best a Scots poetic vein,
First, here I honour in particular
Sir William Wallace, much renown'd in war :
Who's bold progenitors have long time stood,
Of honourable, and true Scottish blood,

A

And in first ranks of ancient Barrons go,
Old Knights of Craigy Barronets also ;
Which gallant race to make my story brief,
Sir Thomas Wallace represents as chief
So much for the brave Wallace father-side,
Nor will I here his mother's kindred hide.
She was a lady most complete and bright,
The daughter of that honourable knight,
Sir Rannld Crawford, high sheriff of Air,
Who fondly doted on this charming fair,
Soon wedded was the lovely blooming she,
To Malcom Wallace, then of Ellerslie :
Which am'rous pair transported with delight,
Begot young Malcom that same joyful night :
Then William, who by true consent of all,
Was honour'd to be Scottish General :
And to the nation's universal joy,
At Forrest church, made Baliol's viceroy,
Who's martial courage, with his conduct wife,
From English thraldom rescu'd Scotland thrice,
And did preserve the old imperial crown,
To his immortal glory, and renown
'Twas then, that, to the terror of his foes,
Our Thistle, did drive home the insulting Rose,
But here I must beg leave to bid adieu
To good Sir William for some minutes few,
Till, like a just impartial, honest man,
As I have heard, tell how the wars began.
King Alexander, at Kinghorn in Fife,
There, from his horse did lose his royal life,
Thro' which arose a grievous sore debate,
Some years thereafter who should rule the state,
David our Prince, Earl of Huntingtoun
Three daughters had, whom search all Britain round
Thro' all its corners, and its different airts.
None more excell'd in bright, and princely parts.

Bruce, Baliol, Hafling, from thofe ladies fpring,
The Bruce and Baliol flrive who fhall be King.
Nor did the difpute end, but grew fo hot,
The candidets in two ftrong factions got.
Which at that time appear'd to be fo equal,
Few could forfee, or guefs well at the fequel ;
Here lay the great diftreffs and misery,
The cafe at home could not determin'd be :
Wherefore, to 'void a bloody civil war
The Scotifh flates esteem'd it better far,
The two contendants fhould fubmit the thing,
To the decifion of the Englifh King.
Who greedily the ref'rence did embrace,
But play'd his cards with a difsembling face :
Yea, fo politic was this crafty King,
For his felf-ends, things fo about to bring,
That, agents he did fecretly employ,
The Scotifh lords with cunning to decoy
To his own meafures ; a pernicious plot
Quite oppofite unto the truft he got :
Thinking to make, (fo big his hopes were gro
The Scotifh crown pay homage to his own.
Which with one voice, flatly the flates refufe,
In fpite of all politics he could ufe.
The Bifhop there of Glafgow, fitting by,
Said Sir, excufe us, for we do deny.
Any ov'r lord, but the great God above
To whom we'll-homage pay, or fubject prove,
Then to the Bruce, the treafon was propos'd,
Which was by him moft generously oppos'd,
Believe me Sir faid he, I'll hang as foon,
As I'll refign our independent crown.
Therefore leave off, your words are all in vain,
Such treachery, true honour does difdain.
Unto the Baliol next he did apply,
Who did confent, alas too haftily

To hold the crown of Edward, contrair right,
For which he was created King on sight;
O base decision! Shall the guise thus go?
Shall ancient Scotland hold of England? No.
On such base terms, both make a scurvy slep,
Edward to grant, and Bal'ol to accept,
A thing, which is for certain known and sure,
Was never yet in either of their power
Neither could be, without the firm assent,
Of the estates of Scottish parliament.
Since the Scots crown, our Kings so long had wore,
Was to be independent as before.
An English parliament within short space
Is call'd, where Bal'ol suffered great disgrace,
At which affront was so exceeding wrath,
He quickly broke his base unlawful oath:
Repent'st thou and cur'd the fatal hour,
Wherein he swore, what was not in his pow'r,
Which was much better, as Divines exhort,
Than to continue and be damned for't.
On which King Edward rais'd an host with speed,
And came himself with them, to Wark on Tweed.
Unto Corispatrik of Dunbar he sent,
His counsel ask, but on a bad intent,
Who, when he came in presence of that King,
Advys'd him, and inform'd him ev'ry thing.
Then like a rogue, against the light of nature
To his own country, proves a bloody traitor:
To Berwick goes the treach'rous hellish knave,
To undermine, destroy, cheat and deceive:
Was welcom'd there, with more respect than due,
And thought by Scots both faithful, leil, and true.
King Edward follows on with all his host
By treachery poor Berwick then was lost
Corispatrik rose, when all were sleeping sound,
Drew the portculizes, let the bridges down,

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Edward he enters, bloodily falls on,
 Eight thousand kills, and fifty, spareth none.
 Then to Dunbar he and Corispatrik rode,
 Without remorse, or any fear of God.
 There did the stout and valiant Scots convene,
 With resolution true, and courage keen.
 To fight King Edward then the common foe,
 Who dy'd in blood, did thro the nation go :
 But by deceit, and a prodigious force,
 The Scots are here again put to the worse,
 The Earles Mar, Monteith, and Athol brave,
 No access to their gallent men could have :
 Who in the castle closely were block'd up,
 And scarcely had, whereof to bite or sup ;
 So by no means unto their men could get,
 Corispatrik had the castle so beset.
 At last the armies march and do inclose,
 Where the brave Scots, ov'rpowed by their foes,
 Rather than fly or cowardly to yield,
 Do bravely fight, and die upon the field.
 Thus to Corispatrik's everlasting stain,
 Without all mercy most of them were slain.
 For when the battle hottest was, he then,
 Plague rot him ; hew'd down all his country-men.
 Great loss the Scots at Berwick and Dunbar
 Had in this most unjust and cruel war.

C H A P II.

How King Edward and Corispatrik came
 to Scoon, and deposed the Baliol.

KING Edward and Corispatrik march for Scoon,
 And Scotland now sings a most mournful Tune
 Few Scots were left the kingdom to defend,
 Then for the Baliol to Montrose they send ;

And to their great and everlasting shame,
Do strip him of his royal diadem.
When thus depos'd, Edward usurps the crown
And then alas, all things went upside down
Was crowned upon the very self same stone,
Gathelus sent from Spain with his own son,
When Iber Scot first into Scotland came,
Kenneth our king and second of that name,
Brought it to Scoon where kings in pomp and glore
Were crown'd for eight hundred years and more
Ev'n in that ancient royal marble chair,
So famous, and so long preserved there,
Which as a trophy, thence they do transport,
To London where king Edward kept his court,
But yet I'm told that ancient fate's decree
Where this stone stands Scots shall the masters be,
Bruce, with eight score the flow'r of Scotland then
Were captives led away with English men.
At last the power above beheld the wrong
And let not the usurper reign too long,
For at this time Scotland was almost lost,
And overspread with a Sutheron host
Wallace his father to the Lennox fled
His eldest son he thither with him led.
The tender mother's also gone at last,
And to Kilprindie, with young Wallace past :
Into the pleasant Cars of Gowrie, where
He was brought up with his old uncle there,
Who to Dundee him carefully does send
For education, but behold the end.
There he continues in his tender age
Till more adult, then does he ramp and rage
To see the Saxon blood in Scotland reign
And govern'd by a most unrighteous king,
Who wrought great wrong in country and in town
Wasted our lands, and broke our buildings down

Maids, wife's and widows chastity, they spill
Nor could the nuns resist their lustful will,
King Herod's part they acted in the land
Upon the children, they before them fand
The Bishopricks that were of most avail
From Bishops and Archbishops they took hail,
Nor could the Pope them with his threatening fear
They gripped all, thro' violence of war
Of ev'ry benifice was worth their while
They took the rents, left bishops the bare stile,
Our Barons kill'd, without remorse or care
As testify the bloody barns at Air
Where eighteen score were hang'd by Saxon seed
As in the Seventh Book you shall shortly read
But I go on with faithful pen and true,
And candidly, my purpose to pursue;
Wallace, tho' young as yet for sword or spear,
Did grieve, and groan, such injuries to hear;
Ah? should my country suffer such distress
Said he: and Suth'ron daily thus increase,
O had I but ten thousand at my back,
And were a man, I'd gar their Curpons crack.
Yet e'r he was fell seventeen winters old,
He was both seemly, strapping stout and bold;
Was with the South'ron frequently at strife,
And sometimes twinn'd them of their precious life;
By hewing down, all grew above their neck;
A certain token of true Scots respect.
Then, lest them weltring in their blood and gore,
A full foot shorter than they were before.
That they to Scots might give no more offence,
Wherewith his priest most freely did dispence:
Absolv'd the sin, and did remit the guilt
Of South'ron blood; so innocently spilt.

C H A P III.

How WALLACE kill'd Young Selbie the Constable's Son of Dundee.

UNTO Dundee Young Wallace now is gone.
 Sprightly and gay, as could be look'd upon;
 Well shap'd and handsome cleave, neat and clean,
 Clad with a garment of a gemming green.
 The constable old Selbie, liv'd hard by,
 That crabbed rogue, who most maliciously
 Oppress'd the Scots, with great despite and rage,
 A son he had, near twenty years of age;
 Who some young fellows with him ev'ry day
 Took to the town, to sport the time away.
 This vain young Fop, so much on folly bent,
 Young Wallace saw, then straight unto him went
 And with disdain, said Scot, I pray thee stay,
 What devil clad you in a suit so gay;
 A horse's mantle, was thy kind to wear,
 And a Scots whittle at thy beak to bear.
 Rough roulion shoes or any common trash
 Did serve such whore-sons thro' the dubs to plash;
 Give me that knife, under thy girdle hings,
 Nay pardon me, Sir, I know better things;
 Therefore forbear, I earnestly intreat,
 It both defends me and it cuts my meat.
 Selbie assults him and would tak't by force,
 And so the plea went on, from bad to worse.
 Fast by the collar Wallace did him take
 Made the young squire tremble there and shake,
 His dagger with the o' her hand drew out,
 In spite of all his men so strong about;
 And boldly without either fear or dread.
 Upon the spot he stick'd you, Selbie dead.

The squire fell, of him there was no more
And then his men pursu'd young Wallace fore :
Who made a pair of cleanly clever heels,
And so escap'd from all the South'ron chiefs ;
The bloody dagger fast held in his hand,
And spared none that did his flight withstand.
Unto an inn he formerly did know,
Thither he fled, and could no further go.
Help, help he cry'd when the good wife he saw,
And save my life from cruel South'ron law.
With russet gown she quickly got him dress'd
Above his cloaths, which cov'ring all the rest ;
A sudled curch o'er head and neck let fall,
A white worn hat then burs'd on withal ;
And as the south'ron came into the inn
Gave him a rock then he began to spin,
In quest of Wallace they some time have spent,
But could not know at what door in he went ;
They search'd thro' all the corners of the inn,
But he sat still, and cunningly did spin :
Tho' at the trade he was not prentice long.
He drew a threed, and croon'd away his song.
Away they went, then Wallace did revive,
And leugh and snarled at them in his sleeve.
Like mad men then, they all run up and down,
Cry, burn the Scots, leave none alive in town.
Yet the Good wife, kept Wallace until night
Safe and secure, out of the South'rons Sight.
Thro' a back way she did convey him fast,
Where quietly he by the water past.
Such was his mother's great concern, and care,
That she of him did almost now despair,
At length she met him to her great surprise,
Bless me dear son, may I believe mine eyes,
Is't possible thou hast the danger past,
Sure, Providence is more than kind at last.

There he inform'd her of his doleful case,
At which she weep'd and often said alace,
Ee'r thou leave off, thy foes will have thee sang'd,
Mother he said, I'd rather see them hang'd ;
These English lowns that do possess our land.
Me thinks we should most manfully withstand.
His uncle knew he had the squire kill'd,
Which the old man with grief and sorrow fill'd :
Yet did abate when a few days were past.
But dreaded mischief to him at the last.
The English now most subtle ev'ry way,
A dirty great 'gainst Scots prepared they ;
For at Dundee they call a justice air,
No longer then durst Wallace sojourn there,
His mother clad her self in Pilgrims weed,
Then him disguis'd and both march'd off with speed ;
Nought to defend himself he had from foes,
But a small sword he bore below his cloaths ;
Away they went, none with them living moe.
When challeng'd, said, To St. Marg'ret we go
From South'ron folk great friendship thus they found,
Because St Margaret was of English ground.
Close by Lindores the ferry ov'r they past.
'Then thro' the Ochell marched very fast ;
Into Dumfermling lodged all that night.
And on the morrow by the day was light
They travell'd with some English gentlemen,
Who had their dwelling in Linlithgow then.
A captain's wife who had a pilgrim been
Was there, who when she had young Wallace seen
Did him admire ; because he was so fair,
Handsome, genteel, and of engaging air,
There merrily they past the time around,
Then cross'd the Forth straight to Linlithgow town.
Where mutually a complement or two
Was past, and then to Dunipace they go

There Wallace friend did dwell a parson great,
Wallace by name, of opulent estate:
A man devout, who bravely made them fare
And share the best, the time they tarried there,
He did inform, and made them understand
The troubles great that then were in the land,
Intreating them, in kind and homely phrase,
There to abide, till God send better days.
Wallace reply'd I hasten to the West,
Our kin are kill'd, were I at home, the best
Of South'ron blood, I hope 'twixt you and me
To let it out; then I'll avenged be
The parson sigh'd and said he much did doubt,
It would be longe'r that time came about
Come well, come woe, my purpose I'll pursue,
Then to the honest parson bad adieu.
To Ellerslie he and his mother went.
She on the morrow for her brother sent,
Who told her to her sorrow, grief and pain,
Her husband and her eldest son was slain.
That, when Sir Malcom's hough sinews were cut
South'ron to death upon his knees he put;
Till with their bloody spears, they bore him down,
Then stick'd that glorious knight of great renown.
Thus at Lochmabane, for their country's sake,
A noble exit these two heroes make.
To Ellerslie I back again repair,
Where good Sir Rannald met his sister there;
Who did beseech and humbly pray'd also,
That to lord Piercy forthwith he would go;
For from her house she would no longer fly,
But long'd at home for to live quietly.
Sir Rannald in his sisters favours wrote,
And then to her a safe protection got;
Which the brave wallace lightly did disdain,
Therefore no longer would with her remain.

Nor durst Sir Rannald entertain him there,
 So to his thift, away does Wallace fare.
 The English had the whole strengths of the land,
 And what they did none durst nor could withstand:
 Yet Wallace never could with them accord,
 For be he squire, be he laird or lord,
 That with disdain durst look him in the face,
 He got a blow unto his great disgrace.
 The English clerks in prophecy have found.
 A Wallace, should put them from Scottish ground,
 Which afterwards prov'd to be very true,
 For thair he drove away that barb'rous crew.
 Sir Rannald now for him a place prepares,
 To keep him safe from English traps and snares,
 With his own uncle, who at Richardtoun
 Did dwell, and was Sir Richard of renown.
 In heritage he had that whole estate,
 Tho' blind he was, which chanc'd thro' courage great
 Of most Englishmen; whom he did daily dare,
 When he was young, and well expert in war.
 Then did he run some veins, and lost much blood,
 A gentleman both valiant, wise, and good.
 In Februar Wallace was to him sent,
 And in April fishing from him went,
 Which will afford some sport as you shall hear
 Pray listen then with an attentive ear.

CHAP IV.

How Wallace fish'd in Irvin water.

DReading no harm, nor danger of his foes,
 Wallace a fishing for diversion goes
 To try what sport and pastime he might get,
 None with him but a boy to bear his net,

Lucky he was, fish'd most successfully,
Till the lord Percy, and his court rode by ;
Which did confuse, and much perplex his mind,
Because he had forgot his sword behind.
Five of that trooping train in garments green,
Mounted on horseback, having Wallace seen,
To him advanc'd, and blustering language gave, (have.
Then damn'd and swore, zounds Scot they fish we'll
With modest grace good Wallace did reply,
I'll share the halt with you most chearfully :
One of them answer'd that would be too small
Then lighted down, and from the boy took all,
Which in his knapsack speedily he puts,
The meikle sorrow be in's greedy guts
Then Wallace said, I'm sure in modestie
You'll leave us some if gentlemen you be ;
An aged knight that lives in yonder house
Let him have some pray, be so generous.
The clown he boasting said not one word more.
The river has enough behind in store ;
We serve a tord shall dine on them e'er long,
Then Wallace freeing said thou't in the wrong ;
Whom thou's thou here, faith thou deserves a blow,
Poor prating Scot, how darrest thou talk so.
Then at him runs, and out his sword does draw,
But Wallace poult staff kept the rogue in awe,
That trusty tree as the poor scoundrel found,
Lay'd him and sword, both quickly on the ground :
Wallace the sword caught fast into his hand,
Which did the saucy fellow soon command :
Then a back stroke so cleverly he gave,
His neck in two most cleanly there he clave.
The other four alighting from their horse
Do him attack, with all their strength, and force,
Yet tho' they him surround on ev'ry side,
With handy blows he pay'd them back and side.

Upon the head so fierce he struck at one.
The shearing sword cut thro' his collar bone :
Another on the arm that stood near by,
He struck ; till hand and sword on field did ly.
Three flew he there two fled with all their might
Unto their horse in a confounded fright ;
Left all their fish, no longer durst remain,
And three fat English boucks upon the plain.
Thus in great hurry having got their cuffs,
They scamper'd off in haste to save their buffs.
When Piercy knew by the poor silly lowns
That three were kill'd, and saw two bloody crowns,
He quickly ask'd, how many foes might be
They said but one, a devil sure was he.
Since one has killed three, put two to flight,
Cowardly coxcombs pack you out of sight :
Most manfully it seems the Scot has fought,
For me this day in faith he's not be fought,
Was't ever heard before ? you whore-sons burds
That s Scots poult-staff foil'd five English swords.
To Wallace I return who by mere force
Defeat the five and pickt up all their horse.
Was better mounted than he was before,
Rode to his uncle, fish'd that day no more.
The news did so surprize the ancient knight,
He almost fainted in his nephews fight :
Then bids keep secret : for such fishing sport
If it be known you may pay dearly for't.
Uncle said Wallace, to the good old man,
I'll push my fortune now where best I can :
Since I no longer may with you abide,
I'll try these English geldins how they ride.
A purse of gold the knight unto him gave,
Wallace kneel'd down, and humbly took his leave,
When that is done, pray nephew send for more,
Thus ends the First book, here I draw my score.



The Second B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace,

C H A P. I.

How WALLACE kill'd the Churle with his own
Staff in Air.

YOUNG Wallace now clever of lith and limb,
With graceful air appears, both tight and trim ;
Which with his many other youthful charms,
Confound's the South'ron, highly their alarms.
His glorious actions early did preface,
A humbling stroak to cruel South'ron rage:
Which did so many of his friends destroy,
As scarce was known since Adam was a boy.
Yet the late fishing, makes poor Wallace fond
At Ochter-house a little to abscond ;
Then to the Laigland wood when it grew late,
To make a silent and a soft retreat.
Some little time thereafter did repair,
Unto the pleasant ancient town of Air ;
Close by the wood did there dismount his horse.
Then on his foot walk'd gravely to the cross.
Lord Piercy did command the castle then,
And the whole town did swarm with Englishmen.
Which sight no doubt did Wallace much confound,
Yet never dash'd, but briskly walk'd around ;

Tho' some affirm, which I am apt to trow.
He in his heart curs'd the Barbarian crew.
And being prompted by his youthful age,
Could scarce restrain his passion and his rage.
But passing over this, I now make haste,
To entertain you with a handsome jest,
Into the town liv'd a hudge English fellow,
All overgrow'n with guts of T——rd and tallow;
Who greatly brag'd of his prodigious strength,
Which cost him dear as you shall hear at length,
A greater burden said this prince of Scots
He'd bear, than any three good sturdy Scots,
And with a staff like a stage dancers poll.
For one poor groat he would permit and thole,
The strongest man to beat him on the back;
So imprudently did the carle crack.
Which story when it came to Wallace ear,
To smile and laugh he scarce could well forbear;
He told the fellow that he would be willing,
For one Scots blow to give an English shilling.
The greedy wretch did freely condescend,
Which quickly brought him to his fatal end:
Then Wallace gave him such a dreadful thump
Upon his back, clofs by his great fat rump,
That to the view of all were present there,
He clave his rig-bone, and he ne'er spake mair:
Thus dy'd the wretch for a poor price and small,
And his great English-hurdies pay'd for all.
With swords round Wallace then the English flock
He no ways dafh'd did his steel bonnet cock,
And struck a South'ron with that trusty tree,
Out ov'r the head till brains and bones did flee,
Then cleverly with such good will and luck,
On the steel baifnet hath another struck,
Till tho', the noble tree it crush'd and rave,
He kill'd the fellow and turn'd to the lave;

Then with an awful grace he made a paw,
And out his sword with majesty did draw ;
Which clear'd his way like a true friend indeed,
And quickly help'd him to a sturdie steed
Two soattle fellows there, that griev'd him most
He dous'd their doublets rarely to their cost :
His anger kindled, to such height it grew,
With one good stroak the foremost there he slew,
A blow he got upon the other knave ;
Till his good sword, down thro' his body drave.
Five South'ron he 'twixt hope and great despair.
Kill'd on the spot : now was not that right fair,
Out thro the town his way did cleanly force,
Made his escape and then did mount his horse ;
To Langlands fled, his time he well did use,
And left the blades all sleeping in their shoes.
Him foot and horse pursue to overtake.
But the thick trees his refuge he did make ;
Provisions come to him from Ochter house,
And ev'ry thing that was fit for his use :
Such necessaries they to him afford,
As do supp'y, him both to bed and board.
Good Wallace then upon a time at length,
Return'd to Air, as he recover'd strength,
But ah ! it prov'd a most unlucky day,
I wish to Jove that he had stay'd away,
Sir Ranald's servant for some fish he sent,
That errand O ! that Wallace had mis kent,
For as you'll quickly understand, and hear,
The sauce was sharp, and cost him very dear.

C H A P II.

How WALLACE kill'd Lord Piercies Steward, and
was imprison'd in Air,

THE fish no sooner had the servant got,
Then Pietcie's steward called, and said Scot,
For whom buys thou those fish thou carrys there,
Who answer'd Sir, for the Sheriff of Air.
By heaven's King, the steward rudely swore,
My Lord shall have them, thou may purchase more,
Wallace incens'd with anger standing by,
Said why such rudneses, tell the reason why,
This fired soon the haughty stewards blood,
Who thought what Wallace spoke, was next to rude,
And did his stomach so with venom fill,
As might the vilest loathsome spider kill.
Go hence said he, thou saucy Scot with speed,
Thee and thy Sheriff both I mock indeed.
Then with his hurting staff he Wallace smote,
But he had better kiss'd his bum, poor sott.
For Wallace by the throat him quickly caught,
And the proud Steward better manners taught.
Then from his pocket pull'd a dagger knife,
Which twinn'd the foolish coxcomb of his life.
But Ah! alafs, how quick assemble d then
Fourscore at least, well harness'd English men:
Whose post it was to watch and guard the town,
There suddenly poor Wallace they surround
At them he star'd and never spoke a word,
But boldly drew his awful, daring sword:
And cleverly unto his feet did get,
And stick'd the foremost fellow that he met.
Upon the knee another hit he so,
That moment made the bone asunder go.

Nor can I say the third had better luck,
Who got his neck in two most cleanly cut,
Thus Wallace rag'd and ramped lion like,
And made the carles strangely fidge and fyke,
No wonder for they got most grievous wounds,
So desperately he claw'd their South'ron crowns.
And tho' the gate with sword and spears they keep.
He hew'd them down like heartless fillie sheep,
Yea when they him environ'd round about,
Quite thro' the press he suddenly broke out,
Unto a wall was built by the sea side,
Where in his own defence he did abide,
Till from the castle issu'd one and all,
Got on a dyke and then broke down the wall
No shift he had but there to fight or die,
Great numbers then he hew'd down hastily

So furiously out thro' the South'ron past.
But oh ! his noble sword did burst at last,
Broke from the hilt he knew of no remed
Then stoutly drew his dagger out with speed,
One there he kill'd, and other two he sent
To death the same way that the first chieff went ;
But at the last, his foes on ev'ry hand
They rudely rush with spears, and him comand
Such was their pity they forbid to slay
But starve with hunger till he d pine away,
Thus they the sacred scriptures verify,
The wicked's mercy's are mere cruelty,
With English now he's pris'ner gone at will,
Had he got help he would have fought them all,
To speak of ransom that was all in vain
Because that day so many he had slain,
His trouble here I scarcely well can tell
His prison much resembled that of hell,
Such meat and drink as they to him allow,
Would kill and poison ev'n a very Sow,

But here I leave him in this doleful case,
 Till providence shall order his release,
 The woeful weeping and the piteous moan
 Was made for him would rent a heart of stone
 No comfort here to dissipate their fears
 Nought to be seen but pale cheeks stain'd with tears
 Alas said they can life endure to see
 Wallace imprison'd by the enemy;
 The flower of youth in sweet and tender age
 Made subject to the cruel Saxon rage,
 Living this day a Chastain there is none
 Like the young Wallace : for its he alone
 That's capable of Scotland to take care,
 But now he's caught into the woeful snare.

C H A P I I I

How WALLACE was imprison'd in Air and escaped,

HERRINGS and water, for his nourishment
 And such sad stuff to Wallace they present
 Instead of what was wholesome cleanly food,
 Got the refuse of ev'ry thing was good,
 Thus in the prison languishing he lay
 Till death was pictur'd in his beauteous clay,
 His vital spirits almost spent and gone
 Then to Jehovah made his piteous moan ;
 Confess'd his sins, most humbly then implor'd
 Mercy thro, CHRIST his Saviour and LORD,
 Then said, my GOD O please for to receive
 My soul and body I thee humbly crave
 For if relief thou do not quickly send
 My days in prison here I'll shortly end,

Please to prolong my days, O GOD to me,
 Since my belief is wholly upon thee;
 Which by thy Grace thou graciously hast wrought,
 And me from hell by thine own blood hast bought.
 Why wilt thou give thy handy-work to those,
 Who are our nation's and my mortal foes.
 And who maliciously this land abhor,
 Would me destroy with many others more.
 O buckle sword, thy metal was not true,
 Thy frusking blade, me in this prison threw :
 To English men, ov'r little harm thou's done,
 Of gallant Scots who kill'd so many a one.
 Of us indeed they have not kill'd a few.
 My valiant father, and bold brother too,
 Were at Lochmabane kill'd by South'ron.
 But death resisted sure can be by none.
 This ancient Kingdom, LORD do thou relieve,
 From English thralldom and deliverance give.
 Tho' now O LORD my pow'r be gone indeed,
 Yet King of Kings help thou and send remed.
 Of worldly comforts now I take my leave,
 I shall be shortly where I shall not grieve :
 Thus heartily to all I bid adieu,
 None other gift have I to leave you now.

ADIEU Wallace that was both strong and stout,
 Long in this prison thou must ly no doubt :
 Now all thy noble kindred brave and bold
 Thy freedom purchase cannot, no with gold.
 Thy tender mother that in pain thee bore,
 In her soft arms shall ne'r inclose thee more :
 How seemly was thou, with thy sword and shield,
 When thou kill'd numbers on the bloody field.

COMPLAIN ye poor, with rev'rence tell your tale,
 Complain to heavens, with words that cannot fail ;

Lift up your voice to the great GOD above,
That's full of mercy, pity, and of love.
Complain for him that sits in dismal cells,
And in the melancholly dungeon dwells :
With grief and pain ; which he scarce can endure,
Pray for's relief, to the great GOD of pow'r :
Complain ye birds that once were blyth and glad,
Now change your notes, and hang the drooping head.
Complain ye lords, complain ye ladies bright,
Complain for him that worthy was and wight ;
Complain ye men of war in mournful song
For him, of Saxon's sons that suffers wrong.
Complain for him, who lyes both day and night,
In prison, for maintaining Scotland's right,
Complain for him who did most frequently,
Sound up the triumphs of our vctory.
What shall I say of the brave Wallace more,
A cruel flux in prison, and a fore,
Did then almost reduce him to last breath,
And left him gasping in the jaws of death
The Jaylor now's commanded with great aw.
To bring him to the sentence of their law.
Who, when he view'd him, to his great surprisē,
Thought death already had shut up his eyes.
In haste returns, and does report the news,
That he had paid both law and prison-dues.
Persuaded thus, that he was very dead,
For Wallace now there was no more remead.
Being concluded, by consent of all,
To throw him quickly ov'r the Castle wall.
But providence which interposes oft :
Directs his fall into a place was soft ;
His nurse which liv'd in the New town of Air,
Hearing the news in hast came running there.
And on her knees with face as pale as clay,
Did purchasē leave to bear his corps away.

With sorrow, him unto her house she bore,
Then with warm water bath'd his body o'er
His heart she found to lighter to and fro.
His eyes at last they did cast up also
Then on a bed she laid him soft as silk
And suckled him with her own daughter's milk
Her love to him and tender care was such
In a short time he did recover much
Thus secretly she did him nurse and feed
And made the word still pass that he was dead,
She weeped sore in every body's sight
Till he became both able stout and tight
Thomas the Rymer at that very time
Who prophecy'd in ancient Scottish rhyme
In vulgar estimation not the least
Did pay a visit to the parish priest.
Whose servant, had just at the market been
And what befel poor Wallace there had seen.
The priest does on his servant quickly call
What news said he? Sir few or none at all,
The priest said, that he never yet did know,
The Scots and English part without a blow
Good Wallace quoth the lad and shook his head,
I saw them cast him ov'r the wall for dead
The priest replied with a heavy heart
For that I hope to see the South'ron smart.
Wallace was wight, and come of gentle blood
Thomas he said the tidings were not good.
The priest said surely they would foster feud,
But Thomas said that Wallace was not dead
The servant told, he saw a woman there,
That did belong to the New-town of Air;
Upon her knees from South'ron purchase leave
To carry Wallace somewhere to his grave,
Pensive a little Thomas in his thought,
By God said he that bath this world wrought,

And brings to pass each thing for his own glore,
If he be dead Thomas shall live no more
The honest Priest hearing him speak so plain,
He charg'd his servant to return again,
To view the woman's house and carefully
To look about, what he could hear or spy,
The servant thus in haste is gone away,
Straight to the house, and place where Wallace lay
Who's this lyes here, he did demand in plain,
The woman rose in sorrow, grief, and pain
The worthy Wallace oh; replied she,
Then weeped sore, and very piteously,
She on her knees did pray for JESUS sake
He would conceal and no discovery make,
The servant answer'd with a fearful oath
That he to harm him would be very loath
Might he in life but see him with his eyes,
He would rejoice or curs'd might he be thrice
She, to good Wallace led him up the stairs,
There saw him gladly, and he back repairs,
To Thomas, and his master who attend
To hear the story all from end to end.
He told them the first tidings were a lie
Then Thomas said before that Wallace die
Out of this land he shall the South'ron send
And thousands on the field make their last end
He Scotland thrice shall bring into great peace
And South'ron ay be frighted at his face,
Then cheer up Scots, cast from you care and sloth
And pray believe what Thomas says is truth
When Wallace actions we to light produce,
We'll find him not inferior to Bruce,
But 'cause the Bruce, was of our kingdom heir,
Wallace therefore with him we'll not compare
Yet by his courage, and his conduct wise
As we have heard he rescu'd Scotland thrice,

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Unto the nation's universal joy,
The time he was the Baliol's viceroy.

C H A P IV.

The Battle of LOWDON HILL.

NOW to my purpose gladly I return,
Since I for Wallace need no longer mourn :
Who when he found himself in case to ride,
Thought it not safe in New-town to abide.
Then to the South-rons great surprise,
Once more appears, them frights and terrifies ;
His nurse, her daughter, child, and family,
He first dispatch'd away to Ellerslie.
When they were gone, no weapon could he find
There; that could suit and please his anxious mind.
Except a sword, that in a nook did stand,
O'er grown with rust, which he took in his hand.
He drew the blade, and found it well could bite,
Which pleas'd his fancy to a very mite ;
Then blythly said, faith thou shalt go with me,
Till with a better I provided be.
To see his uncle good Sir Rannald, then
Fain would he go, but that the English-men,
Who cunningly for him had laid the snare,
He fear'd, might catch him in his journey there.
At Richartown then longed sore to be,
To get some horse and armour quietly,
With all precaution Wallace ventur'd fair,
Yet met three South-ron riding unto Air,
Long castle bold, and with him yoo-men two,
Wallace drew back and would not with them go.

At him they ride, and said despitefully,
Thou Scot abide, for sure thou art a spy:
Or else some thief, that dares not show thy face,
But Wallace answer'd with a modest grace,
Sir I am sick, for God's love let me be,
Long rattle laid by, for he that shall not be,
Thy countenance proppeth back's something odd,
To stir with me, then that travel the road,
Pell's cut a sword, that was of noble hew,
His rusty sword good Wallace also drew.
Then with a single, but a dreadful blow,
He cleve his neck bone cleverly in two.
The yeomen, then, in haste soon lighted down,
The first miss'd not a clink out e'er his crown.
Which to the craig a clean incision made,
A brave performance by the rusty blade.
The other fled and durst no longer stay.
He fear'd at blood: that was the reason why,
But Wallace quickly brought the culzeon back,
And there gave him the whistle of his plack.
Along his ribs he gave him such a rout,
Till all his intrails and his lungs hang out.
Then took their horses, and their armour bright,
Then noble weapons, clever clean and tight,
And all their coin, syne one his horse he cocked,
With gold and money juggling in each pocket.
Then in great haste he rode to Richartown,
A merry meeting was at's lighting down.
Sir Richard he was there, that noble knight,
Who mourning for him almost lost his fight,
And his two sons who never were so fain,
As now, to see Wallace alive again
Sir Rannald also came to see him fast,
The women told by Corby as they past,
How Wallace 'scap'd: Sir Rannald changed hues,
He wanted faith to credit the good news.

Till he him saw, he thought the time was long,
 But when they met, who can express with tongue
 How him he has'd, and kiss'd so tenderly.
 Till's very soul was in an extasy,
 The tears of joy which from his eyes did flow
 E'er he could speak a long time held him so
 But at the last most lovingly said he,
 Welcome dear nephew welcome home to me
 Thanked be GOD that hath this wonder wrought
 And safely out of prison hath thee brought,
 His mother came, and kinsfolk not a few
 With joyful heart, to know those tidings true
 To Robert Boyd that worthy was and wight.
 Wallace he was a blyth and a welcome sight,
 From ev'ry different airt they crowd and come.
 To visit and to welcome Wallace home,
 Thanks be to GOD, who did to him dispense
 So happy, kind, and good a providence.

Here ends my Second Book. I say no more
 But quietly I draw a Second Score,



The Third B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace,

C H A P. I.

How Wallace revenged the slaughter of his Father, and
of his Brother on LOWDON HILL,

OW July deck'd in all her trim array,
On hill and dale did fruits and flow'rs display,
Blyth was each beast that breaks the tender blade
Of grass, or nibbles in the green wood shade ;
And fere of fish came in at ev'ry frith,
In flumy cheer, and got with meikle mirth
But Scotland all this while sad skaith of wars,
Oppress'd with want in doleful case appears.
For many a day throughout this hurry'd land
No plough was drawn, but labour at a stand.
So that by August came with lack of meat,
Our folk with thin chaft blades look'd unco bleat.

BUT Englishmen who wanted not for gear
Were well hain'd Callans, and had ay good chear.

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For to them duly in good waggons came
 All things to goss the gab, and cram the wame
 Well fed were they : nor wanted to propine
 Amongst their friends ; but tisted canny wine
 So cruce they grew might no man them withstand
 But as they lik'd they rul'd o'er all this land
 Till tidings came that Wallace stout and fair
 Had broke their prison in the town of Air.
 Which when they heard they suddenly were cast
 Into the dumps, and stood right sore agast
 Earl Piercy too when he had heard this tale,
 Ev'n thol'd the loss, as he had tint his cale ;
 And thus he spoke I meikle dread that we,
 My merry men, this doleful day shall dree.
 For if it to be that Wallace is not fast,
 From Edward's yoke he'll free this land at last
 So prophesies of old long time have said
 As they inform who antique legends read
 And tho of legends we and spells might doubt,
 Yet well the Loon I ken, and ken him stout,
 And think it better, since better may not be
 To fleech him off with gold and land in fee.
 Might he stand stedfast for King Edward then
 Might all the land be rul'd by English men.
 By force his late escaping lets us see.
 Not to be dung or vanquished is he

THUS they forsooth, to Wallace we return
 Sore thrawn was he, and did with anger burn
 In Richartown no longer would he bide.
 For friends advice or ought that might betide,
 So when they saw their counsel all was tint
 They let him take his will and forth he went
 To venge him if he might upon the plain,
 On South'ron blood that had his kindred slain.

Sir Richard had three sons as has been told
 Adam, Richard, and Simeon, brave and bold :
 The eldest Adam might no man him flee.
 So stout tho' aged, but eighteen was he,
 Of person large right hardy wise and wight,
 Thereafter good King Robert made him knight,
 For in the Bruce's wars his trusty arm,
 On English men had oft wrought mickle harm
 This valiant squire with Wallace furth did ride
 Into the field and so did Robert Boyd,
 A canty catie, who scorn'd he was so cruce,
 The English yoke, nor with rheir king made truce,
 Cleland was there, who was of Wallace blood.
 And had with him full oft in perils stood
 And Edward Little his sister's son so dear,
 A goodly gang all graith'd in armour clear,
 Accouter'd thus, from Richartown they rode
 To Machlin mure but short time there abode
 For friends inform'd them that in bondage were
 How Fenwick straight was coming on to Air,
 With waggon loads of victual and rich spoil
 And good purvey. they brought them from Carlisle
 This Wallace heard, a blyth man then was he.
 And inly gran'd at bloody game to be,
 To Lowdon then they trysted straight to ride,
 And in a shaw a little there beside
 They lodg'd them and seeing it was night,
 Kept watch from gloming till themorning light
 A good true Scot who kept a stabling there
 By Lowdon hill a true Scot late and air
 Frae be't he saw them, come within a blink,
 And brought them wealth of meat and tosie drink
 Syn told them how the carriage men in haste,
 Had sent fore riders wha to Air had past
 Leaving the rest with pow'r of great avail
 Who wereby then, he trow'd in Annandale

Then Wallace said we must nor sojourn here,
Nor change our weeds, but wear our ilk-day gear.
For ay since from his prison he got free,
A summer-wed was all the weed had he
Harness except, which still he wore for life,
To work his will in case of sudden strife.
A good habergeon cover'd with his gown,
Was in his hand, a steel-cap on his crown.
Two gloves of plate his hands did guard full well,
Close was his doublet, and the collar steel.
His face when he came in among strange folk,
He held it best to hide within his cloak.
Else in the battle it was ever bare :
On foot no champion might with him compare,
So strong he was, so terrible and sure,
His dreadful dints were gruesome to endure.
More did they fear if Wallace had been tane,
Than if a hundred South'ron lowns were slain.

THESE worthy Scots would now no longer stay :
To Lowdon-hill they past by break of day,
Devis'd the place, and loose their horses turn,
And thought to win or never home return.
Two scouts they sent to visit well the plain,
But they right soon returned in again,
Reporting, the foes were coming fast ;
Then quickly on the ground they all them cast,
Praying with humble heart the God of might,
Them to protect, and Scotlands broken right.
In harness bright they graith'd them readily,
Nor flinch'd there one of all the company.
Said Wallace then, here was my father slain,
And brother dear which doth me nickle pain :
So shall my self, or venged be on that head,
The traitor here, that caus'd the felloe deed.

No longer tarrying, now with hearty will
 Incontinent they hy'd them up the hill.
 Fenwick the knight the convoy did command ;
 And mickle dole had he wrought in the land.
 The sun was up, and dight in bright array,
 When English men saw them upon the brae.
 Them as he saw said Fenwick to his men,
 Yon Wallace is for well the Lown I ken.
 Tho' he so lately did our prison break,
 Soon gripp'd again, he's no have leave to crack.
 His head, I ken, would better please our King,
 Than gold, or land, or any earthly thing.
 With carriage he his servants bade bide still.
 Then with the lave he thought to work his will,
 Ninescore he led in harness burnish'd bright ;
 And fifty were with Wallace in the right.
 Unrebuted the South'ron were in weir,
 And fast they came, full awful in effeir.
 A dyke of stones they had quite round them made,
 And proudly there with great rampaging rade,
 The Scots on foot, the pals took them before ;
 The South'ron saw, their courage was the more,
 In pridelul ire they thought o'er them to ride ;
 But not as they did with it chanc'd that tide.
 For Scots on foot, great room about them made
 With prancing spears, and tore upon them laid.
 The South'ron, who were arm'd in plates of steel,
 That day did reckon to avenge them well,
 And rudely on their horse about them rade,
 That scarce with ease upon their feet they bade.
 Wallace the foremost met so fell and keen,
 The wayward spear went through his body clean.
 Then swords were drawn both heavy sharp and tang,
 On either side tull cruelly they dang.
 A fore assailzie then then there might be seen
 Of horse and men, as e'er was on the green.

The Englishmen who were expert in weir.
 Thought by main force the Scots quite down to bear,
 And with their horse environ'd them about
 That of the day they made no longer doubt.
 But our men stoutly to their orders stood
 And dy'd the field that day with South'ron blood
 Fenwick, their captain dight in glittering gear
 Did on a prancing steed that day appear.
 Forth to the thickest fight he hies him fast
 And syne his spear with dreadful fury cast,
 A cruel chiel he was and unco keen
 Of Wallace father he the death had been,
 And brother also, whom he held so dear,
 Who when he saw the traitor knight so near,
 Outragious as a hungry lion grew.
 And at full speed to claw his noddle flew
 Syn at the lown a fearful fleg let flee
 That from his rumple shear'd away his thigh,
 Ere he was dead, a throng came in so fast
 Poor Robert Boyd was almost smor'd at last.
 Wallace was near and turned in again
 To rescue him, then chas'd them through the plain,
 The remnant followed after him full fast
 And drave the South'ron till they were aghast,
 There Adam Wallace heir of Richartowu,
 And Beaumont strake a squire of much renown,
 Right belly slaught, so that withouten mair
 The burnish'd weapon him in sunder share,
 Some English yet altho their chief was slain,
 Them still abode as men of mickle main
 Where Wallace was their deed was little ken'd
 Tho' they did all themselves for to defend
 For he behav'd himself so worthily,
 With Robert Boyd and all their chivalry
 That not a South'ron ere even tide
 Might any longer in that steur abide.

But thought their part was plainly for to flee,
Which e'en as many did as could win free,
An hundred at this bruilliment were kill'd,
Three Yeomen Wallace left upon the field.
Two were of Kyle and one of Cunningham,
Who left to follow Wallace their own hame
Of Englishmen four score escap'd that day,
Leaving their convoy to the Scots a prey.
Who there got wealth of gold, and other gear.
Harness and horse, and things of use in weir
The English knaves they made the carriage lead,
To Clyde's green wood till they were out of dread
Syne fair and fast with widdies they them band,
To boughs of trees and hang'd them out of hand.
None did they spare that able was for weir,
But priests and women they did ay forbear,
When this was done full blyth they went to dine,
For they no scant of victual had or wine,
Tenscore of harness horse they got that day,
Beside good provender and other prey.

THE South'ron now who from the field did fly
With sorrow to the town of Air them hie,
There to Lord Piercy dolefully relate
Their sad distaster, and unbloomy fate
What skaith he got and who were slain in fight
And how his men were hang'd by Wallace wight
Said Piercy then, if Wallace long we bear
Out of this land he shall exile us clear
Ceres when lately he our prisoner was
O'er slothfully our keeper let him pass
Not safe ev'n in this fortress shall we be
Since now our victual we must bring by sea
Besides it grieves me for our men so true
Our kin the day that we came here may rue

C H A P II.

How the English men, made Peace with Wallace.

WHEN Wallace now had vanquish'd in the field,
The traitor false, that had his Father kill'd,
And brother als, that brave and worthy knight,
With many more, that all were men of might;
He caus'd provide, and distribute their store,
To go on new exploits, and purchase more.
In Clyde's green-wood they did sojourn three days;
No South'ron might adventure in those ways.
Death did they thole, durst in their gate appear:
And Wallace word did travel far and near.
When it was heard he living was again,
The English men thereof had mickle pain.
Earl Piercy straight to Glasgow did him fare.
And of wise lords a council summon'd there.
And tho' they had ten thousand men, or mo,
Would yet no chiftain out on Wallace go,
So did they dread the Carle. Then did devise
How they by wylie gates might him surprize.
Sir Aymer Vallange, that false knight and strong,
In Bothwell dwelt, and then was them among;
He said, my lords my counsel I'll propone,
Which if ye take, ye mickle sleuth shall shun;
Peace must be made withoutten more delay,
Or he more wicked pranks than these will play.
Lord Piercy said with him no truce can be,
A Carle so haughty, and so fell is he.
More mischief he will do before he blin;
For South'ron blood to shed, he thinks no sin.
Reply'd Sir Aymer, truce ye sorely need:
Thereafter ye may find out some remead.

I think 'twere best, so gentle he's and true,
To try what good his kin with him can do.
This matter bid Sir Rannald take in hand,
When his Nevoy, or forefeit all his land,
Until such time as he the work hath wrought.
Sir Rannald straight was to the council brought,
'Where him they charg'd with Wallace peace to gain
Or he in London prisoner should remain.
Sir Rannald said, my lords, ye know right well,
For my advice he will not do a deal.
His worthy kin ye cruelly have slain,
And caus'd himself in prison thole much pain;
How think ye then, he'll do this thing for me
Now he's at large, although you caus'd me die.
Lord Piercy then did speak Sir Rannald fair;
Make but this peace, thou Sherriff ait of Air,
And if the bus'ne's can accomplish'd be,
Under my seal I shall be bound to thee,
That English men shall do him no distress,
Nor any Scot, withouten due redress,
Sir Rannald knew he could not them gainstand,
So undertook what Piercy did command:
Piercy who true and violent still had been,
And mild in peace although in battle keen.

Hy'n then Sir Rannald to the woods of Clyde,
Where Wallace-wight did with his men abide,
With whom forgath'ring as to dine he went,
He sat him down, and shar'd their merriment,
And feasted was with dainties rare and fine;
King Edward's self drunk never better wine.
Then after meat his errand he declar'd,
And how unless he came, he would have far'd:
Nevoy, said he, part of my counsel take,
And for a season, truce with South'rons make;

To bear their yoke, that would indeed be sin,
Who are so set to ruin all thy kin.
Then Wallace said unto his men, shall be
No peace, unless ye better like than me.
Said Boyd, before this worthy knight should fall,
I think, 'twere best make tho' fore at gall.
For that advice Cleland put in his word :
And Adam heir of Richartown concurr'd :
As they agreed, did Wallace peace proclaim,
In hopes within few months to gain his aim.
Then leave they took full sadly on the plain,
Praying they might in safety meet again :
Each went his ways ; and Wallace bound to ride,
To Crosbie with Sir Ranna'd to abide.
In August's pleasant month was cry'd this peace ;
And Mars and Juno their contentions cease,
Saturn grew mild ; and all the stars above
Gave place to Venus, gentle queen of love.

C H A P III

How WALLACE slew the Buckler-player in the Town
of Air.

BUT Wallace wight still tholing in his breast
His countrys wrongs, at Crosbie could not rest.
Much did he grave in travel for to be.
And sorely long'd the town of Air to see.
So with Sir Rannald passing on a day,
Fifteen he took and to the town went they.
Disguis'd they went, and in the gate they saw
An English fencer, at the weapon shaw
There as he stood, his buckler in his hand,
Wallace near by a looker on did stand,

Lightly he said, Scot darst thou, sye a stroke?
Quoth Wallace, yea, gan thou darst with me yoke,
Smite on he said, thy nation I defy;
Wallace therewith a fleg at him let fly;
The sword so fell was on the buckler cast,
Clear thro' his barns it to his shoulder past.
Lightly returning to his men again,
The women made a din our Fencer's slain.
The man is dead; what need's of words mair?
Fell men of arms then round him 'sembled there,
Eight score at once upon sixteen they set;
But Wallace quickly with the foremost met,
And lent him with good will a fearful blow,
That thro' the helmet shatter'd all his pow.
Syne strake another so the breast aboon.
The sword went clear throughout th' unsonsy loon,
Great room he made, so did his trusty men,
Till many a fecktul chiel that day was slain.
For they were wight, and well train'd up in weir,
On English-men right boldly did they bear,
Great slaughter of the enemies they made,
Their hardy chief so well about him laid;
Till from the castle new recruits they spy'd,
Which Wallace seeing wisely turn'd side,
Thinking it safest to evite surprise;
For he in war was not more wight than wise,
'Then thro' the throng as by main force he past,
Their barns and heads assunder hew'd he fast,
Himself return'd the hindmost in the rear,
Till he had brought his men quite out of fear.
Then to their horse they went: thereafter rode
For better safety to the Laglan wood.
Twenty and nine they fell in that days fead
Of South'ron men that nevel'd were to dead.
The remnant to the town did flee amain,
Cursing the peace with Wallace they had tane,

Earl Piercy at the heart was sorely griev'd,
To find his men thus wofully mischiev'd,
Three of his kinsmen whom he held so dear,
Were slain that fatal day in armour clear,
Great moan he made, then to Sir Rannald went,
A herald charging him incontinent,
Wallace to keep from market town and fair,
(Skaith to prevent) where South'ron did repair
The South'ron knew it Wallace was alone
That them on this mischance had overthrow
And therefore kept the truce made on their word
And liv'd with other Scots in good accord,
Now Wallace on a night from Laglane rade,
To Corby where the knight his uncle bade,
Upon the morn by it was peep of day
Came in Sir Rannald where wight Wallace lay,
Shew'd him the writ Earl Piercy to him sent,
And did entreat that he would give consent
To do no skaith to any English born
Until the truce were ended which was sworn
Said Wallace, nought of harm's be done by me
That you may grieve while I abide with thee
His uncle with him then accorded was,
And bade him welcome there his time to pass,
There did he bide the space of seventeen days
Obey'd in ilky thing that might him please
But in his mind remain'd another thing,
Nor could he rest him tho' he were a king,
Till he his friends, and native land might see,
From thraldom and proud English loons set free,



The Fourth B O O K

O F


Sir William Wallace,

C H A P. I.

How WALLACE won the peel of Gargunnoch,

'T WAS now September, crown'd with fruits and
corn,

For sustenance of ev'ry creature born,
When many English peers of high renown
In council did conven in GLASGOW town,
Behov'd Sir Rannald Crawford then be there,
For he of right was sheriff born of Air,
With him his nephew William Wallace went,
And only servants three, that their intent
Might not misconstru'd by proud South'ron stand
And thereby bring new mischiefs on the land
But long they on their journey had not been
Ere Piercy's baggage passing by was seen,
Five men, that were its convoy march'd beside,
Of these, two walk'd on foot. and three did ride,

 With tedious journey now their horse were tir'd,
So they Sir Rannald's from his men requir'd ;
Which mildly when refus'd, with might and main
They rob'd these honest Scots upon the plain,
This Wallace saw, and sorely griev'd was he
Such mischief wrought upon his men to see.
But mindful how his uncle did engage
His word, he now restrain'd his deadly rage ;
Yet from his party presently withdrew
Burning with anger and revenge in view,
To lie in wait for the rapacious breed,
Who thus had perpetrate this foul misdeed.
Near to Cathcart did he them overtake,
And rudely straightway in among them brake,
A burnish'd blade that tide did he unsheath,
Which none provok'd, that e'er evited death,
Their foreman first with such good will he gave,
That hat and head together off he drave.
Syde on the ground two of his comrades laid
The others fled discomfit and afraid.
While Wallace seizing on their gold and gear.
And passing Clyde, got into Lennox clear.

Leaving his friends his absence to lament,
With Wallace to pass on is our intent,
To Malcom then of Lennox mighty Earl
His way took, this great Chief the Scottish Pearl,
The earl receiv'd him in a courteous way,
And much intreated still with him to stay,
Offering, that he his men should all command ;
But Wallace, grieving for his native land.
Resolv'd what store of men he might to raise,
To combat in the field of Scotlands praise.
Steven of Ireland, exil'd from his home,
Did there into a league with Wallace come,

So did Fawdon a man of dreadful size,
 Of threatening aspect and iniquous eyes;
 Seldom he smil'd was gruesome to the sight;
 And blood and batt'ry was his sole delight.
 With these, and sixty more went Wallace forth,
 Their valient march directing to the North.
 Fell in their way upon Gargunnoch hill
 The South'ron bands had fortify'd a Peil,
 With chambers meet, and hall commodious built,
 And strength of men, and store of victual fill'd
 Wallace this piece determin'd to take in,
 Could it be filly done withouten din.
 Spies having sent and finding all was right,
 Resolv'd on th' enterprize that very night.
 His hardy men at arms were sent before,
 To break a bar that held the utmost door.
 But they in vain to break it did essay,
 Till Wallace fretting at the long delay,
 Came on himself, and with a furious shock
 The bar and staple all in flinders broke,
 Then open drave the gate, and there withal
 Came tumbling down three ell breath of the wall.
 Much marvel did his men who saw this storm,
 And him do more than twenty could perform.
 The passage clear'd, into the house they rush'd,
 And all that did oppose before them push'd.
 A Watch-man had a feilon staff of steel,
 Wherewith he Wallace thought at once to kill;
 But he recoiling, with a little pains,
 Soon rest it from him then dang out his brains,
 The captain syne he in the throng did meet,
 And with the staff soon laid him at his feet.
 His men pursuing, slaughter'd all the lave;
 No men at arms they order'd were to save.
 Women and bairns he would not doom to die,
 But let them safely pass unhurt and free.

The gold and wealth the soldiers prey became
But Wallace fought for Scotland and for fame,

Sojourning here four days the val'rous crew,
Upon the fifth Northward their march pursue,
The Teth they cross'd and the clear running Ern,
The motions of their South'ron foes to learn,
In Methwin forrest chuse their next retreat,
And for the hunting there had store of meat.
Wallace was pleas'd, he now a place had found
Where for his men provisions did abound
Where now at rest refresh themselves they might.
Nor more be forc'd at once to fast and fight.
Yet for himself no dainty fair he sought
So did his country's cares possess his thought
But wet or dry was still with him the same,
And cold and hunger welcome if they came,
So did he grieve for Scotland's woful case,
And such his hatred to the South'ron race.

C H A P IV.

How Wallace past to Saint Johnstoun, slew the Captain
and won Kincleven,

NOW Wallace grieving idle thus to be
Resolv'd at length Saint Johnstoun for to see
Seven men went with him graith'd in armour clear,
The rest he left to Steen of Ireland's care.
Changing his name he entrance soon obtain'd.
Oft heard himself miscall'd and fore disdain'd
But well dissembling his intent, he chose
At a young maiden's mansion to live close,

A gentle loving creature, mild and meek.
Who often squeez'd his hand and clap'd his cheek.
From her he learn'd how things with South'ron went
For ay to do them skaith his will was bent,
Butler he heard, an aged cruel knight
Kincleven kept, a castle wondrous weight
Glad of the tale, he straight way did repair
To Methwin wood, among his comrades there,
Syne drew them up and march'd in good array
Along the green and bonny bank of Tay,
Approach'd the castle silently and slow
That of his coming South'rons might not know,
But they within fearful of sudden harms
Were quickly all a stir and up in arms
Then did a fierce and cruel fight ensue,
As ever was maintain'd among so few
But Wallace still the foremost of the fray
Soon gave the English loons right Scots-man's play
Oft did he pierce their battle thro' and thro'
And at each onset many hack'd and flew.
Butler himself came Wallace to withstand,
But who could grapple Wallace hand to hand,
Sore did the knight the rash adventure rue,
For with one stroke his head in sander flew.
Their Chittain slain the remnant English fled
Behind them leaving threescore soldiers dead,
The castle yielding after some short stay.
They set on fire then brought their gear away,
Syne Wallace wisely all his men withdraws
And lodges safely in the short-wood shaws,

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C H A P III.

S H O R T - W O O D Shaws.

THE English then that in Saint-Johnston lay,
 Soon hearing of this fierce and fatal fray,
 Vowing revenge, a thousand men of war
 Sent tow'rds the wood, right awful in effair.
 These partly Sir John Butler did command
 A valiant Chief, as any in the land.
 Seeking on Wallace well aveng'd to be,
 Who at Kincleven caus'd his father die.
 The like sought Loran, who from Gowrie came;
 For th' Umquihile Sir James Butler was his eme.
 Into the Shaw their men came pouring in,
 Archers, and spearmen, with a dreadful din.
 But wallace undismay'd so placed his crew
 Best to defend themselves, for they were few
 Then did a feel and bloody stour begin,
 As scarce before on Tay was ever seen.
 Such deeds were wrought, as truly 'twere a crime,
 Them to discrive in our unlearned rhyme,
 How arms met arms, and swords went clishy clash,
 For rural lays to sing would be too rash;
 Of Wallace is my chief intent to speak;
 Much did he toil and oft their ranks did break,
 Upon young Butler lighting at the length,
 Against him sole he guided all his strength;
 A manful stroke at him then letting flee,
 Defended underneath a bowing tree,
 The branch came down so weighty on his head,
 As in an instant fell'd the Chieftain dead.
 Loran to see his friend so fall was woe,
 So flew on Wallace an enraged foe.
 But he, defending with his awful blade,
 Dead at his feet the doughty younker laid.

The worthy Scots did nobely all that day,
 And drove their foes with shame at length away.
 Seven of their number fell in fight no more ;
 But of the South'ron race at least fix score.
 Now fearing least their foes should gather new
 Recruits, and them with num'rous bands pursue.
 To Methwin wood they went e'er it was dark,
 And thence retreated into Elchock park.;

C H A P IV.

How WALLACE was sold to the English-men by his
 Leman.

HERE while they tarry'd Wallace took a bee
 Into his head that maiden for to see,
 Of whom we spoke before ; a Friar's gown
 He to disguise his personage puts on :
 Then hies hint to Saint Johnstoun might and main ;
 To meet the dame he was so wondrous fain.
 There having past a night, in wanton play,
 He made a tryst to come another day.
 Mean time the South'ron did corrupt the maid
 With gold, to have him when he came, betray'd.
 According to his tryst, he came in haste,
 Incontinent into her chamber past.
 What they did there, wha reads, may rightly spell ;
 And certes 'twere unmeet for me to tell.
 There dalliance past, it smote the damsel's mind,
 To lose a love so trusty and so kind.
 With bitter wailings then to him made known
 The case, and pray'd him quickly to be gone,
 Her crime he pardon'd with a loving kiss,
 Wip'd off her tears, nor took her fault amiss.

Then straight way putting on her female weed,
 Betakes him to the gate with utmost speed,
 Past unsuspect'd by all the watch, but twain,
 Who wonder'd much at such a sturdy Quean.
 Him they pursu'd till getting out of cry,
 He faces him about, their strength to try;
 Pulls out a brand, was hid beneath his weed,
 And laid upon them, till they both were dead,
 Then hastes him to his men he left behind,
 Such hazard is in trusting woman kind.

The End of the Fourth Book.



The Fifth B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace,

C H A P. I.

How WALLACE escaped out of St Johnstoun, past
 to Elchock park, and killed Fawdon.

How he past to Lochmabane.

How WALLACE won the castle of Crawford, and killed
 the Captain thereof.

COLD Winter now his hoary aspect shows,
 Frost beand the glebe whilst Boreas fiercely blows,
 Sweeping the snow along the rising hills,
 Which ev'ry glen, slanting hollow fills :

Cold grew the beams of the far distant sun,
And day was done ere it was well begun,
Long, dark, and hateful was the gloomy night,
Uncomfortable to each banish'd wight ;
Who durst not trust a roof to hide their head,
But sculk from hill to hill with cautious dread.

Brave Wallace having plac'd his sentries right,
Deem'd it not safe to leave his hold that night.
For after his escape full well he knew,
His disappointed en'mies would pursue,
And so it happen'd. After they made search,
Finding him gone they arm'd and made their march,
Amidst the throng his subtle miss with speed,
Convey'd herself away, and sav'd her head ;
Whilst they enrag'd, the South-Inch way have tane,
Where their two men they found by Wallace slain,
Six hundred strong they were well arm'd and bold,
Who round beset our Champion in his hold :
A hound they had of wondrous bloody scent,
Would trace the slayer's steps where e'er he went,
A guard she had. The rest the wood beset,
Looking on Wallace now as in a net ;
Around the strength Sir Gerard Heron lay,
While with three hundred Butler made his way,
Into the wood, where valiant Wallace stood,
In shining arms few were his men but good ;
Not one to seven. Now past their power to fly,
Resolv'd to cut their way or bravely die ;
The hardy Chief, unsheath'd his conqu'ring sword,
Besought the aid of heaven then gave the word.
Fiercely he met his bold attacking foes,
And quick as lightning dealt his fatal blows ;
With horrid din the temper'd edges clash.
On coats of steel, whence hasty sparkles flash.

But massie armour, and defensive shield
 Must to the nervous arm of Wallace yield,
 Like a swoln current rushing from a hill
 Which does with wick the lower vaileys fill
 Thus through the martial press he made a lane]
 Who durst oppose no sooner did than slain.
 Fourty of which infatwately bold
 With gaping wounds upon the earth lay cold.
 Thrice five there fell of Scots men brave and true
 Too great the loss, when good men were so few.

OUR martial HERO thus cuts out his way
 His men with hasty strides made towards Tay,
 Thinking to pass, but the attempt was vain
 Rather, said he. let's die upon the plain,
 Than sink one single drop of Scottish blood,
 Without revenge in the relentless flood
 Then with a few courage in defence they stand
 For Butler in array was near at hand]
 Baited in blood, and panting for revenge
 Hast'ly they meet again and deaths exchange,
 The youthful captain of the Scots in ire
 Us'd to the wars. exerts his glorious fire
 Runs through the crowd, and mows them down like grass
 Whilst he invulnerable stands like brass
 But many of his few with grief he spy'd
 Whose gushing wounds their shields and coats had dy'd,
 No way he thought on could bring them relief
 Unless the downfall of the South'ron chief
 Him keen he sought thro' throngs from place to place
 Butler tho' bold declin'd to see his face
 Amidst strong guards beneath an aged oak
 Evited at this time the fatal stroak,
 Steven Ireland here and faithf'ul Kerly shew'd
 Their valour brave, and firm by Wallace stood.

Upon the ground, at this bout sixty more
 Of English slain lay weltring in their gore,
 Nine more of Scots were of warm life bereft
 And only sixteen now with Wallace left
 Who got clear off whilst Butler's wearied rout
 Confus'dly fled 'twixt parties they got out

THE English men not knowing where they went
 Set the sluth hound upon the bloody scent
 With nose a ground closely she did pursue,
 Till soon both parties were in others view
 The enemy pursu'd on coursers fleet
 While the brave Scots depend on nimble feet
 Of rising ground they had two miles in length
 Before they could arrive at any strength
 Good hope they had for day was nigh expir'd
 But to their grief ill fated Fawdon tyr'd
 Wallace was loath to leave him on the way
 Lest to approaching foes he'd fall a prey
 Urg'd him to exert his strength with words of love
 But all in vain no further would he move
 The chief enrag'd, his sword with fury drew,
 And at one stroke the lagging traitor flew
 Backward a lifeless headless lump he lay
 While the twin'd head babbled its life away
 Just was the act, he was a villain found,
 Useful in this, His blood would stop the hound
 Sure proof of falshood, short way had they gone
 In prime of years strong muscles clad each bone
 Him thus dispatch'd, Wallace his foll'wers cheers,
 Then sprung the mountain swift as bounding deers

IRELAND mean time, and gallant Kierly stood
 Eastward of Dupline, in a scroggy wood,
 By this the stars were twinkling from on high,
 From every opening of the cloudy sky :

soon as the English came where Fawdon lay
The blood hound ceas'd to tract they flyers way
Nor farther mov'd her scent now being sunk
In this new steam of blood her nose had drunk
And now they deem'd that the despairing Scots
Had fighting been and cut each others throats,
Kierly and Steven unknown mixt with the croud
That press'd about, and Fawdons body view'd,
And as Sir Gerrard bow'd to take a look
Kierly a dagger in his bosom struck,
Beneath his armour upward gave the wound,
And brought this leader stagging to the ground,
Soon as his men the accident espy'd
Treason around with mournful shrieks they cry'd,
Justly convinc'd that this audacious blow
Was giv'n by Wallace 'self or such a foe
Midst their confusion, aided by the gloom,
The two brave Scots escap'd impending doom.

With grief and madness Butler's colour chang'd
While he saw gasping Heroun unreveng'd,
Part of his host he sent to enter the plain
Some to the woods dispatch d'some to the plain.
Whilst he himself with a strong party lay
To guard the passes. till returning day

Good Wallace ever careful of his train
Missing his two brave men was fill'd with pain,
For much he fear'd they taken were or slain.
After vain search into the wood he past,
And safely at Gaskhall arriv'd at last ;
Flint gave 'em fire, and hunger made 'em bold
To take two wedders from a neighbouring fold,
On which they sup'd. Mean while they heard a blast
Of a loud horn at which they stood aghast

Two were dispatch'd to learn who blew this horn
 And long they waited for the spies return.
 The noise continu'd still and drew more near
 The horrid din disturb'd the Chifrain's ear
 Two more he sent But none return'd again,
 Which fill'd his doubtful mind with rage and pain.
 The other nine he sent 'em one by one,
 To find the rest thus he was left alone

THE awful sound increas'd still more and more
 Louder and louder swell'd the dreadful roar
 Which made him tremble who ne'er shook before
 But soon his dauntless soul he did collect,
 Then sword in hand with daring front erect
 Mov'd to the gate, Where to his odd surprize
 The frightful Fawdon stood before his eyes
 Holding his bloody head in his right hand
 Soon Wallace drew a cross and made a stand,
 At him the apparition threw its head
 Which Wallace caught up by the hair with speed
 And threw it back But dreadful was his fright
 For well he knew it was some heliish spright,
 Which mock'd his sword Straight up the stairs he flew
 And soon himself out at a window threw,
 Thence up the river hastily he ran
 Never so frighted since he was a man
 Backward he turn'd his eyes from whence he came
 And thought he saw the tower all in a flame
 While on the top did frightful Fawdon stand
 With a prodigious rafter in his hand

But whether vested with compacted air
 In Fawdon's shape some Demon did appear,
 Or if the ling'ring soul expell'd with pain
 Strove to reanimate the corpse again

Leave we to those who with unweary'd eye,
Explore the latent depths of dark Philosophy.

AND now his follower's lost, the mournful Chief
Stood wilder'd in his thoughts o'erwhelm'd with grief.
Darkling he took his way depriv'd of rest,
While back ideas rankled in his breast.
His soul was in amaze, nor could he find,
What heaven by this mysterious scene design'd.
Yet still his rage the distant en'my sought.
And fierce revenge boil'd up in every thought.
As thus he roam'd with clashing doubts oppress'd
That tore his soul, and battel'd in his breast;
Gay morn awakes, and with enliv'ning ray
Smiles on the world and guilds the rising day,
Butler invited by the smiling scene
Forsook his bed, and sought the plains unseen;
There view'd how pensive Wallace all alone
Incessant sigh'd and made a piteous moan;
And rightly guessing that he was a foe,
Demands his business with contracted brow,
Nor stop't. But spurring, kick his fiery horse
With rapid haste precipitates his course.
Wallace unmov'd the impetuous shock sustains.
While awful joy his gloomy brow serenes.
Strait rising to the blow he aim'd a wound,
And brought his en'my stagg'ring to the ground,
Now seiz'd his horse, mounted and with loose reins,
Forsook the place and shot across the plains.

A soldier view'd his hapless leaders fate,
With ardent eyes, and kindling into hate;
Wing'd forth his spear, that whistled in the wind
Drove o'er the knight, and miss'd the mark assign'd.
But now the en'my with superiour might,
Beset the roads, and intercept his flight.

Collecting all himself, brave Wallace stood
Saw how they rag'd and panted after blood ;
And drew his sword, that with tempestuous sway,
Dealt fate around and cut a sanguine way.
Three prostrate on the plain, of sense bereft,
And stiff'ning unto death the victor left ;
The tainted grass imbibes the flowing blood,
That gush'd amain and ting'd the ambient flood.

BUT as a torrent with impetuous pride,
From some steep mountain pours its rapid tide,
Then swell'd by meeting riv'lets rolls amain,
With ten fold roar, and swallows up the plain ;
So with successive troops the foe renew'd,
Condense apace, and thicken to a crowd,
The Chief retires intrepid and serene,
While twenty foes, unsoul'd adorn the fatal scene,
Fearless he inches back—His sword on high
Refulgent, flaming adverse to the sky,
Still ey'd his enemies with greedy view.
And Parthian like, still wounded as he flew.
And now the foes no more inflame the war,
But roar in fainter sounds and menace from afar.
The panting knight now eas'd from warlick care,
Reclines supine, and breaths the cooling air.
Now had the night assum'd her still command,
And spread her sable conquests o'er the land ;
Darkness alone sat low'ring all around,
And more than midnight horror cloath'd the ground
Our Heroe weak and faint pursues his way,
Involv'd in gloom, without one glimpse of day :
The dreary wilds with fens and mire o'erspread,
Retard his passage and his steps mislead.
His horse grown restive and overcome with pain,
Fell giddy to the ground and press'd the plain,

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Wallace on foot toils out his lonesome path,
 Now plung'd in fens, now lost in rising health.
 Reviv'd by heaven, at length to Forth he came,
 Thro' the country rolls it awful stream.
 Circling it runs and with majestick pride,
 Into old ocean dissembogues its tide.
 Upon the gloomy margin Wallace stood
 Alone, and fearless plung'd into the flood ;
 With nervous arms he stems the surging waves,
 Dashes the tide, and all its horrors braves.
 His well-try'd sword cuts out a liquid path,
 And guides his course thro' watie scenes of death.
 Fainting he made the land ; his veins all chill'd
 With numbing colds that thro' his vitals thrill'd ;
 For winter now had tempested the air,
 And with bleak aspect froze the aged year.
 While the far distant sun with flanting ray,
 Obliquely shone, and scarcely litt the day.

THE knight from towns and cities keeps aloof,
 Secure beneath a widow's lowly roof
 Who with a lib'ral hand reliev'd his wants,
 Fondled his breast, and sooth'd his burling plaints,
 To needful rest he now applys his head,
 But first the maid dispatch'd with cautious dread,
 To view Gaskhall that burning seem'd of late,
 To trace his followers, and to learn their fate.
 Now coming sleep spreads all their balmy charms,
 And clasps the Heroe in her liken arms,
 Within a darksome wood securely laid
 The shrubs his pillow, and the grass his bed :
 Attending, the kind widow's sons stood near,
 And guard his slumbers with officious care.

A priest beheld the Chief compos'd to rest,
 Drew near, and thus his puny fears exprest,

Behold the patriot now, whose puissant hand,
 Must rid us of the foe, and free our land!
 Alas good ventrous youth how weak he lies.
 Expos'd to raging storms and wintry skies,
 Trembling he sleeps, and verging on despair,
 Obnoxious now to every female snare.
 The Chief wak'd, at the sound, flung up enrag'd,
 I'm not he cry'd, so feeblely equipag'd
 My arm and fortitude assert my right,
 And all my honest actions dare the light,
 While Scotland's wrongs edge keen my well try'd sword
 I'll never poorly own a foreign lord.
 And thou inglorious priest untouch'd remain,
 And owe thy life alone to my disdain.
 He said, And with his nephew turn'd aside
 Recounting how he plough'd the foamy tide
 Dark and alone; while his poor ebb of blood
 That flow'd amain disdain'd the crystal flood;
 And how to finish all his other woes,
 His men had fallen a prey to cruel foes.
 The priest o'erhearing cry'd dear son behold
 How heaven confirms what I but now foretold.
 Thy friends are lost, thy self aloof from aid
 To all th' assaults of fortune open laid,
 Forbear to tempt thy fate, give up thy sword
 And own great Edward for thy rightful lord
 No more, Fierce Wallace stern'd his brow and cry'd
 My life alone shall the long strife decide,
 Thy tainted words venom the ambient air;
 Cut thro' my soul and aggravate my care.
 My countrys wrongs cry for revenge aloud
 And this good sword is keen It thirsts for blood
 And only can be sat'd with a flood.
 But while he spake, with hasty strides drew near
 Ircan and Kierly, still to Wallace dear,

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As sorrow late a sovereign sway poss'ft.
 Smiles kindly in each cheek and joy in every breast,
 While the vast pleasure that each a pecc' wears
 Too big for words, now vents itself in tears:
 The Chief beheld the scene of grateful wee,
 And now his kindly show'rs with theirs united flow.
 The wond'rous friends their dubious fate review,
 And with amusing talk prolong the interview.
 How they had mingled Heroun with the slain,
 And unobserv'd escap'd the fatal plain.
 By this came back the servant and reveal'd,
 With dismal scenes she every where beheld,
 How gory corsees strew'd the purple ground,
 And death in bloody triumph stalk'd around.

No longer here the Heroe would remain,
 But left the wood with his small faithful train,
 And here the widow merits endless fame
 Who cheerful with her sons to Wallace came,
 Both in the bloom of life and sprightly youth,
 Endu'd with courage, loyalty and truth;
 Them she made over to his guardian care,
 To bear fatigues, and learn the arts of war.
 Brave Heroine with manly virtue blest,
 Her country drove the mother from her breast
 The Chief set forth adorn'd with arms and horse,
 And held that night to Dundaff-Heath his course.
 * Graham then posses'd these lands. An aged knight,
 Who with reluctance own'd tyrannick might,
 But now alas! in his last ebb of life,
 He liv'd aloof from glorious feats of strife,
 His arm no longer could the fauchion wield,
 Nor shine in sulgent arms, and sun the field,

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 * Sir J O H N.

A son he had with every grace endu'd,
Youth, honour, gallantry and fortitude :
His country's welfare triumph'd in his breast,
Tinctur'd each thought, and all his soul impress.
Him the old Sire, with ceremonial care,
On his good sabre drawn oblig'd to swear.
" The rugged paths of honour still to tread,
" Wherever Wallace and his virtue lead."
Three times the night renew'd her gloomy reign,
While here the gallant warrior did remain.
As the fourth morn her purple charms displays,
And paints the cheek of day with orient rays
The CHIEF set out, his pupil by his side,
Propos'd among his friends with him to ride.
Wallace yet conscious of his recent fault,
How into jeopardy his men be brought.
Deny'd the suit, untill his better care.
Could with new force of arms revive the war,

Now to Kilbank he bent his course apace,
In martial pomp, and quickly reach'd the place.
The Knight to every soul a welcome guest,
Enjoys the loves of all and fills each breast,
His nephew here resides in bloom of years
And chearful gladness in his aspect wears.
Meanwhile th' unwelcome news to Piercy came
Of our young Heroe's acts and growing fame,
How with a run of conquest he had slain
His foes, and their cities storm'd and ta'en
Asper in speech and swell'd with vengful spite
Piercie demands what shelter held the knight,
And sure cry'd out wou'd he his warfare cease
Acknowledge Edward, and accept of peace
Soon might our king with unresisted sway,
Thro' Scotia's bleeding vitals urge his way.

Wallace would quickly tame the rugged North,
 Inspire our men and call their courage forth,
 But still his rage a cruel rancour feeds,
 And bursts in winged thunder on our heads,
 Sages illumin'd with interiour light,
 Who search the depths of fate immers'd in night,
 These have foretold, how Wallace great in arms
 Shall fill our plains with war and fierce alarms.
 The CHIEF mean while with active thoughts employ'd
 A messenger dispatch'd to Blair and Boyd
 Fame catch'd the news and spread the welcome sound,
 In buzzing whispers quick'y all around :
 His friends convene apace in gath'ring swarms,
 Enur'd to war and bred to feats of arms.
 But Blair above the rest for learning fam'd,
 The first place in our HERO's bosom claim'd :
 With early infancy their love began.
 And grew as ripening youth shot up to man,

THUS danc'd the rolie minutes and the CHIEF,
 Securely liv'd at large remote from grief
 His transports now run high his cares decrease,
 And every hour is mark'd with smiling ease.
 His friends with cheartul looks his orders wait,
 And all his wants well pleas'd anticipate.

BUT now far different cares engross his soul,
 And all the manly rage of war controul.
 Love bound the Hero of his flow'ry chains ;
 For over all the God unbounded reigns
 In Lanerk dwelt the Fair Well known to fame.
 For matchless beauties crown'd the charming dame.
 Now in her spring of life, she grew apace.
 Spreading to bloom, and crown'd with every grace.
 The Syrens with persuasive eloquence,
 Charm'd from her lips and beauty'd her sense,

While piety adds lustre to her name,
 WALLACE beheld and own'd the pleasing flame :
 The print of love new stamp'd his ductile breast,
 And with soft characters his Soul impress.

As waves impell'd by waves his mind is tost,
 And in the spreading sea of passion lost,
 Love tears his bosom shoots along his veins,
 And a wild Anarchy of thoughts maintains ;
 Now with fresh warmth his martial flames awake,
 And he th' ignoble chain attempts to break,
 The fair arises now in all her charms,
 And with soft fires his languid bosom warms,
 The youth * KNIGHT impatient of his wound,
 With strange disorder rolls his eyes around,
 Try's every mean and strives to quell the smart
 That tore his breast and stung his bleeding heart,
 Now m-z'd in doubts, and with strange tumults fill'd,
 The lover thus his secret pangs reveal'd.

WHAT shall I then give up my breast to joy,
 And all my schemes of future wars destroy ?
 Shall I thus lose myself in pleasing dreams,
 While Scotia's welfare all my bosom claims ?
 No Thus I hiss the inglorious flame,
 And raze the image of the beautiful dame,
 Rise glory rise ; Assume thy wonted charms,
 And take me panting to thy sanguine arms,
 I'll drown each thought of her in war and loud alarms.

* KIERLY beheld how the young Warrior strove
 In vain to quell th' unruly pangs of love,
 How obstinately good, he scorn'd to know,
 All but his dear unhappy country's woe.
 Now cheating blebs glides o'er his gloom of cares,
 No sprightly joys his anxious bosom shares,

' Fain would the friend his dreary cares beguile,
 ' When thus he answer'd with an artful smile.
 ' And what can wound the strictest Patriot's name,
 ' By wedding virtue in so fair a dame ?
 ' Since all your thoughts impress'd by love arise,
 ' Enjoy the maid bound yours in nuptial ties.
 ' She's chaste in virtue innocent and good ;
 ' Nor can her lineage ever stain your blood.
 ' Ungen'rous man reply'd the wondring CHIEF,
 ' And wouldst thou have me dissipate my grief ?
 ' While Scotland weeps, weeps out her dearest blood,
 ' And floats to ruin down, the crimson flood.
 ' Th' important now, decides her future state,
 ' And see the scales are hung to weigh her fate.
 ' While we're the only friends that she can boast,
 ' To counterpoize a hardy numerous host.
 ' Our every thought in such an enterprize,
 ' Or big with conquest or with death should rise.
 ' And sure while Scotia's enemies remain,
 ' Unnering love should ever sue in vain.

‘ And what is love ?

' Nothing but folly, glaring emptiness,
 ' Effeminate and froathy all its blefs,
 ' A fleeting joy. Sure then it cannot be,
 ' That love and war at once should reign in me.
 ' Yet love they say our brutal rage disarms,
 ' Refines our ardour and our courage warms,
 ' But that is only when the fair one's kind,
 ' When blooming hope distend the lovers mind.
 ' When blefs and beauteous conquest stand confess'd
 ' And life redoubled heaves within his breast :
 ' But when the virgin nought but frowns bestows
 ' Nor hears his am'rous plaints or dying vows :
 ' 'Tis then his very manhood melts away
 ' In tears by night, and mournful sighs by day.

' No more his breast the sprightly trumpet charms
 ' No more he joy's in war and shining arms.
 ' Our nation groans beneath a load of woes,
 ' And calls on us against her cruel foes,
 ' And could such conduct suit a warrior's mind
 ' (For women are unconstant and unkind)
 ' Who before man, and heaven's all seeing eye
 ' Must bravely conquer, or as bravely die.
 ' The WARRIOUR spoke with indignation spoke,
 ' While anger from his eyes like lightning broke,
 ' Yet in his bosom love the tyrant play'd,
 ' And laugh'd secure at what his fury said.
 ' The CHIEF at last perceiv'd with anxious pain
 ' That still imperious love maintain'd his reign.
 ' What could he do? With utmost care he strove,
 ' Now to oppose, and now to fly from love.
 ' In vain. The God still with the angler's skill
 ' Or mock'd his force, or play'd him to the full.

' Kierly beheld how love his strength, defies
 ' Battles his soul, and triumphs in his eyes,
 ' And whilst the chief who ne'er before had sigh'd
 ' Groan'd with a load of grief, he fondly thus reply'd
 ' Why does my lord create himself this pain,
 ' Why strive with love, yet ever strive in vain,
 ' Give up the conquest, dissipate thy care
 ' Make way for blest and for the lovely fair:
 ' The fair makes all the Heroe's rage refin'd,
 ' New strings his arm and cheers his drooping mind.
 ' While in his soul the awful goddess reigns
 ' A double life his bosom knows, a double life his veins.
 ' This said, th' advice with tender zeal express'd,
 ' With poyson'd steps stole silent to his breast.
 ' And joy unbidden all his soul possess'd.
 ' Mean while with ebbing force as thus he strove,
 ' To stem the rage of fierce prevailing love.

• A maid approach'd who from the fair one came,
 • (For love had fir'd her breast with hidden flame)
 • And brought this message from the beauteous dame
 • Miranda sends to honest Fame well known,
 • Fond to behold her country's bravest son,
 • The CHIEF amaz'd impatient of delay
 • I go he cry'd and bade her urge the way,
 • Thro' secret paths they went and shu'd the town
 • And reach'd the house secure perceiv'd by none
 • While she severely good and wondrous kind
 • Wish'd for his safe approach with anxious mind.
 • The lovers met and now a modest kiss
 • Lifts up the HEROE's soul to laughing bliss
 • Love feels th' alarm, starts up in fond surprise
 • And thro' his veins, anew impetuous flies
 • Inflames his soul, and sparkles thro' his eyes,
 • His sparkling eyes that gently rolling play'd,
 • In her's beheld bright virgin love betray'd.
 • And whilst a blush that reddend on her face,
 • Paints out a modest flame with rosy grace.
 • Screw'd to the highest strain of bliss his soul,
 • Could scarce th' impetuous tide of joy controul.
 • But all was still, and all was calm around,
 • When thus the syren spoke in nectarr'd sound.
 • I own indeed I love, nor blush to tell,
 • The man that love's my country's peace so well,
 • And would be fond ev'n with my life to please,
 • The CHIEF that bravely scorns inglorious ease.

• While Scotia calls,

• Alas how much she needs, unhappy now !
 • So good a warrior and a friend as you,
 • Her bravest sons by cruel foes are slain
 • And few her friends ah hapless friends remain !
 • Even while I speak I scarce can boast an hour,
 • Or of my life or honour in my pow'r

' The loving Chief return'd, oh maid divine!
 ' Your bleeding wrongs the glorious cause shall join.
 ' And whilst the thundring battle loudest rings,
 ' A thousand deaths appear on fatal wings;
 ' Inflam'd by am'rous rage, and aiding love.
 ' Like death himself thro' groaning bands I'll move.
 ' And whilst the thoughts of thee wing every blow,
 ' How well I love the gasping wretch shall know,
 ' But by yon awful heavens had not my mind,
 ' With hopeless Scotia 'gainst her foes combin'd.
 ' I'd never leave thee by th' immortal powrs,
 ' My soul would mix and loose it self in yours.
 ' Yet next to God and to my country's care,
 ' You all my thoughts and all my breast shall share.
 ' With fond discourse thus talk'd they out the day,
 ' While hours well pleas'd to hear, croud hours away.
 ' Till wallace saw the night on high display'd,
 ' And with reluctance left the weeping maid.
 With heavy heart he held the dreary way,
 And join'd his friends that wondered at his stay.
 Now from the fair remov'd, our Heroe strove,
 By warfare to divert the pang's of love.
 Fir'd with the thought, he choaks the rising sigh,
 And fondly hopes the distant enemy,
 Who in Lochmabane lorded it secure.
 Full grown in arrogance and flush'd with pow'r.
 Clifford inhumane youth bore chief command,
 And spread his cruel conquests o'er the land.

Now Wallace scarce had reach'd the guilty town,
 (Conceal'd his name his country only known).
 When swell'd with malice, Clifford sought the place,
 And brands the Scots and loads them with disgrace;
 Appriz'd the KNIGHT pursues the haughty lord,
 Th' affront lent weight and fury to his sword:

Urg'd home the thirsty fauchion sought his side,
Transpierc'd his heart, and drunk the vital tide.

SATED the Chieftain left the town, And now,
Wing'd with revengeful spite his foes pursue ;
The Knight serene thus warn'd his faithful friends,
" Behold the raging en'my this way tends,
" Leave we the plains, and yonder thickets climb,
Trusting th' event to providence and time.
His friends reluctant hear the strict command,
Sternly retire, and eye th' approaching band.
By this with hasty strides the foe drew near ;
Their burnish'd arms reflect a gleam severe :
With fulgent light they shone, The steely blaze,
Shot full against the sun with mingling rays.
Their arrows now with certain speed they aim'd,
And wounded Blair, for wit and valour fam'd.
Wallace beheld him bleed, and fir'd to rage,
Turn'd instantly in order to engage.
His little band in dubious war well try'd,
Rush on the num'rous foe with gen'rous pride.
And now with adverse shock the warriors met,
Each urg'd the fight, nor thought of base retreat :
The South'ron army thinn'd with numerous slain,
In multitudes lay grov'ling on the plain.
But still in gathering crouds, new troops advance,
The fields resound the neighing courser prance,
Moreland, the flower of arms moves to the field,
Lightning his eyes, his arms keen splendor yield.
His waving plume nods terribly from far,
And whitens with its foam the tide of war.
With boiling rage his heaving bosom glows,
And martial terror glooms upon his brows.
The English rais'd to hope, their Chief survey,
And meditate the ruin of the day.

IN vain the dauntless Scots attempt to fly,
 Close wedg'd they stand resolv'd to win or die
 And now both sides assault, and proudly vie ;
 Thicken the combat and resounds the sky,
 Wallace distinguish'd by his orby shield,
 Rode hurrying thro' the tempest of the field
 Where Moreland ran'd ; and with a pond'rous blow,
 Fell on his neck divides the bore in two.
 No more the joints the dizzy head sustain,
 The haughty Chief rush'd head long to the plain,
 Seizing his horse the Knight, with active care,
 Revives again the thunder of the war :
 Inspir'd from heaven with more than humane might,
 His arm alone inclines the scale of fight,
 Around, the verdant grass is sanguine dy'd,
 And heaps on heaps exire on every side
 The English now, their Chistain lost, give way
 Deadned with fear and fall an easy prey :
 Now to the town their rapid steps they bend,
 Throng to the castle and in haste ascend
 Their hagar'd eyes their inward fears disclose,
 And look a voice, and speak their direful woes.
 Graystock their Gen'ral here at ease resides,
 Who scorns their terrors and their fears derides,
 And now his soldiers arm'd, the fort he leaves,
 And with fresh powers the fainting war revives.

Wallace mean while the bloody scene had left
 With victory nor of one friend bereft.
 And clad in arms he shot an iron light ;
 The en'my saw, and curs'd the unwelcome sight,
 Oh don't they cry'd, our doom anticipate,
 Return, nor brave th' impending burst of fate,
 Yonder behold ! the valiant gold like Knight,
 Whole mighty arm alone lays waste the fight.

Ha dastards ; cry'd the Gen'ral with a frown,
 His strength owes being to your fears alone,
 And spur'd his horse. Now Wallace from afar.
 Beheld th' encreasing tumult of the war ;
 Nor could he tempt the storm, that with new roar,
 Roll'd dreadful, menacing his scanty pow'r
 And now o'ercome with toil, his horse gave o'er.
 Mean time dispatch'd by heaven immortal Grahame,
 Back't wi h his friends a brave retinue came,
 Thrice ten he led, a small but faithful train.
 Each could mark red the field with num'rous slain ;
 And the whole tempest of the war sustain.
 The battle joins. And clamrous, shout and cries,
 Ring thro' the plains and tear the vaulted skies.
 Grahame now with ardent eyes his friends survey'd.
 And sent to every quarter timely aid.
 Himself meanwhile from place to place engag'd,
 Where the storm roar'd, and where the thickest rag'd,
 Rush'd thro' the war that bled in every vein
 Like some fierce tide, and swept the standing plain.

WALLACE on foot cuts out a sanguine path.
 And stems the flood of war, and braves impending death,
 Restless he fights, with blood and dust besmear'd,
 Reaping the field, where nought but fate appear'd.
 And thus th' in rapid few still urge their course,
 Each in himself, a war, an arm'd force.

But now the foe repuls'd with foul disgrace,
 (Their Champion in the front) retreat apace.
 While Wallace yet unweary'd urg'd the chase,
 Before him Grahame as lightning flew,
 Mix'd with the croud and all promiscuous flew.
 The Knight beheld, and check'd his vulgar rage.
 That stoop'd with the low rabble to engage.

Away he cry'd, nor thus disgrace thy sword,
 Yon flying chiefs will nobler stores afford,
 He said. The youthful Heroes shoot along,
 With rapid haste and reach the distant throng.
 Pierce Grayflock now abandon'd by his pride,
 Nought but despair appear'd on every side.
 Grahame fought the haughty chief. And now on high,
 His sword that flam'd and lighten'd in the sky,
 With whirl-wind sound descends and cleaves his head;
 No force of motion could the stroke impede:
 The yawning chasm well'd out a purple flood,
 Forth rush'd the soul effus'd with gushing blood,
 Wallace mean while dealt ruin all around:
 And with dead corpses strew'd the blushing ground:
 The en'my still experienc'd his pow'r,
 And those who test his arm haras'd the Scotch no more.

- THE chase now finish'd, the brave warriors meet,
 And with kind intercourse of souls unite.
 The Knight well pleas'd his panting friends espies.
 With joy his bosom glows, with transports glut his eyes,
 His visage roughn'd into frowns e'er while,
 Assumes the softer beauties of a smile,
 Fair victory sat blooming on his head
 And all around her sacred blessing shed.
 But now the sun roll'd down the fading light,
 Red Vesper took his post. Arose the night.
 On hills of slain the scarlet Heroes sare,
 Pond'ring new toils of war in close debate.
 Pale Scotia still his bleeding veins display'd,
 And pointing to the foe, and call'd aloud for aid.
 Fir'd with her wrongs and with new anger fraught,
 They steel their hearts, and bar each milder thought:
 Nor sated with the vengeance of the day,
 To Lochmabane directly take their way.

And now to aid their rage a night of shades
 Muffles the sky and the pale moon invades,
 No stars appear'd in the dark firmament
 As if their everlasting oil were spent
 Lone midnight silence quell'd each whispering sound
 and spread his gloomy pinions all around,
 Conceal'd the wary spies rode on before
 The distant town in order to explore,
 With darkness velop'd soon they reach'd the gate
 Where watching all alone the keeper late
 With silent rage they amid a random wound
 And laid the felon prostrate on the ground;
 The following band came on with hasty pace
 Breathing revenge, and quickly made the place.
 The glearings of the field they here surprise
 Resounds the house with clamour shrieks and crys,
 While terror widely peeps forth from their eyes.
 Nought but the groans of wretches now is heard
 Where mirth and ill timed riot late appear'd,

'Twas now past ebb of night, and dawning morn,
 Appear'd on infant smiles and blushes born
 The victors now quite spent with toils of war,
 Give o'er, and, panting breath the fragrant air
 Reclin'd they gladly take a short repast.
 To satiate nature's call not please the taste
 That done, with generous wine they brim the bowl
 Each quaffs and sucks the nectar to his soul
 The dancing tide rolls thro' each languid vein
 And swells them with o'erflowing streams again
 Sated at length they leave the humbled town
 The fortrels taken, and their foes o'erthrown,
 And bent their course to where impetuous Clyde
 Thro' precipices pours its foamy tide
 With many waning rolls the circling stream
 The pride of rivers, and the poets theme'

Now grateful slumber creeps o'er all apace,
 And folds their senses with a soft embrace.
 Within a darksome vale retir'd they lay,
 At ease from all the busy toils of day :
 Thro' every limb the soft infection crept,
 And guardian angels watch'd 'em as they slept
 A fort remain'd where fill'd with rage and spite
 The en'my rul'd and triumph'd in their might,
 While thus secure the slumbering warriors lay,
 Wild fancy now assumes internal sway
 Still to their sleeping thoughts the fort arose
 And hag'd their dreams and shook them from repose

TH' inverted scale of heav'n now weigh'd up night
 Sunk was the sun and faded was the light
 Walking at length unseen they leave the vale
 The fated place determining t' assail
 Wallace before the rest went forth alone,
 With eager speed and reach'd the guilty town,
 And here a hideous noise insults his ear
 Of drunken mirth unlike the voice of war,
 Enrag'd, the Chieftain gave the order'd sign.
 His friends throng in and all their powers combine
 With active care the gates they first possess,
 Then guard the passes and the strength invest.

Wallace first sought the house, inflam'd with hate
 When sunk in luxury the Captain late
 Unsheath'd his sword, and aim'd a certain blow
 That hurl'd to shades of night th' abandon'd foe
 With equal rage he gave to fate the rest
 And mingled with their blood their horrid feast
 Their mangled bodies strew'd the sanguine floor,
 Grinning in death and weltring in their gore,
 Mean time without Grahame plies the lofty fort
 Built up of beams and fortify'd by art.

Strait flung triumphant from his thundering hand,
Full to the steepy roof a flaming brand :
The red contagion blazing flew along,
With crackling roar and scorch'd the trembling throng.
And now the ruddy ruin whirls on high,
Swells in the wind and triumphs to the sky
Wild shrieks within and yellings of despair,
A blended horror ; rends the midnight air.
And now the turret, ground, and all around
With burst of thunder tumbled to the ground.
It fell And crush'd the wretches underneath,
With wild destruction whelm'd and fiery death.

Soon as the radiant morn renew'd the day,
The victors, on each side the place survey,
That now in smoking heaps and rubbish lay.
The works that stood they levell'd with the ground,
And spread a gen'ral ruin all around.



The Sixth B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace,



A R G U M E N T.

WINTER being pass'd, and the Summer advancing, Wallace returns again to Lanerk to visit his Mistress, (an account of the first beginning of his passion, is to be found in the Fifth book), where meeting with a kind reception, he marries her.

BUT the English during that time he had spent in his courtship, having occupied and taken possession of all the forts and towns in SCOTLAND, oblig'd him to rise again in arms to vindicate his country. But before he took the field, he thought it necessary to remove his wife from the hazard of the war, which occasions a moving Colloquy betwixt them, she earnestly imploring him to take her along with him, and he declaring to

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er the ill effects of it. The morning arriving. Wallace goes out to the fields, where having implored heaven for the success of his undertaking he blew his horn to call his followers he had with him together ; where discovering his intent, they all with one consent agree to the war and make preparations for it. The English perceived their intent, and under the command of Heflrig and Thorn make head against them. and the Scots overpower'd with multitudes. retreated to Cartlane-Craigs. The night approaching, Heflrig insulding Wallaces's wife, most barbarously kills her when behold Wallace after expressing sorrow for her loss, resolves to revenge it, and coming back in the night time, slew Thorn, Heflrig. and the Englishmen in Lanerk This being told King Edward, he gathered together a great army and came to Biggar, where Wallace being now joined with a considerable number met him and encouraging his men, fought and defeat them. but the English being told by spies, that the Scots had intoxicated themselves with the wine left in the camp, returned and were again defeat, After this, Wallace took in a castle on a rock, and with continued debates, so weakened the English, that they were content at Rutherglen Kirk, to conclude a peace for a year, that both should abstain from committing any hostilities.

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The Sixth B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace,

C H A P. I.

How WALLACE was betaken with love, and troubled
with War.

NOW had cold February spent in store,
And Boreas rushing blasts offend no more :
No more the hurricane embroils the deep
And driving winds on its smooth surface sleep
No more the plains in standing lakes appear
And March had spent the Winter of the year.

Now April joyous month. its course begun
And hoary snows now melted to the sun,
A springing verdure crowns the happy land
And smiling nature own'd the Summer's hand
While thus the earth smiles in its gayity,
And Summer weeds adorn each springing tree,
The busy Nymphs renew their annual toil,
And build their grotts perfum'd with balm and oil,

Each blythsome hour, in ranks they dance along,
And the pleas'd hunter listens to their song.

IN this blest June when all conspir'd to move,
His manly soul with the soft flame of love,
Our Knight to Lanerk went of new again.
Seiz'd with the pangs of his returning pain,
He runs with joy to meet his lovely fair,
Nor reck'd he of his English foes since she was there ;
The subtle flame fierce roll'd within his bre st.
Hot in his pain he thought ne'er one so blest
Sometimes the thought of conquest wou'd return,
And fierce ambition in his bolom burn ;
His country's glory rise before his sight
And love's soft joys yield to the toils of fight ;
At other times, love wou'd usurp again.
Fair glory's charms decay, and war subside again.
Shall I no more hear the fierce battles rage,
No more in bloody fields my foes engage.
Shall love's imperious power thus controul,
My easy heart, and move my pliant soul :
What plague is this ? This bane of mortals love ?
That me from arms of glory would remove,
My honour calls, and nothing e'er shall make,
Me lose my honour for my pleasure's sake,
To war I will, and shine in arms again,
And love shall spread its sicken chains in vain.

WHILE thus the HEROE spent his anxious life,
And love and honour held the doubtful strife,
Alternate passions rul'd his wav'ing mind,
And now to this, and now to that inclin'd,
At last resolv'd to finish all his grief,
And give his mourning soul a sure relief ;
To wed with holy love the beauteous dame,
Give loote to his desire, and quench the sacred flame,

And now the morning its fair beams display'd,
 And music waken'd into blest the maid.
 Conubial hymen wav'd his torch on high,
 And bad their future life completest joy;
 Now live in strictest unity of love,
 And for all jarring dissonance remove,
 Let wing'd with pleasure the soft minutes flow.
 And lasting blest no interruption know,
 A rising joy now dawns within his breast,
 Of all that heaven cou'd bestow possell:
 With pleasure, he runs his dangers o'er,
 And fortune's various face offends no more;
 In her alone he places his delight,
 And joy arises from her only sight:
 While with like heart, her faithful bosom warms,
 For in his time he was the flow'r of arms:
 Thus blooming love extends his soft command,
 And joyful hymen reigns with equal hand.

WHILE now the Heroe far from wars alarms,
 Enjoys all pleasure in his consort's arms;
 His former love of glory fires again,
 His martial soul and prompts him to the plain;
 To bear aloft again the Patriot shield,
 And vindicate his country in the field:
 His burning breast glows yet with fields unfought,
 And future triumphs rise upon his thought.
 Now leave thy mirth, and seek thy country's foes.
 Tho' round thy head the gath'ring battle glows;
 Go leave thy love or glorious freedom lose.
 Which ne'er on earth shall be redeem'd again,
 Go live in war, go live in cruel pain:
 And then just GOD, who does this world sustain,
 Let not this thirst of vengeance be in vain.
 Let heav'n with due success still crown the just,
 And lay the proud oppressor in the dust.

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But now his faithful wife employs his care,
Expos'd to all the common ills of war;
Shou'd he by adverse fate be forc'd to yield,
And to the foe give up the vanquish'd field;
A thousand sad corroding cares infest,
And fate hangs gloomy on his anxious breast.
Far from the hoarse noise of the thund'ring war,
He wou'd remove the object of his care;
But sad with grief relents his bleeding heart,
And his thoughts shrink, at the dread word to part,

'Twas now the time when all to rest repair,
And weary wretches laid aside each care;
When with fond arms the fair Fidelia prest,
Her panting Heroe to her snowy breast;
With grief she found the rising tears bedew
His manly face, and heard the sighs he drew;
With frequent sobs her heaving bosom rose,
And catch'd the dear infection of his woes;
On her pale cheeks does livid paleness rise,
And sorrow speaks in silence from her eyes:
Then with a groan thus he, long I've suppress'd,
The struggling passion in my labouring breast;
But now all sad restraints at once give way,
Fierce sorrow bids me speak and I obey:
Behold our native country drown'd in tears,
Around one general face of woe appears.
In vain we're blest with kind indulgent skies,
And suns in vain, with genial ardor rise,
In vain a yellow Harvest crowns the plain,
And nodding boughs their golden load sustain;
The peasant comfortlets repining stands,
And sees his Harvest reap'd by others hands;
See the fierce soldier rages o'er the land.
The flames wide spreading from the hostile hand:

Those shining spires who lately pierc'd the sky,
 Now equal with the ground in ruins lye,
 O dire and curst effects of slavery
 Yet once I nobly durst assert her right,
 Bold in her cause, dauntless in each sight ;
 But now the useless sword is laid aside,
 And my once faithful helm long been untry'd,
 But now the tyrants power we dare restrain,
 And liberty shall rear her head again :
 With fell revenge another war prepare,
 Bend the long unstring bow, and launch the rusty spear,

But various cares solicitate my breast,
 Invade my heart, and rob my soul of rest ;
 While to my drooping mind's prophetic eyes,
 A thousand griefs in fatal prospect rise :
 Methinks I view the cruel raging foes ;
 End that dear life to finish all my woes,
 Methinks I see that sacred blood now spilt,
 To fill up Hefibig's black scene of guilt :
 And now to save thee from the coming blow,
 And shield thee from the malice of the foe ;
 I have prepar'd of youth a chosen band,
 Ready to march where e'er thou shalt command ;
 Some well built to w'r a hospitable seat,
 Shall prove from wars alarms a safe retreat :
 There nor the battles voice shall wound thy ear,
 Nor the fierce spoiler black with guilt appear.
 There may thy constant prayers bless my sword,
 And waft thy kindest wishes to thy Lord ;
 Till circling time bring back the happy day,
 When Scotland shall be free from English sway ;
 Till her extended plains be call'd her own,
 And yet a Scottish king ascend a Scottish throne.
 He said and ceas'd, nor groan'd, but deep suppress'd,
 Each rising passion in his manly breast.

But fiercer grief her tender heart assail'd,
she wept, and the frail woman all at once prevail'd
And wilt thou then she said and wilt thou go
Where thunders call thee, and where battles glow
And leave me here expos'd to every foe,
See Hefilrig with lustful rage appears
Derides my passion, and insults my fears,
With hasty steps he comes to be possess'd
Or stab his poinard in my hated breast,
In vain with piteous shrieks I fill the air
And stung with sorrow my bare bosom tear
When he, that should revenge me is not near
Hast thou forgotten how his ruthless sword
In my dear brother's blood has deep been gor'd.
Fir'd with bright glorys charms both met the foe,
And sunk beneath the mighty warrior's blow
'Tis true that fighting for the country's right
They glorious dy'd nor recreant left the fight,
That thought indeed should flowing grief restrain
But nature bids me, and I must complain
But say in vain is all this flow of tears
Fantastic passion, a weak woman's fears
No Hefilrig red with my kindreds slain,
No friends destroyed and no brothers slain,
Yet with her Wallace let his consort go
Join with his ill's sad partnership of woe,
Or if propitious heaven shall dain to smile
With faithful love reward my Heroe's toil
What tho my tender Nerves refuse to bend
The twanging Yew, and the fleet dart to lead
Round thy distinguish'd tear yet will I stay
And wait impatient the decisive day,
When freedom on thy helm shall crested stand
Nor fortune linger with her doubtful hand
But canst thou thou wilt say endure alarms,
Hear wars rough voice, and the hoarse sound of arms.

When the big drum, and sprightly pipe prepare,
 In dreadful harmony to speak the war
 Then shall thy breast with trembling heaving rise,
 And female sorrow gather in thy eyes,
 But let the wars rude shock assault my ears.
 The woman Wallace shall throw off her fears
 On this weak breast shall love new force impress
 Nor let that doubt repel my happiness,
 But whether can I go or where retreat
 From following vengeance and impending fate
 Ev'n should I go, where dreary caves forlorn
 Horrid with night, exclude the joyous morn.
 And lonely hermits never cease to mourn
 Yet wou'd keen Heflrig find out the place
 And in my ruin finish all my race
 What tho' the bounding vessel waft me o'er
 To lands remote, and some far distant shore,
 What tho' extended tracts of lands and sea
 Divide the war and my dear Lord from me,
 The wife of Wallace can't be long conceal'd,
 But soon by babbling fame shall stand reveal'd,
 Then take me with thee what e'er chance betide
 Firm to thy cause, and honest I'll abide,
 Nor let me mourn alone when I am left
 Of thee, and ev'ry joy with thee bereft.

She said and wept, nor yet his sorrows aile,
 But awing grief his decent in his eyes
 Cease, cease he cry'd, nor urge a vain relief
 Nor by thy lingering doubts increate my grief.

Now if kind heav'n shall bless my enterprize.
 Nor fate look on me with her envious eyes,
 In flowing ease, shall end our hated strife
 And joy conduct us to the verge of life

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But if just heav'n shall otherwise ordain,
'Tis heav'n that wills it—why shou'd we complain.

Thus while the faithful pair their grief exprest,
And sooth'd the passions in each others breast ;
The beauteous morn disclos'd its early ray,
And the gray East shone with the future day.
The HERO rose, and with becoming art,
Feigns a false joy, at the same time his heart
Was fill'd with grief which touch'd each tender part.
Then to the fields he went with sorrow fraught
While thousand woes surcharg'd each rising thought ;
With Patriot groans he fills the morning air,
And spreading both his hands to heaven this was his pray'r.

HEAR me kind heav'n, if still my feet have trod.
In virtues paths, nor devious from my God ;
Since first with floods of tears and constant pray'r,
My weeping parents gave me to thy care ;
When round my head the guardian angels flew,
And conscious heav'n approv'd my little vow :
'That if propitious fate increas'd my span,
And length'n'd tender childhood out to man ;
My country's foes, should always feel my might,
Nor my sword sparkle in another fight ;
Thence soon commenc'd my woes and hateful strife,
With war embroil'd my tender years of life.
Oft has the soldier under my command,
From slav'ry ba's redeem'd his native land ;
But now oppress'd with foes, we droop again,
And panting liberty forsakes the reign
Yet bold in virtue's cause, we nobly dare
To raise the sleeping embers of the war ;
No impious itch of empire fires our mind,
Nor are our hearts to those base thoughts inclin'd :

But our fierce breasts glow with a holy rage,
 Thine are the fields we fight, and thine the war we wage :
 But if alas ! Some unforeseen offence,
 Lies latent in the book of Providence ;
 For which the trembling Scot shall shameful fly,
 And leave the field to his fierce enemy :
 Then let me dye preventing all my foes,
 And close these eyes nor see my country's woes.
 He ceas'd when he observed thro' the sky,
 A strange prodigious meteor to fly :
 The Chief beheld it kindly as it flew,
 And from the sight a happy omen drew :
 And deprecating heav'n yield he cries,
 And better hours from better omens rise.
 Now now, the English shall the danger fear,
 And trembling fly before the Scottish spear.
 And now a growing hope springs in my mind,
 And leaves vain jealousy and fears behind ;
 Then blew his horn well known in wars alarms,
 To call the hardy soldier to his arms :
 To the shril notes heav'n answers all around,
 And Scotia takes new vigour from the sound ;
 Spreads wide the noise and undulates on high,
 And reach the soldiers where dispers'd they ly.
 Inflaming ev'ry breast with love of liberty,

Now all around the CHIEF they listning stand,
 Each his keen sabre threatening in his hand,
 And eagerly devour his last command.
 Enough my friends, enough has Scotia born,
 The foes insulting and her sons forlorn.
 The trembling peasant wild with dread affright,
 Shrink from the wars rude shock and ruthless fight ;
 Relinquish his riches to the oppressors hand ;
 And sees anothers sickle reap his land,

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And long we not to urge our fate again,
 Glows not each breast, and swells not ev'ry vein?
 Does not our heart with love of freedom burn,
 And once again our exil'd souls return
 Where are those trophies by our fathers won,
 Triumphs related down from son to son
 Where is that crown the first sam'd FERGUS bore,
 And that fierce scepter stain'd in British gore.
 Should these old rev'rend forms again arise,
 In mystic vision dreadful to our eyes,
 What sad reproaches justly would they give,
 To those who chose in bondage thus to live:
 How would their cheeks blush with a kindred shame,
 And throw us back the hated fathers name.
 And are we so degenerate from our race,
 Such sons begotten to our Sires disgrace,
 That thoughts like these shan't force us yet to arm,
 And liberty thus want the pow'r to warn.
 Let the pale coward own a pannic fear
 Of unknown wars and distant triumphs hear:
 Let this heart startle at the triumphs voice.
 And shrink unequal to the harder noise.
 Can souls like these, alas! assist us now,
 Or rise to dangers which they never knew:
 But we whose courage bids us punt for fame,
 And be distinguish'd by the Patriots name.
 How should our breast with sacred fury glow,
 And rush undaunted on the guilty foe:
 The lawless rage of tyrants to restrain,
 Nor let fair liberty thus court in vain.
 He said. A generous ardor flood confess'd,
 And a fierce Patriot twin'd in ev'ry breast,
 Revenge alone employs each warriors care,
 Bends ev'ry bow, and sharpens ev'ry spear.
 Some scour the flying horse along the plain,
 And bids his haughty neck obey the rein.

With goring rowels urge him in his speed,
 And stop in full career the bounding steed.
 Wallace beheld th' auspicious fury rise.
 And rage redoubled flushing in their eyes.
 With joy he hears this omen of success,
 And saw just heaven, decree his happiness.

NOR do the English with less studious care,
 Observe the growing progress of the war,
 And for the fierce encounter all prepare
 Keen bending, arms all their glittering bands,
 A thousand swords shine in a thousand hands,
 A savage fury brandishes each dart,
 And reeking slaughter steels each impious heart
 But oh! ye gods shall yon weak hands prevail,
 When hot with rage more numerous troops assail.
 May righteous heaven still blast the lawless might,
 And the just Patriots vanquish in the fight;
 But now advancing near they other meet,
 And with no friendly salutation greet.
 Stern vengeance lowering frowns on every brow,
 And hate arms ev'ry visage like a foe.
 Behold what diff'rent passions now excite,
 And join two nations in the toils of fight.
 Here pride ambition arms each guilty foe,
 And tyranny attends on ev'ry blow.
 Here Patriots stand and boldly dare restrain,
 The tyrants growth and check th' oppressors reign,
 And the fair cause of freedom to maintain.
 Now all the plains with arms are cover'd o're,
 And the bent bow unloads its feathered store.
 From well stor'd quivers but declining light
 And ruddy vesper led the starry night:
 Wallace withdrew where Carratane rocks on high
 Erect their shaggy tops and threat the sky,

Safe shelter'd there the Scottish heroes stay
And wait impatient for the rising day.

MEAN while *Fidelia* with sad cares oppress'd,
Had sunk into the silken arms of rest.
A thousand spectres dance before her sight
And add to the pale terrors of the night;
Sword, shield and helms, in mix'd confusion rise
And blended horrors stare before her eyes.
Even in that time when all should be at rest,
When not one thought should discompose her breast
Even then she shakes at *Heslrig's* fierce hate.
And her soul shrinks as prescious of her fate,
Now fierce with rage the cruel foe draws near,
Oh does not heaven make innocence its care!
Where fled thy guardian angel in that hour,
And left his charge to the fell tyrant's power
Shall his fierce steel be red'ned with thy gore
And streaming blood distain thy beauties o'er?

BUT now awakened with the dreadful sound
The trembling matron threw her eyes around,
In vain alas; were all the tears she shed;
When fierce he waves the fauchion o'er her head
All ties of honour by the rogue abjur'd
Relentless deep he plung'd the ruthless sword.
Swift o'er her limbs does creeping coldness rise,
And death's pale hand seal'd up her fainting eyes.

Now born upon the mournful wings of fame,
To *Wallace* the unhappy tidings came,
The rising woe fore thrill'd in ev'ry part
And sought its painful passage to the heart,
Grahame and his mourning friends with tears o'erflow,
And join society of great grief and woe

When Wallace them beheld he hush'd in peace
 And kindly bade their growing sorrows cease,
 This waste of tears, alas he cry'd is vain,
 Nor can recal the fleeting shade again
 Could that vain thought afford the least relief.
 How would I mourn, but impotent is grief,
 Then let those tears to wars rough toils give way,
 And the fierce sword perform what words would say
 Hear me braye Grahame companion of my arms
 Whose soul alike is fire with glory's charms,
 To thee I swear this sword shall never sheath
 Till I revenge my dearest dearest's death,
 Heavens ; what new toils of death and war remain?
 Rivers of floating blood, and hills of slain
 But, steel'd with rage to slaughter let us fly
 And for her sake there shall ten thousand die
 When men thus weep their courage grows the less
 It slakes the ire of wrong they should redress,
 But let us haste while yet the dusky night
 Extends her friendly shade and drowns the infant light

He said, the melancholy troops around
 With pleasing anguish catch the mournful sound,
 A fierce revenge bends ev'ry warrior's bow
 And steely vengeance sends him to the foe,
 For now the armed warriors careful tread,
 And march undaunted thro' the murky shade,
 No light in the high firmament was seen
 And like their vengeance lowring was the scene
 To Lanerk swift they shape the destin'd way,
 The town defenceless all before them lay
 Opprest with sleep the weary English lay,
 Nor knew sad wretches ; that their death drew nigh,

Now in two bands they part their hostile force
 And to these sleeping tyrants bend their course.

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Where Heflrig the cruel murd'rer lay,
Eager on slaughter Wallace wings his way ;
A thousand ills the traitors mind infest
And warring furies combat in his breast ;
There slaughter rage, rapine together roll,
And guilt sits heavy on his dreadful soul.
Full on the gate a stone the Heroe threw,
Swift to the stroke the rocky fragment flew.
Bars, bolts, and brazen hinges soon were broke,
And tumbled down before the sweepy stroke.
Surpriz'd he stood and listning to the noise,
With beating heart he heard the warrior's voice ;
Anon beheld the distant beaming lance,
And trembling saw the injur'd man advance ;
And thought'st thou traitor fierce the Heroe cry'd,
When by thy murd'ring steel she cruel dy'd ;
When thy fell hand her precious blood did spill,
Wallace tho' absent would be absent still.
Furious he spoke and raising on the foe,
Full on his head discharge the prodigious blow
Down flaks the head long fellow to the ground,
The guilty soul flew trembling thro' the wound.

MEAN while entag'd Grahame from his flamy band,
Full on the roof directs the hostile brand.
Inclos'd within Thorn saw with dire amaze
The spreading ruin and the rolling blaze.
Consum'd in flames he yields his latest breath,
And sinks into the fiery arms of death,

But now the morning rais'd her beamy head,
Around them lay vast heaps of slaughter'd dead,
Saw Albion's ensigns glitter in the wind,
And a new hope exalts in ev'ry mind.
The soldier views with joy the sanguine plain,
And Scotia well redeem'd with heaps of slain.

The willing nation own him for their lord,
 And joyful croud to his auspicious sword.
 With grief fierce Edward heard his mighty name,
 And burns invidious at his growing fame,
 He bids his haughty soldiers come from far.
 Blacken the field, and calls forth all his war.
 None can the dictates of his soul controul
 While his high conquests urge his rapid soul,
 Swift to fair Scotia's plains he bends his way
 By fate reserv'd for Biggar's glorious day,

C H A P II.

The Battle of BIGGAR.

NOW Biggar's plains with armed men are crown'd
 And shining lances glitter all around,
 The sounding horn, and clarions all conspire-
 To raise the soldiers' breast and kindle up his fire.
 The HEROE tir'd of Lanerk's luckless land,
 Swift now to Biggar leads his conqu'ring band ;
 Each having breast with thirst of vengeance glows,
 And in their tow'ring hopes already slay their foes.
 The careful warrior on a rising ground
 Encamp'd, and saw the dreadful foes around
 Stretch'd out in wide array along the plain,
 And his heart biggins with the glorious scene.

But now the morning in fair beams array'd
 Rose on the dark and chas'd the nightly shade,
 Each eager soldier seiz'd his ready shield,
 Draws the fierce blade, and strides along the field :

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In blackning wings extend from left to right
 Condense in war. and gather to the fight;
 Thick beats each heart waiting the last command,
 And death stands lingring in the lifted hand
 Wallace then threw around his skilful eyes
 And saw with joy their eager passions rise.
 To day my friends to day let's boldly dare,
 Each doubtful hazard of th' uncertain war,
 Let our fierce swords be deeply drench'd in gore,
 And then our toils and labour shall be o'er
 See round our heads the guardian Angels stand
 And guide the javelin in each eager hand;
 To Edward shall they bear the flying dart
 And with the pointed javelin pierce his heart,
 Let glorious liberty your soul inspire
 Raife ev'ry heart and rouse the warriors fire.

He said ———

And kindling into fury rose each breast,
 With love of virtue all at once possess'd.
 Eager they thicken on the mountains brow
 And hang impendent on the plain below.
 The foe surpriz'd look up and see from far
 The progress of the swift descending war
 They run, they fly, in ranks together close
 And in a steely circle meet their coming foes,
 But now the Scottish Heroes bend their way
 Where in his tent the royal monarch lay,
 There rose the battle, there the warriors tend
 And thousand deaths on thousand wings ascend
 Swords, shields and spears, in mix'd confusion glow
 The field is swept and lessens at each blow
 Wallace's helm distinguished from afar
 Tempests the field and floats amidst the war
 Imperious death attends upon his sword
 And certain conquest waits her destin'd lord,

M

Fierce in another quarter, Kent employs
 The wrathful spear nor fewer foes destroys,
 Where e'er he conqu'ring turns recedes the foe,
 And thickned troops fly open to his blow.
 His bounding courser thunde ing o'er the plain,
 Bears his fierce rapid lord o'er hills of slain
 Scarce can the weak retreating Scots withstand,
 The mighty sweep of the invader's hand.
 Wallace beheld his fainting squadron yield,
 And various slaughter spread along the field,
 Furious he hatts, and heaves his orb'd shield.
 Resolv'd in arms to meet his enemy,
 Before his spear they rush. they run they fly
 And now in equal battle meet the foes,
 Long last the combat and resound their blows :
 Their dreadful fuchions brandishing on high,
 In wavy circles lightn to the sky.
 With furious ire they run the field around,
 And hour on death explore each secret wound.
 They heave, they pant they beat in ev'ry vein
 While death sits idle on the crimson plain.
 Long in suspense th' uncertain battle hung,
 And fortune tickle goddesses doubted long
 On whom she should the Laurel wreath bestow,
 Whom raise as conq'ror, whom depress as foe ;
 At last the Heroe tyr'd with forc'd delay,
 At his full stretch rose and with mighty sway,
 Bore from the foe his shield's defence away.
 Now high in air the shiny sword he rear'd
 Pondrous with fate the shiny sword appear'd ;
 Descending full it stop't his stifled breath.
 Giddy he turns around and recks in death
 The stringy nerves are wrapt a ound in gore
 And rushing blood distain'd his armour o'er.
 Now all is death and wounds, the crimson plain
 Floats round in blood and groans beneath its slain

Promiscuous crouds one common ruin share,
 And death alone employs the wasteful war.
 They trembling fly by conquering Scots oppress'd
 And the broad ranks of battle lay defac'd
 A false usurper sinks in every foe,
 And liberty returns with ev'ry blow;
 Before their prince the mangled subjects dye,
 The slaughter swells, and groans ascend the sky:
 The king beheld with sad astonish'd eyes
 The havock of the various battle rise;
 Unable to sustain slain wou'd he stay,
 And yet again retrieve the vanquish'd day.
 At last behind his back he threw the shield,
 Spurs on the rapid steed, forsakes the field.
 The Scots pursue and follow fast behind,
 The rattling noise swells dreadful in the wind.
 With grief Long-castle saw the soul retreat,
 Restrain their flight, and durst prolong their fate.
 Whence does our hearts this coward terror know
 Defeat ne'er stain'd our conquering arms till now:
 Stay recreant, slay nor thus ignoble fly
 But bravely conquer or yet bravely dye.
 Scarce had he spoke when quivering all with fear,
 Scap'd from the foe two fugi-friends appear;
 Stop, stop they cry'd your hasty flight restrain,
 And with swift vengeance meet your foes again;
 Oppress'd with wine the Scottish heroes ly,
 And feel the soft effect of luxury:
 With ease we may return again, and spread,
 The crimson plain around with heaps of dead.
 Long-castle took the word and led them on
 Resolv'd to fight with ardent haste they run.
 The Scottish watchmen from afar descri'd
 The rallying foe, and swift to Wallace cry'd,
 He seiz'd his horn and gave the signal sound,
 The summon'd soldiers gather fast around,

A fiercer fury kindles in their eyes,
 And once again their madding passions rise ;
 So Triton when at Neptun's high command
 He heaves the swelling surge above the land.
 When with full breath he bids the tempest roar,
 And dash its foundring billows to the shore,
 His angry wave the wrinkled seas deform,
 They raise, they, roar and blacken to a storm.
 A marsh now does either host divide,
 Eager they view and frown from either side.
 But the fierce duke unable to restrain
 This rising passion gave it the full rein,
 And first encouraging his troops around,
 He spurs his thundering steed and dares the faithless ground.
 All plunge at once ; resound th' assaulted skies
 And thousands sink doom'd ne'er again to rise ;
 The thundering couriers roar and neigh aloud,
 And then with foamy rage o'erlay the crowd,
 While these who struggling with the miry tide,
 And with strong sinews gain the further side.
 Tho' landed only meet a change of death,
 By the fierce Scots depriv'd of fleeting breath.
 But now Long castle gained the dryer land,
 And plunging stood upon the shoaly strand ;
 Graham soon perceived and half'ning rais'd a blow,
 And with his sword received the rising foe,
 Back sinks the foundring courser down again,
 O'erlays his lord he tumbles midst the slain,
 Thus Edward the important day has lost,
 And to his kingdom leads his remnant host :
 While the glad nation smiles in liberty
 And send their humble thanks to heaven with joy.

Now where the Cree rolls down its rapid tide,
 And sees the herds adorn his wealthy side,

A towering rock uprears its bending brow,
 And throws its frowning terror down below,
 Deep in the earth is fix'd its ample bed
 And murky night involves its airy head,
 There alder and tough oaks conspire with art
 To raise on high the rock, a steepy fort.
 Where a great gate its brazen arms oppos'd,
 And from the victors rage defends th' inches'd.
 Safe in their plucky tower they shelter'd lye,
 And from the oaky wall the Scottish power defy;
 Wallace beheld and eager to obtain
 The airy fort, he swell'd in every vein.
 And when the night o'erspread the silent ground,
 And on black wings dark vapours swim around.
 Eager he bids the weary soldiers rise,
 And with slow heavings labour up the skies.
 Himself and Kierly led the airy fight,
 Strain up the steep and toil with all their might.
 The centinel lay sleeping at the gate
 Doom'd ne'er to wake unconscious of his fate.
 Deep in his breast was plung'd a shining sword.
 The ruthless steel his bleeding bosom gor'd:
 Then entering in they slay each foe they meet,
 The trembling wretches groan'd beneath their feet;
 They all give way and thundring down the steep,
 Shoot in the waves, resounds the parted deep,
 But, O how quickly alter'd is the case!
 The English now, must humbly sue for peace.
 Worn with defeats, their stubborn passions yield,
 Nor dare appear within the bloody field.
 Their hoary senators whose early care,
 Wou'd stay the fatal progress of the war.
 In suppliant words the Scottish Heroe greet,
 And lay their laurels low beneath his feet.

At Ruglen church it was where they did meet,
 The Heroe to the terms of peace agreed,
 And with an oath the truth is ratify'd :
 That either nation shall from battle cease,
 And death should hang his weary wings in peace.
 But soon these vows shall all dissolve in air,
 And the return'ng year bring back the war ;
 The thundering battle spread along the plain
 And the bravd Heroe shine in arms again.

The End of the Sixth Book.



The Seventh B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace,

C H A P. I.

How WALLACE burnt the Barns of Air, put Bishop Beik out of Glasfow, and killed Lord Piercy.

W I T H Wallace now concluded is the truce,
 But mark what treachery it does produce :
 To English faith, the great seal they append
 In Februar ; yet March doth scarcely end,

When they of new contrive a hellish plot,
Do break their faith, and murder many a Scot
The English King takes journey in April,
And holds a mighty counsel in Carlisle.
To which the English captains hastned fast,
And privy were to every thing that past,
None other to be present thought he good,
But such as were of true born English blood,
Except Sir Aymer Vallance. as i'm told,
Who to the Scots a traitor was of old.
The South'ron here consult him, how and where,
They might cut off the Barons bold of Air.
Who when he had in Pluto's myst'rie div'd,
Gave such advice as hell and he contriv'd.
Four barns he said built by the King's command,
At the head hugh of that old country stand.
Where, at one time, none but a single man
May enter in, or see another can.
That is said he, pox on his bloody face
I think the only, and, the proper place,
To call the Barons to a justice aire,
And then dispatch them at your pleasure there.
To which they all with spite and malice fill'd,
Consent, and vote them basely to be kill'd,
Except Lord Piercy, who the curs'd design,
And villany, pretended to decline.
The Scots said he, have kept faith so long
With me, I'll not be winnesh to such wrong.
But at the time appointed will withdraw,
To Glasgow town, from such a bloody law.
Fy on thee Piercy that was so unkind,
Not to reveal the barbarous design.
Where were thy bowels of compassion then?
That might have sav'd four or five thousand men
Of Scots and English, that no harm did fear,
As by the tragick story shall appear.

A cruel justice then they choos'd and fierce,
 Whose bloody acts a heart of stone would pierce :
 Lord Arnulf, whom Brelzebub scarce could match,
 He undertook the Barons to dispatch.
 Another Aire in Glasgow order'd they,
 For Clydstale men upon the self same day.
 Thus they like devils sit in human shape,
 And charge that Wallace by no means escape.
 For well they knew if he were overthrown,
 They might possess all Scotland as their own.
 Thus they conclude, to other give the hand.
 And set their seals to this black hellish band,
 To Air the justice speedily comes down,
 And Piercy marches off for Glasgow town,
 The justice aire on June the eighteenth day
 Was set, proclaim'd, no Baron was away.
 The Scots they wondr'd, in a peaceful land
 Why English men should rule with such high hand.
 Sir Rannald did appoint before this aire,
 At Monkton kirk his friends to meet him there.
 Wallace was present 'mongst those gentlemen,
 He warden was of Scotland chosen then.
 Good Mr John, who surnamed was Blair,
 Discharg'd his friends from going to that Aire,
 And did suspect since Piercy left that land
 He was no friend to Scots, did them command.
 Wallace from them went to the church with speed,
 There said a PATER NOSTER, and a CREED.
 He lean'd him down upon a place hard by,
 Then in a deep sleep fell immediately :
 Into that slumber Wallace thought he saw,
 A stalwart man that towards him did draw,
 Who hastily did catch him by the hand,
 I am he said sent to thee by command ;
 A Sword he gave him of the finest steel,
 This sword said he, son may thou manage well,

A Topas fine the plummet he did guesſe,
The hilt and all, did glitter o'er like glaſs.
Dear ſon he ſaid, we tarry here too long,
Shortly thou muſt revenge thy country's wrong,
Then led he him unto a mountain high,
Where he at once might all the world ſee.
There left he Wallace, contrair his deſire,
To whom appear'd, a very dreadful fire.
Which fiercely burnt, and waſted thro' the land,
Scotland all o'er from Roſs to Sulway ſand,
Quickly to him deſcended there a Queen,
All ſhinning bright and with majeſtic mien,
Her countenance did dazle ſo his light,
It quite extinguiſh't all the fire light,
Of red and green gave him with modeſt grace
A wand and with a ſapphire croſs'd his face.
Welcome ſhe ſaid I chuſe thee for my love,
Thou granted art by the great God above,
To help and aid poor people that get wrong,
But with thee now I muſt not tarry long :
To thine own hoſt thou muſt return again,
Thy deareſt kin in torment are and pain.
This kingdom thou redeem it ſurely ſhall,
Thro' thy reward on earth ſhall be but ſmall.
Go on and proſper, ſure thou ſhalt not miſs,
For they reward the heavens eternal bleſs.
With her right hand ſhe reached him a book,
Then haſtily her leave of him ſhe took.
Unto the clouds aſcended out of ſight,
Wallace the book embrac'd with all his might.
The book was writ in three parts and no leſs,
The firſt big letters were and all of braſs :
The ſecond gold. ſilver the third moſt fine,
At which he greatly wonder'd in his mind ;
To read the book he made great haſte but as
He did awake, behold a dream it was.

Quickly he rose, and there a man he found,
Who did his dream, and vision all expound,
The stalwart man, who gave thee that fine sword
Was Fergus King of Scots upon my word.
The mountain does prognosticate no less,
Than knowledge how our wrongs thou must redress.
The fire hasty tidings doth presage,
The like of which was not heard in our age.
The bright and shining Queen, whom thou didst see,
Was fortune, which pretends great good to thee.
The pretty wand which she unto thee sent,
Betokens pow'r, command, and chastisement.
The colour red, if I right understand,
Means bloody battles shortly in our land :
The green, great courage to thee does portend,
And trouble great before the wars shall end.
The sapphire stone she blessed thee withal,
Is happy chance, pray God it thee befall !
The threefold book, is this poor broken land
Thou must redeem, by thy most valiant hand.
The great big letters which thou saw of brass,
Prognostick wars that shall this land oppress,
Yet every thing to its true right again
Thou shalt restore ; But thou must suffer pain,
The gold betokens honour, worthiness,
Victorious arms, manhood, and nobleness.
The silver shows clean life and heavenly bless,
Which thou for thy reward shalt never miss
Then do not fear, or in the least despair,
He shall protect thee who of all takes care.
He thank'd him then, committing all to God,
Home unto Corby with his uncle rode
Both blyth and glad, all night they lodged there,
And the morn, made ready all for Air,
Wallace he ass'd Sir Rannald at Kincaise,
Where was the English charter of the peace.

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At Corsby said Sir Rannold, in the chest,
 Go seek it there thou'll find it if thou list
 None but thyself where it does lye doth know,
 Then by good luck he back again did go
 Sir Rannald he rode on and rested not,
 Then came to Air knew nothing of the plot,
 Into the town he did not tarry long
 Went to the bloody barns dreading no wrong.
 A baulk was knit with cruel ropes and keen,
 O! such a slaughter house was never seen
 Strong men to keep the entry they prepare,
 And none but one at once must enter there,
 Sir Rannald first that ancient knight comes in,
 And then the bloody murder does begin,
 A running cord they slipped o'er his head
 Then to the baulk they hauled him up dead,
 Sir Bryce the Blair after Sir Rannald past,
 The cruel dogs to death him hastened fast,
 No sooner enters, but he's in the snare,
 And on the bloody baulk was hang'd there,
 A gallant knight Sir Neil Montgomrie.
 Was hang'd next which pity was to see
 Great numbers more of landed men about
 Went in, but none alive at all came out.
 The Wallaces, and Crawford's stout like steel,
 Great cruelty from barb'rous Southron feel,
 The Kennedie's of Carrick slew they also,
 And the kind Campbells that were never false,
 Nor did rebel against the righteous Crown,
 For which the Southron hang'd and hew'd them down,
 The Barclay's, Boyds, and Sturts of good kin,
 No Scot escap'd that time that enter'd in.
 Unto the baulk they hang'd up many a pair,
 Then in some ugly by-nook cast them there.
 Since the first time that men did war invent,
 To so unjust a death none ever went.

Thus to the Gods of their most cruel wrath,
 They sacrific'd the Scots and broke their faith
 Such wickedness each Christian soul most own,
 Was ne'er before in all the world known,
 Thus eighteen score to death they put outright
 Of Barons bold : with many a gallant knight.
 Then last of all with great contempt and scorn,
 Cast out the corps naked as they were born.
 Good Robert Boyd with twenty valiant men,
 Of Wallace house went to the tavern then.
 Brave stout and bold the choice of all the land,
 He then in Wallace absence did command.
 Kierly who did the South'ron often mall,
 Cleland and Boyd were all upon a call :
 And ste'en of Ireland who upon the street,
 With a good woman and a true did meet.
 He ask'd at her what news there was in Air,
 Nothing said she, but sorrow, dole and care,
 All frighted like, she look'd him in the face,
 Then ask'd for Wallace in a little space :
 Who told his Uncle the good ancient knight
 Had sent him home, but would be back on sight.
 Pray charge his men, said she, to leave the place,
 Let Wallace watch as he comes from Kincaise,
 And him acquaint wi' ev'ry thing that's past,
 The sad barbarities from first to last ;
 Now quietly together call your force,
 Get all to arms, and quickly mount your horse.
 He with the woman did no longer stay,
 But to his comrades posied fall away :
 Told the sad news ; who without speaking more.
 March all to Laglane wood, with hearts full sore.
 Now with the charter Wallace hasts to Air,
 But little knew the Massacre was there.
 Then loudly on him the good woman calls,
 Nothing but breach of faith within those walls.

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Our Barons hold thro' horrid treacherie
Are kill'd and hang'd, like beasts upon a tree,
Most basely murdered as they went in
Then Wallace wept for loss of his good kin.
Unto the women up he gallops fast.
To understand the truth of all was past.
Is my dear Uncle dead, or how beset
The case; good woman, pray make haste and tell.
Out of yon barns, with great contempt and scorn,
I saw him cast; naked as he was born.
His cold pale lips with grieved heart and sore
I kiss'd; then spread a cloath his body o'er.
His sister's son thou worthy art and wight,
Revenge his death I pray with all thy might,
I shall assist as I'm a woman true,
Then he enquired at her if she knew,
Good Robert Boyd, and if she saw him there:
Or William Crawford if he living were:
Or Adam Wallace, a good friend indeed,
Both true, and trusty in the time of need.
Call them to me, with little noise and din,
Then cunningly spy out the justice inn.
See what discov'ries thou or them can make,
And then I'll see the next best course to take.
This in great haste, he spake and said no more,
Then wheel'd about with grieved heart and sore.
To Laglane woods, then pleasant sweet and green,
Which oft his refuge had, and safety been:
There for his friends did mourn, with grief and woe,
Till his proud breast was like to burst in two.
Lord Arnulph quickly after him does send.
Fifteen hand-ward, well mounted English-men.
A macer als, to bring him back to law,
Who furiously towards good Wallace draw;
With sword in hand among them soon he went,
And pay'd them soundly to their heart's content.

One thro' the middle here he cut in two,
 Unto the second gave a dreadful blow :
 The third he struck, down thro' the body clave.
 The fourth unto the ground he quickly drave.
 The fifth he smote in such great wrath and ire,
 He on the spot did presently expire.
 Three men he had that killed other five,
 With much adoe the rest escap'd alive :
 Fled to their lord, told all the passage o'er
 How ten of fifteen men were kill'd by four,
 And had it not been for their horse that they
 The other five had gone the self same way.
 A right Scots stroke none of us sooner got,
 Than without mercy we lay on the spot.
 So fierce they fought and so furiously,
 At every stroke they made a man to dye.
 Then thought they all it must be Wallace wight.
 To whom reply'd an ancient English knight,
 And said, If Wallace hath escap'd this aire,
 All that is done, is adding grief to care.
 Then spoke the justice, when the rumour rose.
 What would ye do, if there were many foes ?
 'That for one man so frighted seem to be,
 And are not sure as yet if it be he.
 And tho' it were, I count the matter light,
 Each gentleman who slays here shall be knight.
 And so soon as the morrow comes, I'll then,
 Deal the Scots lands to true born English-men,
 Thus spoke that cruel, inconsiderate beast,
 But was mistaken, faith for all his haste :
 Which minds me of a saying sage and wise,
 Who counts before the host he counteth twice,
 'The South'ron to their quarters now repair,
 Four thousand strong that night did lodge in Air,
 And in the bloody barns without the town,
 Where the proud justice caus'd proclaim around

The walls and garrison, on every side,
That no Scots man within them should abide.
By providence that night it hap'ned so,
The justice to the castle would not go :
Lodg'd in the Barns knew not of Wallace plot
Who long e'er morn gave him a wak'ning hot.
At supper they eat a prodigious deal.
Then plenty drank of wine and English ale.
No watch they set having no fear or doubt,
Of harm from Scots who lodged all without.
The great fatigue and toil that bloody day
The rogues had got, and too much wine which they
Drank off in bumpers, lull'd them so asleep,
They quite forgot that night a guard to keep.
Thus all secure they snorting lay like swine,
Their Chiftain was great Bacchus god of wine.
So soon's the woman saw them lying so,
Some men she warned, and made to Laglane go.
Foremost she went her selfishness was such.
At which good Wallace was comforted much.
He thanked God when as he saw there,
What news good woman haste thou brought from Air.
Yon bloody hounds said she, are all so drunk,
With wine, they're now all in a deep sleep sunk.
When I them left could not so much as see,
One single Scots man in their company.
If that be true, it's time to steer my stumps,
And set a fire to their English rumps.
To him resort three hundred chosen men,
Willing and ready their best blood to spend.
Out of the town there came good ale and bread,
And each thing else whereof they stood in need :
They ate and drank, and welcome were for nought,
The gentry then Jap unto Wallace brought.
Alas said Wallace my dear friends you see,
Our kin are slain and murd' red barb'rously.

Therefore I pray for our poor country's sake,
Let's now advise what course is best to take.
Your warden tho' I chosen was to be,
Yet in the place since I so many see,
Of as good blood, and ancient Scots descent,
And ev'ry way on honour as much bent ;
Forward and brave in all good likelihood,
As ever I, then let us here conclude,
To choose us five of this good company,
And then cast lots who shall our captain be.
Wallace, and Boyd, and Crawford of renown.
And Adam then the lord of Richartown,
And Auchinleck, in war as skilful man,
To cast the lots about these five began.
On Wallace still unto their great surprize,
The lot did fall tho' it was casten thrice.
Then Wallace rose and our his sword he drew,
And solemnly did to his Saviour vow,
And to the Virgin Mary that e'er long,
He should aveng'd be on the South'ron.
I do protest he said to all that's here,
For my brave uncle's death they shall pay dear.
And many more of our good worthy kin,
Whose blood they shed and did not mind the sin.
For which I'll play them such an after game,
Shall make them all pass thro' the fiery flame :
Before I either eat, or drink, or sleep,
This solemn vow most sacredly I'll keep.
Then all most humbly, and with one accord,
Receiv'd him as their chieftain and their Lord.
Fine chalk the woman quickly does procure,
Wherewith she chalked ev'ry English door :
And all the gates which led unto the streets,
Where South ron sleep'd securely in their sheets,
Then twenty men he caus'd widdies thraw,
No sooner spoke, than's word it was a law,

With which the doors they instantly make fast,
 To hasp and staple with a sicker cast.
 Boyd to the castle past, the safest way,
 With fifty men, and there in ambush lay,
 That in revenge of his poor slaughter'd kin,
 None might escape of all that were within
 The rest with Wallace, all the barns surround,
 And noble service from the woman found,
 Who flax, and fire, brought unto their mind
 And all combustibles that she could find.
 Wallace commanded all his men about,
 On pain of death no South'ron should break out.
 Nor rescu'd be, tho' he were of their kin,
 From the red fire, or they should burn therein.
 The conflagration shin'd so clear and bright,
 Is not said Wallace this a pleasant sight,
 Our former wrongs this will in part redress,
 When these are gone, their pow'r will be the less,
 Then Wallace call'd with majesty and aw,
 Brave justice sir, come execute your law,
 'Gainst us that live, and are escap'd your aire,
 Deal not our lands, for faith that were not fair.
 Thy cruel blood shed now confess and mourn,
 And take thy choice whither thou'll hang or burn.
 With that the fiery flames ascend aloft.
 To sleeping folk such wakening was not soft.
 The sight without was terrible to see
 Then guess what cruel pain within might be,
 Which to the bloody monsters they befell,
 Next to the torments I may say of hell
 The buildings great were all burnt down that night
 None there escaped, squire, lord or knight,
 When great huge roof trees fell down them among,
 O such a sad and melancholy song :
 Some naked burnt to ashes all away
 Some never rose, but smoth'ered where they lay.

Others attempting to get to the air :
With fire and smoke were burnt and choaked there,
Their nauseous smell none present could abide,
A just reward ; for murder will not hide,
With sorrow thus and many a grievous groan,
They languish'd till their sinful days were gone.
Some sought the door endeav'ring out to get,
But Scots-men them so wisely did beset,
Out of the burning flames whoever got,
Immediately was cut down on the spot,
Or driven back with fury in the fire.
Such wages got these hangmen for their hire.
A Friar Drumlaw, who prior was of Air,
Sevenscore that night upon him lodged were
Of South'ron lounds for he an inn did keep,
But watch'd them well till they fell, all asleep.
The smoak and flame no sooner there arose.
Then he contriv'd revenge upon his foes :
Unto his brethren seven the secret told
All stately fellows sturdy brisk and bold.
Who soon the English armour do command ;
And a choice sword each one takes in his hand.
In harness thus, they do themselves infold
And then the Friar leads on the brothers bold,
These eight brave Friars, to sundry places go
With sword in hand to ev'ry house went two :
Wherein the bloody drunken South'ron were,
And them dispatch'd, as they lay sleeping there.
Some did awake into that doleful case,
Who naked fled, and got out of the place.
Some water sought, confus'dly thro' their sleep,
Then drown'd in the Friar's well both large and deep
Thus slain and drown'd were all that lodged there.
Men call it since the Friar's blessing of Air.
Few in the castle that were men of note,
Remain'd alive but burnt were on the spot.

Some, when the furious fiery flames were out,
In haste came forth, not having the least doubt,
Of harm from Scots, either by lass or lad,
But far less from good Boy'd his ambu cade,
Who like a soldier prudent wife, and douse,
Let them alone, then straight march'd to the house ;
And won the port, enter'd with all his men,
Where only left were keepers nine or ten.
The foremost soon he seized in his hand,
Made quite of him, then slew the rest he fand.
Arnall, who did refuse his lodging there,
Was burn't to ashes in the Larns of Air.
Provisions in the castle there was none,
Not long before, from it was Piercy gone.
Boyd, there made twenty of his men to stand,
Then went and waited Wallace's command.
Who kept the town, till nothing left was there,
But raging fire, and brave building's bare.
Of Englishmen in spite of all their might,
By sword and fire, five thousand dy'd that night.
When Wallace men together all were met
Good friends he said, you know an aire was set :
That Clidfdale men to Glasgow should repair
To Bishop Beik and the Lord Piercy there,
We'll thither haste therefore, tho' we be few,
Of our good kin some killed are e'er now.
The burgesses he caus'd unto him call,
And gave command in gen'ral to them all :
Safely to watch, and guard the house of Air,
With utmost caution, diligence, and care.
To which they all consented and did say,
With chearful heart they'd his command obey.
Wallace, his men, refresh'd themselves and so,
For Glasgow town prepar'd in haste to go,
Choice of Good English horses to their mind,
They took along, and left the bad behind.

In haste away rides that brave cavalry,
 Three hundred strong was the good company,
 To Glasgow town march these good men and true.
 And pass the bridge before the South'ron knew,
 Lord Piercy soon with diligence and care,
 His men conven'd all in good order there,
 Who do conclude that it must Wallace be,
 Prepare for fight either to do or die.
 The Bishop Beik and Piercy upon sight,
 Led on a thousand men in armour bright.
 Wallace he views their force, than back does ride
 And in two squadrons did his horse divide.
 Harnish'd his men who were in number few,
 Then call'd on Auchinleck both stout and true.
 Uncle he said, e'er we these men assail,
 Whether will you bear up the bishop's tail,
 Or with the foremost will ye gallop on.
 Kneel down, and take that Prelat's bennison.
 Quoth Auchinleck, I'll not ambitious be,
 Your self may take his blessing first for me,
 That is the post of honour and your right,
 I shall bear up his tail with all my might.
 Since we must part you'll be much in the wrong.
 Good Wallace said, if you stay from us long.
 Your men will not regard their number vast,
 For God's sake then march on your squadron fast
 Our parting I would not the South'ron saw,
 March you behind in thro' the North-east raw;
 Good men of war are in Northumberland,
 Thus parted, and took other by the hand.
 Quoth Auchinleck, we'll do the best we may,
 'I will not be right if we stay long away.
 Ther's be a reel among us speedily,
 But to the right Almighty God have eye.
 Then Adam Wallace, and good Auchinleck,
 With seven-score men of note and good respect,

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Brave clever boys, stout, able, hail and sound,
March briskly up the back side of the town :
Till they were fairly out of South'ron sight,
The other Squadron drest with all their might.
Wallace and Boyd up thro' the plain street go,
The English wond' red when they saw no moe,
An ensign was with Beik and Piercy there,
Who boldly call'd, and challeng'd what they were
A fierce encounter then, and sharp between
The Scots, and English, as was ever seen,
Quickly ensues with such a dreadful dint,
Till from the swords the fire flew like flint,
The hardy Scots most manfully they fought,
And to the ground heaps of the South'ron brought.
Pierced their plates with pointed swords of steel,
At ev'ry blow they made them there to kneel.
The flour like smoak arose among them fast,
Darkned the sun and to the clouds it past.
Honour to gain each Scotsman did his best,
Tho' with great numbers they were sadly prest.
Yet gallantly they fought and pushed on
With sword in hand, and charg'd the South'ron
Lord Piercy's men expert in war I wot,
Most fiercely fought, and flinched ne'er a foot.
Then Adam Wallace, and good Auchinleck,
Their duty next in truth do not neglect.
But like brave soldiers, do obey command :
And boldly enter all with sword in hand.
Amidst the contest hot, and fierce dispute.
At which some South'ron bravely fac'd about,
Who stoutly charg'd the Scots, and very fast,
But were oblig'd to yield their ground at last.
This fresh relief so eager fought and keen,
And made such flaps as never yet was seen ;
Mongst English men, that to their very will,
The Scots got room to fight and slay their fill

Then Wallace 'mids that cruel bloody throng.
 With his good sword that heavy was and long,
 At the Lord Piercy such a stroak he drew,
 Till bone and brain in different places flew.
 Whom, when his men perceiv'd that he was dead,
 With bishop Beik all marched off with speed.
 By the friar church, out thro' a wood they throng
 But in that Forrest durst not tarry long.
 Thus in a hurry all to Bothwell scour,
 The Scottish swords were sharp for to endure.
 So cruel was the skirmish and so hot,
 The English left seven hundred on the spot.
 Wallace he follow'd with stout men and tight,
 Altho' for foughten, marched all that night ;
 Many he slew into the chase that day.
 But yet with Beik three hundred got away.
 The traitor Vallange he escap'd also,
 To all true Scots men still a mortal foe.
 Five thousand South'ron Wallace burnt at Air,
 At Glasgow town seven hundred killed there,
 The South'ron chas'd to Bothwell that strong place,
 Then did return within a little space.
 Thus with fatigue, and want of sleep oppress'd.
 Rode to Dundaff, and there took him some rest.
 Told good Sir John of all besel in Air,
 Who did regreat he was not with him there.
 Wallace he sojourn'd in Dundaff at will,
 Five summer days with pleasure there until
 He tidings got from good men all forlorn,
 Buchan was up, Athol, Montieth, and Lorn.
 That on Argyle a furious war they make,
 All for king Edward's cruel bloody sake.
 Campbell the knight that witty was and smart,
 Stay'd in Argyle in spite of Edward's heart.
 And keep'd still his heritage Lochow,
 In spite of the M'Fadzean's sword and bow.

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Who 'cause he had unto King Edward sworn
Gave him Argyle, and all the lands of Lorn.
False John of Lorn to that gift did accord.
Because in England he was made a Lord.
Duncan of Lorn he stood up for the land,
Who when o'ercome by the M'Fadzean:
Did joyne himself to Campbell that brave knight,
In war who was both worthy wise and wight.
M'Fadzean now with diligence and care,
His five new Lordships 'bout him 'sembles there.
That tyrant to the land no sooner comes,
Than he packs up an army of vile scums
Full fifteen thousand cursed rogues indeed.
Of omne-gatrums after him does lead,
Many of whom he had from Ireland got.
Man, wife, nor child, these monsters spared not.
Wasted the land where e'er they came at will,
Nothing they knew, but burn, destroy and kill,
Into Lochow they enter speedily.
Which when the good knight Campbell did espy
In Craighumure three hundred men he puts,
And holds that strength in spite of all their guts.
Then broke the bridge that o'er they might not pass,
But thro' a foord, that deep and narrow was.
Securely there, and safe made his abode,
Aufs, did defend him that was deep and broad.
M'Fadzean was on the other side,
And there perforce obliged was to bide.
Till 'twixt a rock and a great water side
Where none but four in front could either march or ride.
M'Fadzean has a little passage found,
Were he o'er that, he thought all was his own,
Where plenty he of cattle for no cost
Might get; for to maintain his savage host.
Duncan of Lorn, unto his travels got
In conquest of Wallace to prevent the plot

For speedy succours to the knight's relief,
Against M'Fadzean, that false traytor thief.
Gilmichal then, a foot man clean and tight,
With Duncan went to guide his way aright.
Thus cleverly away the couple trudg'd.
Till they came straight where the wight Wallace lodg'd.
There, they tho' wearie, all fatigu'd and faint,
Against M'Fadzean table their complaint.
When Earl Malcom, he the tidings knew,
To Wallace hasts, with his men stout and true.
Sir John the Graham, there does him also meet,
M'Fadzean's wars so griev'd his noble sp'rit.
Richard of Lundie came the self same day,
Who all with wallace boldly march away.

C H A P I I.

How WALLACE slew M'Fadzean.

THEN Wallace march'd to view M'Fadzean's host,
Of savages, and knaves, made up almost.
By Stirling castle held to the south hand,
Which that great rogue old Ruickby, did command,
To earl Malcom, Wallace looking back,
What would you think this fortress to attack,
And it reduce, by some new stratagem,
All good said he, so said Sir John the Grahame.
Wallace, his men then he divided so,
That his true strength the English should not know,
The Earl lay in ambush out of sight
Wallace with him took Sir John the knight.

A hundred brave bold Scots do him attend,
 Who never turn'd their backs on English men.
 Thro' Stirling town, straight to the town rode they,
 In noble order and in good array
 Whom when old Ruickby narrowly did view,
 Gaus'd seven score archers presently pursue.
 And then engage but Wallace void of fear,
 Into his hand holding a noble spear
 He fiercely towards those proud archers drew,
 And on the spot the first that met, him slew,
 Sir John the Graham, none could him there withstand,
 Who also had a good spear in his hand;
 The first he met, to present death was sent,
 His spear in pieces on the second went.
 His gallant sword then drew he out with speed,
 A noble friend to him in the time of need
 Fresh English archers, round about him him drew,
 And with their arrows his brave horse they slew.
 When Wallace, saw, that good Sir John was put
 To such distress, and that he fought on foot,
 He with some others, from their horse alight,
 And quickly put the south'ron all to flight.
 Who to the castle back thought to repair,
 But Earl Malcom baulk'd their fancy there.
 Berwixt them and the castle gate he got,
 Where he kill'd many Englishmen of note
 Into the throng Wallace with Ruickby met,
 Of the old rogue there such a stroke did get:
 As made his head upon the field to dance,
 But his two sons by accident and chance
 Into the castle whence they came before,
 With thirty men escap'd and no more.
 The Lennox men, both stout and bold also,
 There from the castle would not stir nor go,
 But carefully besieg'd it round about,
 As knowing well it could not long stand out.

The siege goes on, unto the Earl's mind,
 But Wallace he pursues his first design,
 To fight M'Fadzean that most bloody rogue.
 Who for his villany did bear the vogue,
 Against him Wallace vow'd and swore revenge,
 From which his mind ne'er alter should nor change,
 Till but he had the honour to put down,
 That wicked tyrant he should ne'er sleep sound.
 At Stirling bridge, assembled to him then,
 Two thousand brave, and valiant Scottish men
 Who to Argyle in noble order ride,
 Duncan of Lorn he was their trusty guide.
 By this time Ruickby's sons did fancy that
 It was time for them to capitulate,
 And with the Earl Malcom for to treat,
 Who were both destitute of men and meat.
 That on condition he their lives wou'd spare,
 And merely grant to all the rest were there :
 And give them safe guard to their native land,
 They would resign both castle and command.
 The articles were sign'd that very day,
 Then bag and baggage they march all away.
 Now Wallace he is gone with all his force,
 Against the rogue M'Fadzean, foot and horse.
 Duncan of Lorn, Gilnmichael as a spy
 Has sent ; who knew the country perfectly.
 Scarce by Strathfillan was the army gone
 Till horse and foot were like to faint each one.
 Brave lads said Wallace it's not time for us,
 In broken ranks to meet the en'my thus.
 The feebler sort let them still following be,
 The rest shall march into divisions three.
 Five hundred first, unto himself he told,
 Of Westland men, all sturdy stout and bold.
 Five hundred next, Sir John the Grahame he got,
 Lundie five hundred more, all men of note.

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'Mongst whom was Wallace stout of Rcharstoun,
 Who at a pinch a sturdy friend was found.
 Five hundred of the weak were left behind.
 Tho' cross unto, and fore against their mind.
 Thus Wallace host began to take the height,
 Then o'er a mountain marched out of sight.
 Into Glendocher, they met with their spw.
 And good Lord Campbell who courageously
 Led now three hundred valiant chosen men,
 A merry meeting was betwixt them then.
 Cheer up he said and never dread your foes.
 Yon silly beasts, have neither arms nor cloaths
 Soon shall they fly and shortly we pursue,
 Then to Lochdocher speedily they drew,
 Where Wallace said, one fate to all shall be,
 Since here is none, will from his fellow flee.
 Upon the moss an out spy does appear,
 To see if roads, and passies, all be clear.
 M Fadzean for that purpose had him sent,
 Who shortly after thought his time ill spent,
 Gilmichael at the rogue nimbly did make,
 With a good sword, and did him overtake,
 Thro' fear the fellow there beslit his trowsers.
 And ne'er returned to tell his master news.
 The cavalry are forced now to light,
 And quite their horses tho' both fresh and tight.
 The moss and craigs, them to their shifts did put,
 Let's see quoth Wallace who walks best on foot,
 Out thro' the muir his men does bravely lead,
 Into a strength, which service did indeed.
 Along the shoar, three on the front they pass.
 Till all the men march'd safely up at last.
 Yon folk Lord Campbell said, I'll pawa my neck,
 Shall get a meeting they do not expect.
 I see no way they have from us to fly,
 but waters deep and craigy mountains high.

Then eighteen hundred valiant Scots indeed,
Attack M'Fadzean's numerous host with speed.
Upon their front great havoc soon did make,
The frightened foes surpris'd, with terror shake.
Yet boldly ralzie, and together rush,
Till Wallace does them with such fierceness push :
That suddenly, with dreadful strokes and fore,
He drove them back five acre's breadth and more ;
In modest speaking ; with good swords of steel,
He had made them dance, a sore and bloody reel.
Whome'er he hit, no longer there could stand,
Made room about him a large rood of land,
Sir John the Graham, did show his warlick art,
Lord Campbell als and Lundie play'd their part.
Stout Adam Wallace, and good Robert Boyd,
Where e'er they came cut down, and all destroy'd.
The conflict grew so very sharp and hot,
And the, M'Fadzean, fought so on the spot :
With Irish men, that hardy were and stout,
The victory for some time stood in doubt
The bloody streams, from front to rear did run,
And many a man lay gasping on the ground,
For two long hours, they fought it hand to fist
Until the very stoutest gladly wish'd.
For some respite ; their wearied arms to rest,
As yet none knew, which of them had the best,
So fiercely fought M'Fadzean's cruel curs ;
But Wallace men, together stuck like burs.
So hardy were, so valiant and so good.
Made great effusion of the en'my's blood.
With sword in hand, they fiercely forward throng,
Made fearful stops their cruel foes among.
Numbers of Irish, sleep'd in a cold bed
The rest wheel'd to the left about, and fled,
O'er Craiggy rock, some fell thro' great despair,
And in the water drown'd two thousand were,

M'Fadzean's Scots born men, stay'd on the field,
Threw down their arms, and on their knees they kneel'd;
On Wallace loudly cry and mercy crave,
Who gen'rebly them gallant quarters gave.
They'r our own blood he said both man and boy.
Such penitents, can any heart destroy?
Then ordered all Scots men that were found,
To save alive but foreigners cut down.
M'Fadzean fled and is with fifty gone
Under Craigmore, unto a cave of stone.
Duncan of Lorn from Wallace asketh leave,
To pay a visit to this ancient cave
Which Wallace grants, then quickly does him send
With a detachment of some sturdy men,
Who soon dispatch'd the fifty kill'd them dead.
And then brought back the rogue M'Fadzean's head,
Thro' all the field they show the villain's face
Upon a spear unto his great disgrace.
High on Craigmore, Lord Campbell made it stand,
Upon a pole for honour of Ireland.
The best men there that were of Scotland born
To Wallace they fidelity have sworn,
He did protect all came into his peace,
So pitiful he was and full of grace.
Then after all straightway to Lorn he went,
And rul'd the land unto their great content.
A council at Archattan did proclaim,
Where many came, so soon's they heard his name
From ev'ry art; and humbly thanks they gave,
With joyful hearts, unto their warden brave.
All Lorn he gave to Duncan stout and wight,
Who always acted what was just and right.
Brook thou this land, as thy true heritage,
And for thy brother's son, that taketh wage
From Edward; if he will return shall have
His lands, I'll lose no man that I can save.

Of worthy Scots to Wallace not a few,
 Unto Archattan, from their strengths withdrew :
 Brave Sir John Ramsay, who with heart and hand,
 Did still stand up for his true native land :
 Of noble blood, and ancient pedigree.
 To Wallace there with sixty men came he.
 Who 'gainst the English did great danger risk,
 And was so stout, courageous and brisk :
 He from his faith was never known to flinch,
 Nor to King Edward, ever yield an inch.
 Into Sirochane, a long time there did lye,
 And fought the Southron always valiantly.
 Who, him and his, did grievously oppress,
 His son was call'd the flower of courtliness,
 Who otherways dare say, do him traduce,
 If they'll but read the history of Bruce
 They'll find recorded there his glorious fame.
 Brave Alexander was his christian name.
 In peace, and war, he always ruled well,
 Such was his courage, conduct and his skill.
 In time of war, for honour did contest,
 Of the crown's friends, was thought one of the best.
 In time of peace, he never had a peel,
 So courteous he was, and so genteel,
 Ambitiously, each, his acquaintance sought.
 Of manners he was quite efface thought.
 Freely and truly at all times he spoke,
 And what he promis'd never ru'd, nor broke.
 Roxburgh he won, and held it faithfully,
 Till traitors thro' their treason caus'd him dye,
 But in what cursed way and manner how,
 It is not proper to relate it now,
 And on that subject we shall talk no more.
 His father came, as I have told before :
 Who cheerfully, great willingness did show,
 For to assist against the common foe.

Each man did him esteem, and highly prize,
In war: for sober, vigilant and wise:
A prelate next, unto Archattan came,
Who of his lordship, nought had but the name,
He worthy was, both prudent, grave and sage,
Of Sinclair blood not forty years of age.
The Pope to save poor sinful souls from hell,
Did him create Lord Bishop of Dunkel.
But English-men, thro' greed and avarice,
Depriv'd him basely of his benefice.
Not knowing then to whom to make his suit,
To save his life dwelt three full years in Bute.
During which space he was kep't safe and sound
And under the Lord Seuart shelter found.
Till Wallace who won Scotland back with pain,
Restor'd him to his livings all again.
With many more who were all overthrown
By English, and restored unto their own.
Wallace small host of whom I spoke of late,
Having the rogue M'Fadzean now defeat.
Return'd unto the field where they had fought,
Got arms and spoil behind them lest they nought.
Thro' Lorn they march, as handsome as they can,
And of their number scarce had lost a man.
On the fifth day, unto Archattan went,
Where they found Wallace blyth and well content,
His men he welcomes, highly sounds the praise,
Who did behave themselves so well always.
Take all the spoil said he falls to my share.
I fight for honour, for no more I care.

C H A P III.

How WALLACE won St JOHNSTOUN,

WHen Wallace quite had clear'd the Highland coast
 Kill'd the M'Fadzean and defeat his host,
 And wisely settled all Argyle and Lorn,
 In spite of all that rogue's contempt and scorn,
 Nothing he long'd so much to see on earth,
 As sweet St, Johnstoun, now the town of Perth,
 Ramsay he calls, both trusty true and kind,
 And there to him discloses all his mind.
 Bonny St Johnstoun on the river Tay,
 Where South'ron rule with arbitrary sway.
 There captive Scots I've set at liberty,
 And made ten English for one Scots man dye,
 But yet methinks I want sufficient mends,
 Till I kill thousands more, instead of tens.
 I'll make them known thy have no right to rule,
 And cause them shortly all to sing up port-yuell,
 That town said Ramsay long they cannot keep;
 The walls are low, altho, the ditch be deep,
 Which our good men can very quickly fill.
 'Then we may march a thousand at our will.
 The South'ron pride perhaps we may then quell,
 Wallace was pleas'd, and both rode to Dunkel
 There, three full days, away their time they past,
 And all their projects, wisely did forecast.
 Ramsay caus'd make great big machines of tree.
 By the best workmen could be had for fee.
 And down the water in a little space,
 Does carry them, to the appointed place.

Then all the host unto St. Johnstoun past,
With earth and stone fill'd up the ditches fast.
Flaks there they made of timber fresh and tight,
Then to the walls a passage made on sight.
Bastalies strong they suddenly up rear,
Then do advance with glit'ring sword and spear.
Sir John the Graham, and Ramsay that bold knight.
The turret bridge besige, with all their might.
Wallace himself with his good men around,
Doth take his post, at mid-side of the town.
The South'ron much perplexed in their minds.
Defend themselves with new and strange engines.
Wherewith they furiously, and very fast,
Great numbers of prodigious stones do cast.
Yet the brave Scots, that hardy still had been,
With swords, and spears, that clever were and keen ;
At handy blows no sooner with them met,
Than in their blood, their weapons all were wet.
Tho' English there like gallant men and brave,
Into that conflict boldly did behave :
Yet suddenly they were put to the worse,
The Scots upon them enter in by force.
A thousand, o'er the wall got speedily,
Then in the town rose a prodigious cry.
Ramsay, and Graham, such was their lucky fate,
Soon gain'd, then entred at the turret gate.
A squire true, who Ruthwen was to name,
At that assault was with Sir John the Graham.
And thirty men who laid about them well,
As to their smart, the South'ron there did feel.
Then the true Scots came in upon all sides,
And bravely cury'd all their English hides.
Two thousand there, they kill'd upon the street,
And in the kenel tread beneath their feet.
When Sir John Psewart, saw the town was lost,
He like a coward fled, and left his host :

Then sixty men, in a light barge, and he.
 Scour down the water, streight unto DUNDEE.
 Wallace abode till the fourth day at morn,
 Put left none there that were in England born,
 Great riches got, and ev'ry thing was good
 And then the town repeopl'd with Scots blood
 Ruthwen he left their captain there to be,
 That post by right full well deserved he
 He sundry gifts got more in heritage.
 His service so did Wallace heart engage,
 Thus after Wallace settled matters so,
 He to the North prepares himself to go,
 In Aberdeen, he caus'd proclaim and cry
 That Scots men there should meet immediately.
 To Couper rode, to view that abbacy,
 From which the abbot he thought fit to flee.
 Good bishop Sinclair, without longer stay,
 Met him at Glamis and travell'd on the way
 To Brechin; where, they lodg'd all that night,
 Then on the morn, Wallace by it was light,
 Caus'd noblemen, all in their rich array,
 The Scottish Banner fairly there display.
 Then instantly proclaim'd upon the spot,
 To kill all South'ron where they could be got.
 In battle rank then thro' the Merns they march,
 And diligently after South'ron search.
 Who frighted all before the host do flee.
 Unto Dunnottar standing in the sea,
 To that great strength they all in haste do throng
 Their number then made up four thousand strong
 Some in the church their sanctuary took,
 The rest march'd up all to the Craiggy rock.
 With whom the bishop fairly treated so,
 To spare their lives if from the land they'd go,
 Like fools, they on his words would not rely,
 - Therefore a fire was brought speedily :

Chap III. Burn't the Ships at Aberdeen. 123

Which burn't the church and all hose South'ron boys,
 Out o'er the rock the rest rusht with great noise;
 Some hung on craigs, and loath were for to die,
 Some lap, some fell, some flutter'd in the sea,
 And perish'd all, not one remain'd alive,
 What man could think such roguer could better thrive.
 Then Wallace men, saw them all dead and gone,
 They ask'd the bishop absolution.
 Wallace he thought their fault it was but small,
 Then leugh, and said, I do forgive you all,
 Remember our brave Barons hang'd in Air,
 What pity did the South'ron show us there?
 To Aberdeen then Wallace quickly past,
 Where English-men were flitting very fast:
 Numbers of ships resembling growing woods,
 Lay in the harbour to turlie off their goods.
 At an ebb sea, the Scots did make a trip
 And seiz'd the servants there of every ship;
 Took out the goods, the ships they set on fire,
 The men on land they burn'd both bone and lyre.
 The priests, and children, maids and married wives,
 They sav'd, and freely let pass with their lives,
 To Buchan next, good Wallace he does ride,
 Where the Lord Bewmont order'd was to bide,
 Earl he was, but short time made before,
 And after bruik'd it very little more
 When he got notice Wallace was in view,
 Unto the Slains he privately withdrew;
 Took shipping, and return'd to England back,
 Had little of his government to crack,
 Wallace rode on both over height and plain,,
 At Cromarty hath many South'ron slain.
 And then returned back to Aberdeen
 With his blyth host, upon the Lambasts even.
 Where to his friends a welcome sight was he,
 Then with his army march'd unto D U N D E E.

C H A P I V.

How WALLACE laid Sege to DUNDEE,
and gave battie to Kirkingham Treasurer to King
Edward and Earl of Warran at Stirling Bridge,

WALLACE, his valiant souldiers does oblige,
Most vig'rously the castle to besiege :
Wifely disposes all, no time is lost,
And to each man assigns his proper post.
By this Sir Avmer, that unnat'ral foe,
In haste to Enpland does prepare to go
Like to b—sh—te himielf with pannic fear,
Packs up his baggage, all his goods and gear.
Among the South'ron like a poor exile
To lurk, and to abscond himielf a while,
There Wallace actions all he doth relate,
Which did oblige the English to regrate
Their sad misfortunes, and unlucky chance,
Which now had put their measures to a stance,
Edward to Scotland could not go that time,
Yet still the more to aggravate his crime ;
He, Kirkingham his treasurer does command,
And Earl Warran, with a numerous band ;
Of horse and foot on Scotland for to fall,
To worrie Wallace, and destroy up all.
This numerous host do march with all their speed,
The Earl Patrick them receiv'd at Tweed.
Inveterate malice who 'gainst Wallace bore,
As like a rogue he always did before,
And to his native country now does strive.
To work all mischief that he can contrive.

The English now a muster do intend
And find their host full sixty thousand men.
Then march they all streight unto Stirling bridge,
And in their way the castle do besiege.
When of those news Wallace had got some taste,
He then indeed bestir'd himself in haste,
A captain plac'd, of vigilance and care,
For to command the siege was lying there,
Two thousand good, in number they would be,
North Country men, and dwellers at DUNDÉE.
Then march'd his men, all clever young and tight.
And in St. Johnston quarter'd that same night.
At Sheriff Moor them up in order drew,
Where narrowly he did them all review
Then with brave air, spoke Sir John the Graham,
The glory of that noble ancient name;
Great fates we have performed in the field,
With smaller force, and stronger foes made yield,
Who fight said Wallace, for just righteous ends,
God unto them assistance always sends.
Then, tho' the en'my were ten thousand more,
Let's up and beat them, as we've done before.
Near Stirling bridge I purpose first to be.
There to contrive some subtle jeopardie.
Wherein we may our South'ron foes ensnare,
So soon as the fat-lugg'd lowns come there.
We'll keep the bridge, with our true men and stout,
They're not acquainted with the way about.
Wallace sends J p, to tell, that Tuesday next,
To fight the South'ron, was the day prefixt.
On Saturday, unto the bridge they rode,
Which was well join'd, with good plain boards and broad.
Watches he set about him him ev'ry where,
That none might know what he was working there.
A cunning carpenter, by name John Wright,
He quickly call's and fall's to work on sight.

Caus'd saw the boards immediately in two,
By the mid trest, that none might over go,
On cornal bands caus'd nail it very soon,
Then fill't with clay, as nothing had been done.
The other end to stand, directeth there
On wooden rollers, with great art and care.
When one was out, that all the rest might fall
The carpenter below he caus'd withal,
In a close cradle cunningly to sit :
And loose the pin when Wallace thought it fit.
Which by one blast, he of a horn would know,
Then to be sure, to let the roller go.
The day of battle does approach at length.
The English then advance with all their strength.
And fifty thousand march in battle rank,
Full six to one, yet Wallace never shrank,
The rest they lay about the castle hill,
Both field and castle thought to have at will,
The worthy Scots together close did bide.
In the plainfield, upon the other side.
Hugh Kirkingham, the vanguard on led he.
With twenty thousand likely men to see.
The earl Warran thirty thousand had
If all were good the number was not bad,
Thus fifty thousand silly South ron sots
Proudly march up against nine thousand Scots
When Kirkingham his twenty thousand men
Had past the bridge, quite to the other end,
Some of the Scots in earnest without scorn,
Thought it high time to blow the warning horn,
But Wallace he, march'd stoutly through the plain,
Led on his men, their numbers did disdain,
'Till Warrans host, thick on the bridge did go,
Then he from Jop did take the horn and blow ;
so loud, and shrill: he warn'd good John Wright
Who soon struck out the roller with great slight

Then all went down, when the pin was got out
At which arose a fearful cry and shout
Both men and horse, into the river fell
Honest John Wright did act his part so well
The hardy Scots with heavy strokes and fore
Attack the twenty thousand that came o'er,
Wallace and Ramlay Lundie Boyd and Graham
With dreadful strokes made them retire sy shame
The Southron's front they fought all face to face
Who to their ignominy and disgrace
Did neither stand nor fairly foot the score
But did retire five acres breadth and more.
Wallace on foot with a great sharp sword goes.
Among the very thickest of his foes,
On Kirkingham there such a stroke he got,
In spite of all his armour and mail coat,
That kill'd him dead; none durst him there rescue
Then to that valiant captain bade adieu,
When Kirkingham dead on the spot to ly
The South'ron saw: Then they began to fly,
Who tho' they had fought it most bloody hot,
Ten thousand lost and left dead on the spot.
The rest they fled was none durst stay behind,
Succour they sought, but none at all could find
Some East some West and some fled to the North
Seven thousand flutter'd all at once in Forth,
Who from that river little mercy found,
For few escap'd and most of all were drown'd.
On Wallace side, no man was kill'd of note,
But Andrew Murray a true hearted Scot
When Warran's men, saw all was lost and tint,
They fled as fast as fire does from the flint.,
Ne'er look'd about, nor once a Scots man fac'd,
But to Dunbar march'd in a dev'lish hast,
Thus thirty thousand English in a word,
Like cowards fled, without one stroke of sword

Then Wallace host pursu'd with all their might.
 Took up the bridge, and loosed good John Wright
 The Earl Malcom, from the castle past,
 And with his men pursu'd the south run fast,
 Thro' the Tor wood the Earl Warran fled
 Where many of his men got a cold bed,
 He had the rogue Corspatrick for his guide,
 With whip and spur they both away do ride,
 Straight to Dunbar, and left their scatter'd host
 Who in their flight were all cut down almost,
 The Scottish horse, they had pursued so,
 Were so fatigu'd no further they could go,
 Wallace and Graham, who still together rode.
 At Haddington, a mighty slaughter made,
 Ramsay and Boyd, Adam of Richardtoun,
 Richard of Lundie all lighted down
 With them, three hundred brave Scots cavalrie
 Which Wallace was extremely glad to see,
 The earl Malcom, he was also there
 Where Blyth and glad all sumptuously fare,
 The earl Warran and Corspatrick are
 By this time safely got into Dunbar,
 Whom Wallace did most hotly there pursue.
 By missing him had little more to do,
 Having at least, full thirty thousand slain
 In the pursuit and upon Stirling plain,
 In Haddington he quarter'd all that night
 Then back for Stirling march'd by morning light
 On the assumption day, this battle's fought,
 Where the brave Scots have perfect wonders wrought
 Then after all sure sicker work to make,
 Of all the barons he an oath does take,
 That as Scots warden they would him respect,
 And he with all his pow'r would them protect
 Sir John Monteith, who was of Arran lord,
 Most readily unto it did accord,

And faithfully himself by oath he bound
 To stand by Wallace, and defend the crown.
 All those who freely would not thus comply,
 He caus'd be punish'd with severity.
 Some put to death, and some to prison sent,
 His glorious fame thro' both the kingdoms went,
 Soon after, by a tyrant got DUNDEE,
 And yet the men fled all away by sea,
 The English captains, that were free to stay,
 Their castles left, and then stole all away.
 So that in Scotland, when ten days were gone,
 An English captain there you could see none.
 Except in Roxburgh, and in Berwick town;
 Which to reduce Wallace intended soon.

THAT time there was a baron of great fame,
 Who Chrystal Seaton was unto his name;
 He with the South'ron often did contend.
 And did in Jedburgh wood himself defend;
 From the Scots faith, to swerve he never would,
 No for a million of King Edward's gold.
 Heaborle who did Jedburgh then command,
 When he the South'ron saw expell'd the land;
 He suddenly did from the castle flee,
 With all his men seven score in company
 Crystal with forty Scots, does him pursue
 Most of the men, and captain there he slew.
 Great store of riches, gold and household stuff.
 From South'ron got, and purely swing'd their buff
 Jedburgh he took, plac'd Ruthven captain there,
 Brave Seaton then to Lothian did repair.
 Of him hereafter, greater fates and more
 You'll hear, then what he did to the seven score:
 And whose please the Bruce's book to read,
 Will see him fam'd for many a valiant deed.

R

Wallace does now consider and advise,
 Where to find out good faithful men and wise.
 Who by experience did understand.
 Rightly to manage and govern the land,
 Captains he made, and sheriffs very good,
 Some of his own, and some of other blood.
 His cousin Crawford, governor to be
 Of Edinburgh, and the castle order'd he.
 Now Scotland's free, lives in great peace and ease,
 And South'ron are fled home to tost their cheese.
 Wallace much like a prince doth rule and reign,
 Waiting a time to get his lawful King.
 From Edward who keep'd him in London town,
 Most wrongfully from his own righteous crown.
 The End of the Seventh Book.



The Eight B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace,

C H A P. I.

How WALLACE put Corfpatrik out of Scotland.

FIVE months thus Scotland had peace and rest
 From war, wherewith they were so much oppress'd
 Then a convention's call'd of the estates,
 To settle matters and ends all debates.

And in St. Johnstoun are assembled all,
Except Corispatrik, who did mock their call.
Then Wallace he address'd that parliament,
And humbly ask'd, if they would all consent,
For to forgive Corispatrik what was past,
Providing he would own his fault at last,
And swear fidelity unto the crown ;
To which they all consented very soon.
A letter then they speedily indite,
And in most kind, and friendly terms they write,
Beseeching him, with handsome compliment,
He would accept share of the government :
Which kindly message, all did prove in vain ;
He leugh, and it contemn'd with great disdain.
We have great need said he now of a King.
When Wallace he as governor does reign.
That King of Kyle, I cannot understand,
Of him I never held a fur of land.
That Bauchler thinks and does believe it well,
That fortune she will never change her wheel.
As for you Lords, I let you understand
I'm not oblig'd to answer your demand ;
As free I am in this realm to reign,
Lord of my own as either Prince or King.
Great lands in England there I also have,
Whereof no subject rent of me can crave.
What would you then, I warn you I am free,
No answer more your letter gets from me
Back to St. Johnstoun this fine speech is sent,
And laid before the Lords of parliament.
At reading which, Wallace no patience had,
But storm'd, and star'd, as he had been almost mad.
Himself could not receive for a while,
'Cause in disdain he call'd him King of Kyle.
Then up he rose, and without more or less
Unto the Lords he did himself address.

My Lords said he, there can be but one king,
 Who can at once over this kingdom reign,
 If Earl Patrick take such ways and gates,
 And suff'r'd be, thus to insult the states :
 I plainly think, and I shall add no more,
 We are in worse condition then before :
 Therefore I vow to God, if that he be
 In this realm, one of us two shall die.
 Unless he come, and own his lawful king,
 'Gainst the false title Edward takes to reign ;
 His taunt, and scorn, he shall repent and rue,
 Who calls me King, that am a subject true.
 He took his leave of all the council then,
 And march'd away with two hundred good men ;
 Towards Kinghorn does hasten very fast,
 And on the morrow over Forth he past ;
 Then into Musselburgh does safely get,
 Where he with honest Robert Lauder met ;
 Who 'gainst the crown did never yet rebel,
 And hated Edward, as he hated hell.
 'Gainst Earl Patrick, was most glad to goe,
 Who to his country was a bloody foe,
 Chrysal of Seatoun with his men e'er long
 Came, and made Wallace full four hundred strong ;
 A squire Lyle, that did the country ken,
 At Lintoun he came up with twenty men ;
 Told, that Corspatrick and his men of war,
 From Cock burn's-path, were marching to Dunbar ;
 Come on said Lauder, let us faster ride,
 No, no, said Wallace, he'll our bellum bide ;
 Another thing pray also understand,
 A hardier Lord is not in all our land.
 By east Dunbar, they march'd, and tarry'd not,
 But Earl Patrick of them notice got ;
 Who in a field near Innerwick did then,
 Draw up nine hundred able fighting men,

Wallace with his four hundred stout, and tight,
Approached fast, and came within their sight.
Who fiercely up to Earl Patrick ride,
Where they like furious fight on ev'ry side.
That conflict was both terrible and strong,
On either side, and did continue long.
Much Scottish blood was spilt, they fought so fierce
More than with pleasure I can here rehearse.
But Earl Patrick left the field at last,
Some few with him to Cock burn's-path they past.
Towards Dunbar march'd Wallace, but was told,
That no provisions left were in the hold;
Nor men of worth the castle to defend,
When he that story heard from end to end,
Dunbar he took, and no resistance fand,
Gave it to Christal Seatoun to command.
After the Earl Wallace marches then,
To Cock-burn's path with him three hundred men;
Whom in a range about the park he led,
To Buncle wood, Corispatrik then he fled;
Then out of that, to Norham passed he,
When Wallace saw that better could not be:
To Cald-stream rode, and lodged upon Tweed,
Then Earl Patrick made great haste and speed;
And passed by e'er Wallace men arose,
To Etrick forrest without resting goes:
Into Cockholm, Corispatrik took him rest,
Then for more force Wallace march'd to the west.
The Earl Patrick, he goes by and by
For England, seeking some more new supply;
To Bishop Beik he there complained sore.
Whom Wallace had from Scotland chas'd before,
Who all Northumberland, with great surprise,
Caus'd quickly with the Earl Patrick rise:
Then order'd Bruce, likewise to Scotland go,
To win his own, they coxed him up so:

Made him believe Wallace set up for King
 A most ridic'ulous, and calumnious thing
 Whereas the whole design he had in hand,
 Was to bring Bruce, free home to his own land.
 Thus from Oys water to the river Tweed,
 An host of thirty thousand pass'd with speed.
 And from the Thames came ships immediately,
 To watch Dunbar, that none should them supply :
 With twenty thousand all bred up in war,
 The Earl Patrick does besiege Dunbar,
 The Bishop Beik, and Robert Bruce did then,
 Abide at Norham with ten thousand men
 Then Wallace like a sudden thunder crack,
 Came with five thousand Scotsman at his back.
 All shining in their armour clear and bright,
 For to rescue the Seatoun wife and wight,
 Then under Yester, that night lodged he,
 Where Hay came to him with good Cavalry ;
 Who in Down forrest all that time had been,
 And had the coming of the South'ron seen,
 Fifty good men that Hay had with him there,
 Corspatrick's case to Wallace all declare.
 My counsel is said Hay, you battle give,
 It is a pity he so long should live ;
 If with your men you could him overset,
 Such pow'r again he would not quickly get.
 Wallace he thank'd him for his counsel kind,
 Yet after all, consulted his own mind.
 By this Corspatrick caus'd a fellow pass.
 Who told to Beik that Wallace coming was ;
 He of the tidings was exceeding glad,
 Amends of him fain would he there have had.
 But more adoe, thro' Lammer moor they rode,
 Near the Spot moor in ambush there abode,
 Most cunningly so close together drew,
 'That of their coming Wallace nothing knew.

Then which was worse did suddenly espy,
 Corspatrick marching very furiously,
 On a plain field, with all his num'rous host,
 Of whom the braggadocio much did boast.
 Brave Seatoun who was a most welcome guest,
 To Wallace his assistance came in haste,
 Yet prudently the Scots concluded then,
 Themselves too few for twenty thousand men :
 Jop musing also did advise at length,
 That Wallace would retire into some strength.
 To lose your men great folly were therefore,
 I'll go with speed, and quickly bring you more :
 A dang'rous chase said Wallace, they may make,
 We are too near, such counsel now to take.
 Therefore I'll never flee, nor yet give o'er,
 So long as I have one against their four.
 There's twenty here with us this very day,
 Would them attack, altho' I were away,
 If they be numerous, we are stout, and strong.
 Let's up and fight them for they'll ne'er stand long.

C H A P II.

How Corspatrick brought into Scotland Bishop Beik
 and Robert Bruce, and how WALLACE gave
 them battle and put them out of Scotland.

NO W warlick Wallace 'gainst Corspatrick goes,
 And both the armies fast together close,
 The bloody battle quickly does appear,
 Each with his hatching sword and piercing spear ;
 Against his fellow furiously does ride,
 And havock great makes there on ev'ry side.

Some were kill'd dead, some got their mortal wound,
 Some from their horses suddenly knock'd down.
 On South'ron side, five thousand on the spot
 Lay dead; the Scots did push so very hot,
 And did their front cut down so furiously,
 That all the rest were on the wing to fly.
 But Earl Patrick in the wars expert,
 Keep'd still his ground, and caus'd his men take heart.
 The Scottish host, men of renowned fame,
 Did cut down cleanly all, where e'er they came.
 Wallace, and Ramsay, and the Graham worth gold,
 Richard of Lundie, and the Seatoun bold,
 And Adam Wallace true of Richardtoun,
 Both Hay, and Lyle, all men of great renown,
 Boyd, Barclay, Baird, and Lauder true and tight,
 Numbers of Englishmen kill'd in the flight,
 Yet Earl Patrick, fiercely still fought on.
 With his own hand to death put many one.
 Then the brave Scots, so boldly him accost.
 Great slops they made thro' all the English host.
 The South'ron then, plainly began to flee,
 Till Bishop Beik approaching fast they see.
 The ambush all at once does quickly then,
 Break up consisting of ten thousand men.
 Whom when good Wallace saw so fast appear,
 He thought it fit on horse back to retire,
 But yet his men, together stuck so fast,
 Fain wou'd he try the South'ron as he past.
 He so surrounded was with this fresh host
 On either side, that he was almost lost.
 The worthy Scots, so fiercely fought again,
 Of Beik's new men, abundance have they slain.
 The Earl Patrick, sturdily he fought,
 Thro' all the throng and there for Wallace fought
 To whom he did in spite o's coat of mail,
 Give such a blow as wounded him a deal.

Then Wallace drew against that traitor Iohn
A stroke which mist him, but clove Maitland down.
Who racklesly, betwixt the two did pass ;
Such his hard fate. and sad misfortune was.
Good Wallace now, he is left all alone,
And quite surrounded by the south'ron,
His horse he stick'd, he's forced to alight,
And fight on foot the best way that he might ;
Who laid about him, without fear or dread,
With his good sword that trusty was indeed.
The Earl Patrick then, commanded soon,
With spear that they should bear good Wallace down,
Who, like a champion brave stood on the field,
Hew'd off their heads and scorned for to yield.
The worthy Scots, of this they little wist,
Got to good Graham when they their Chiftain mist.
Lauder and Lyle, and Hay, that were so wight,
And Ramsay bold, that brave and gallant knight.
Lundie and Boyd, and Chrystal Seatoun true ;
Five hundred horse brought Wallace to rescue.
Then in amongst them furiously they rade,
Large room about them quickly there they made.
The Bishop Beik was trampled on the ground,
Without respect unto his Lordship's gown ;
E'er he gat up a great deal there they flew,
Then gallantly, brave Wallace did rescue.
Upon a horse they mounted him on fight,
Then to a strength rode off with all their might ;
Where he four thousand of his men did find,
To the great satisfaction of his mind.
To Bishop Beik, Corispatrik does return,
Curfes misfortune and begins to mourn ;
When as he found seven thousand men were lost,
And kill'd that day, for all the Bishop's boast,
Of Wallace men five hundred kill'd I guess,
But not one Chiftain. so he car'd the less.

The Bishop Beik with what men he had there
 Left Lammer-moor and quartered elsewhere.
 Who when the field of battle he had past,
 To Wallace, all the country flocked fast.
 Crawford of Edinburgh, brought with him on fight
 Four hundred men, all in their armour bright:
 From Ceviotdale came many a good man,
 From Jedburgh also with what speed they can:
 Sir William als the Lord of Douglass came,
 With fourscore men of most undoubted fame,
 Two thousand fresh new men, do there propose,
 A full revenge that night upon their foes.
 Wallace's watches all good men and true,
 Alertly the South'rons quarters view:
 Then after supper Wallace quietly,
 To Lammer-moor march'd with his cavalerie.
 Sir John the Graham and Seatoun that good hand,
 Lauder, and Hay three thousand did command.
 The rest himself most wisely he did guide,
 With him was Douglass, Ramsay, Barclay, Boyd;
 Richard of Lundie, a bold man and stout,
 And Adam Wallace, whom no man durst doubt.
 Who by the time the sun was come in sight;
 Surpriz'd the English, unprepar'd for fight;
 And furiously, with sword in hand cut down,
 Many a proud and saucie South'ron lown,
 Some rose confus'dly and some fled away,
 Some on the ground weresmored where they lay;
 Great noise and cry arole, all round about
 Then came Sir John the Graham both bold and stout,
 With his brave men, all chearful blyth and glad,
 At sight of whom, ten thousand South'ron fled.
 Yet Bishop Beik, betw'd well in that throng,
 And in the fight continued very long.
 One Skeltoun there that was an English knight,
 Before him stood, in shining armour bright:

To save his Lord he fought most valiantly,
Whom, there so soon as Lundie did espy :
Who his good sword, a backward stroke he gave
Which kill'd the English knight both stout and brave.
Then fled they all, no longer durst abide,
Patrick and Beik, away with Bruce do ride.
Who with five thousand, took the readiest way
To Norham house ; with all the speed they may.
The Scots, who were both able, young and tight,
Pursu'd and kill'd great numbers in the flight.
Thus twenty thousand South'ron in a word,
In flight, and battle, perish'd by the sword.
Wallace returns from Norham without more,
But for the Bruce, his heart was mighty sore.
Whom he had rather seen the crown enjoy,
Then master been of all the gold in Troy.
O'er Patrick's lands, Wallace he marched fast,
Took out the goods and castles down did cast,
He twelve of them, that Methamis they call
Broke quickly down and them destroyed all.
Within the Merse, and Lothian left he none,
To him belong'd, Except Dunbar alone.
To Edinburgh then, he march'd on the eight day,
And on the morrow, he without delay,
Unto St Johnstoun very quickly past,
And told the Barons all from first to last,
How sacredly he had kept his vow,
And got a master to Cortparrick now.
Who said of late, that he as free did reign
In this realm as either prince, or King.
Of what he's won, needs not great boasting make,
Let him come back and now take up his stake,
Great thankfulness the Lords did there express
To Providence, for Wallace's good success.
Then Wallace with an open liberal hand,
To men deserving, dealt the rebel's land.

To his own kin no heritage gave he,
 But offices that ev'ry man might see,
 All he propos'd, was this one very thing,
 The nation's peace, and honour of his King.
 For which he would abide and stand the law,
 So soon as he, his King and Master saw,
 Now old, and young, the girl and the boy :
 Have peace and rest, and clap their hands for joy.

C H A P III.

How WALLACE march'd into England, and remain'd there three Quarters of a Year, and returned without Battle.

OCTOBER now by this time's almost past,
 And cold November is approaching fast :
 When to his shifts, those news, King Edward puts,
 And do confound him to the very guts.
 Yet by Corispatrik's council, does intend,
 Once more an army 'gainst the Scots to send,
 Wallace informed, of their wicked plots,
 Assembled quickly forty thousand Scots :
 In Rosin-Moor, where he the Lords address'd,
 Edward he said our nation's common pest,
 Us to invade does threaten with bold face,
 But, saith I'll try if I can turn the chace.
 And with an host be first on English ground,
 In spite of all the subjects of his crown.
 The Lords, they offer'd very chearfully ;
 To march along with all their cavalry ;

Wallace he thark'd them, thought it needless then,
 Choos'd of that number twenty thousand men;
 With horse, and harness, weapons new and tight,
 Does them provide, and shining armour bright.
 The rest to march, he quickly did command,
 To their own homes, and cultivate the land:
 This army's big enough for my design,
 If we be all of one, and the same mind.
 Then let us to it, either do or die.
 Who fly's or yield's shall never ransom'd be.
 Our kingdom's poor, wasted by South'ron knaves
 We shall get gold or honourable graves.
 Then all the host promis'd with heart and hand,
 Clost to stand by him, and obey command.
 With Wallace also, Earl Malcom's gone,
 A better Lord, and braver could be none;
 And Campbell kind, the good Knight of Lochow,
 To South'ron still a fearful grievous cow.
 Good Ramsay also, honour to his name,
 And the most valiant good Sir John the Graham;
 And Adam Wallace, whom no man durst doubt,
 And Robert Boyd, both trusty, true and stout;
 Lundie and Lauder, and brave Auchinleck,
 Seatoun, and Hay, all men of great respect.

THIS noble host with courage march away,
 To Broxes field, in good and brave array;
 Where Wallace made a little halt and then,
 To Roxburgh gate rode up, with twenty men:
 Where boldly he did call on Sir Ralph Gray,
 Told him for sieging now he could not stay;
 Therefore desired he would quickly please,
 To quite the castle and give up the keys:
 If he refus'd, then swore before them all,
 At his return, he'd hang him o'er the wall.

Then wheel'd about, back to his army went,
The like command to Berwick quickly sent,
With Sir John Ramsay, who dispatch'd on sight;
Then march'd the host, all in their armour bright;
Began at Tweed and nothing spar'd they fand,
But burn'd by force thro' all Northumberland;
All Durham town, up in a flame they sent,
But churches spar'd and Abbeyes where they went,
Then unto York they march'd, without delay,
No sin they thought it, there to burn and slay.
For South'ron had committed the same thing,
When they as tyrants did in Scotland, reign.
Forts and small castles, Wallace did throw down,
Burn'd to the gates and suburbs of the town.
About the walls, fifteen days they spent,
And then at last, Edward to Wallace sent.
A Knight, a clerk a Squire of the peace,
Intreating, that from burning he would cease,
Who promise in King Edward's name, and says,
He should have battle, within fifteen days.
Good Wallace smil'd, and to the gentlemen.
With noble air replied briskly then.
I'll both desist from fires and from sword,
For forty days, if he but keep his word.
King Edward's faith under his seal they gave,
That, in that space, Wallace should battle have;
Who quickly did consent unto their King;
Who told that they, never as yet had seen,
Such men for order, and good discipline.
Then spoke the King, when they were at an end,
It wisdom is, our en'mies to commend;
They're to be fear'd, as sure as shines the sun,
They will resent the inj'ries we have done;
Frighted I leave them here, to their new plots,
And do return unto the valiant Scots,

WALLACE from York did march the second day,
With his whole host, in noble good array,
To the North-west, they peaceably go down,
And pitch their tents near to Northallertoun ;
Proclaim'd his peace, and mercats all to stand,
For forty days, throughout all the whole land,
There Sir Ralph Rymount secretly did boast,
For to surprise good Wallace, and his host :
Of which, some Scotsman private notice got,
Then unto Wallace did reveal the plot.
Good Lundie then, he called to him there,
And Hugh the Hay, Lochartquart the heir ;
Three thousand men he quickly with him sent,
Then quietly out from the host they went :
The men he took, that came to him of new,
To be their guides, for they the country knew ;
Silence profound he order'd there to be,
And then drew up the the host most privately.
Rymount, he with seven thousand did advance,
Of English horse, who there did proudly prance.
The ambush then bambuss'd all their game,
For with pel mel the Scots upon them came.
Three thousand whole they quickly brought to ground,
And with a vengeance there were all cut down.
Sir Ralph himself, was flicked with a spear,
Then all the rest in hurry fled, with fear,
To Miltoun, where Wallace pursued fast,
Great numbers killed, and seiz'd the town at last.
Great store of riches, he got in the town,
Wherewith it did so very much abound.
Plenty of victuals, ale and noble wine
Sent to his host, a very sweet propine.
They ate and drank tru's'd off their whole desire,
Broke down the walls, and set the rest on fire.
Three days he liv'd, at the expence and cost,
Of South'ron, then returned to his host.

Caus'd cast a ditch about him speedily
 To keep his camp from sudden jeopardie.
 When English men got notice of this thing,
 They from all airs, ride straight unto their King,
 Who lay at Pumfret, but his parliament,
 Battle to give, would not at all consent.
 Which carri'd was, by most of all their votes,
 Unless that Wallace, crown'd were King of Scots.
 But if on him, Wallace the crown would take,
 To give him battle all would ready make.
 This message quickly they to him dispatch'd,
 But in that snare he was not to be catch'd.
 The messengers he quickly did discharge,
 Out of his presence in a mighty rage;
 His council call'd and told him all the plot,
 And treasonable message he had got.
 It were said he a too presumptuous thing,
 Against my faith, to rob my righteous king.
 It's ne'er be said in country nor in town,
 I'm such a rogue, as to usurp the crown.
 But still my king and country I'll defend,
 Let God above reward me in the end.
 Some cry'd to crown him, some said the consent
 Must first be had, of a Scots parliament.
 Campbell the knight, was there among the rest,
 Who in his judgement, thought it truly best;
 To crown him King solemnly, for a day,
 And put an end to Edward's long delay.
 Which when the Earl Malcom he did hear,
 Both he and people all were very clear:
 Yet Wallace in his mind abhor'd the thing,
 Tho' all cry'd out, to crown and make him King;
 Then in short terms he said, it ne'er should be,
 Rest satisfy'd, you's get no more of me.
 But if you please to let the story pass,
 That I am crown'd, (tho' still the same I was)

Assuredly we quickly then shall know,
Whither, they do design to fight, or no no,
Then to the Messengers the news they bring,
Make them believe Wallace was crowned King ;
Who like poor credulous and lying fots,
Affirm they saw Wallace crown'd King of Scots.
Then said the Lords, he did so well before.
Now when he's King he'll certainly do more.
If we give battle he's so fortunate,
We may repent it when it is too late.
Then spoke another, he must battle have.
Or waste our lands there's nothing else can save.
Tho' all his conquests first since he began,
Nothing but death ransoms an English-man.
Woodstock said, tho', we fight, and them defeat.
They've men enough behind, that will debate ;
If Wallace be but safe. they do not care,
Therefore methinks more safe, and sure it were,
To keep each strength, castle, and walled town
And save our men; than to expose our crown.
Then all approv'd what Woodstock he did say,
And cowardly the battle did delay
Thus thro' their falshood, and subtilty,
Thinking that Wallace of necessity ;
Thro' want of food his ground could never stand,
But be oblig'd to steal out of the land :
Advis'd the King, to cry the mercats down,
From Trent, to Tweed, in ev'ry burgh and town,
That in the bounds no man should victual lead,
Under the pain of death without remead,
Wallace lay still, while forty days were gone,
Waiting to fight but battle got he none
The Scottish banner then he did display,
Trode under foot the English seal that day :
An ignominious, but deserving thing.
To such a base, and cowardly false King.

Then rais'd he fire, burn'd Northallartoun,
 March'd thro' York-shire, boldly up and down.
 Destroy'd that land, as far as they could ride,
 Seven miles about they burn'd on ev'ry side.
 Proud palaces, and tow'rs, they did cast down,
 Gardens and orchards there did all confound :
 Nothing t'ey spar'd of all came in their lurch,
 But women, Children, and the holy church.
 To York they march, and then they very soon,
 With all their force, closely besiege the town.
 A strong defence, they do prepare within,
 And they without, a grand assault begin.

C H A P IV.

The Siege of YORK.

WALLACE his army does in four divide,
 And then the town invests, on ev'ry side,
 Himself with Lauder that good clever hand,
 At the south port to take the chief command,
 The Earl Malcom, noble, stout, and great.
 With valiant Boyd commanded the west gate.
 Campbell the Knight, and Sir John Ramtay brave
 At the North gate their post, assign'd them have.
 To the East gate Wallace he does direct,
 Sir John the Graham, Crawford and Auchinleck.
 One thousand archers of the Scottish side,
 At the four gates cou'd equally divide
 Full seven thousand, Southron then appear,
 Upon the walls with all their bow, and spear :
 Who bravely do fall out, but got.
 A warm reception, from each worthy Scot ;

In spite of all their arrows and big stones.
Were driven back, with sore and bloody bones.
Who, when they got within the town at last,
Faggots of fire out o'er the walls do cast ;
And great prodigious red hot gads of iron,
Which from old Nick their master they did learn :
Hot burning pitch, and scalding stinking tar,
And other curs'd contrivances of war ;
Nevertheless, the Scots that were without,
So valiant were, so hardy and so stout ;
They fiercely burn't the bulwark of the town,
Their barmkin wan, and cast great turrets down.
The wearied host with great fatigue oppress'd,
And night approaching, think of taking rest,
Most carefully, first, they wash ev'ry wound,
Their watches set, and then sleep safe and sound.
Next day, their cloaths were scarce well on their back,
When all cry'd out, for a new fresh attack ;
Drew up again, as they had done before,
And then the town assailed wondrous sore
The Scottish archers all, so teilly shot,
Numbers they kill'd in truth they miss'd them not.
The burning fire set to ev'ry gate,
So mortally they did the South'ron hate.
Yet notwithstanding the fierce English men,
Themselves, and town did gallantly defend.
When that whole day was spent and come the night,
To his pavilion went each weary wight.
The English then with vigilance and care,
For a fresh sally do themselves prepare.
Sir William Mortoun, and Sir William Lies,
Most cunningly they draw up by degrees ;
And make a fearful, furious sally then,
On Earl Malcom, with five thousand men.
Wallacè himsel', as he rode the grand-round,
Seeing them coming caus'd a trumpet sound.

The harnish'd Scots that kept guard that night,
 Took the alarm, then mounted all on sight.
 Then briskly charg'd the cruel South'ron foe,
 With sword in hand, and many a bloody blow.
 Wallace, who knew the Earl was too hot,
 That he would fight the dye upon the spot.
 Up to him rides, as quickly as he may,
 With a good sword, that paved well his way;
 The first he struck, fell dead upon the place,
 The second's nose he levell'd with his face.
 The hardy Earl did no South'ron spare,
 But hew'd them down, and left them crawling there.
 By this the host, were all in good array,
 And South'ron thought 'twas time to march away,
 Wallace knew well, they could not stand it long,
 Wherefore he thrust into the thickest throng;
 And cleverly, so laboured their buff,
 Their armour did not signify a snuff.
 The Scotsmen there behav'd extreamly well,
 As the poor south'ron sensibly did feel.
 Then all the English left the field and fled,
 And Sir John Morton he was killed dead.
 Twelve hundred more upon the field are slain,
 The rest fled back unto the town again.
 And then good Wallace with his valiant host
 Return'd each man unto his proper post:
 And took them rest, wherewith so fresh they grew,
 They on the morn assault the town of new.
 Against the city all their force do bend,
 And fight, as if they had been more then men,
 But now their victuals to be scarce begin,
 Tho' little knew the English-men within,
 Who that same day, a parley caus'd be beat,
 At which good Wallace did appear in state,
 Attended by some of his chiefest friends,
 And boldly asketh, what the parley means,

To whom, the Major in name of all did say,
 We'll pay a ransom, if you'll march away.
 We would give battle, or do any thing,
 Would purchase peace : but dare not for our King
 Then with a countenance austere, and bold,
 Wallace reply'd, we value not your gold ;
 Your king he promis'd we should battle have,
 Which faithfully under his seal he gave.
 The Major did then reply most courteously,
 He is the King, and we but subjects be ;
 Therefore we pray, as you would us oblige,
 To take our gold and do remove the siege.
 Then with his council he consulted long,
 Who thought the town, for siege was too strong :
 And victuals scarce, therefore it safer found,
 To take some gold, then march for Scottish ground.
 Wallace reply'd, I'm not at all content,
 Unless the town give us their whole consent ;
 To let our banner blow upon their wall,
 And there to flourish, in the sight of all.
 This answer soon was sent unto the Major,
 Who did consent, with all the rest were there,
 The banner set, to Scotland's great renown,
 Upon the walls from eight to twelve at noon.
 Then was five thousand pound of English gold,
 Pay'd down in specie, to that army bold ;
 Good bread, and wine, they gladly to them gave,
 And all provisions that they pleas'd to have :
 Twenty long days at York remained they,
 Then gloriously in triumph march away ;
 Unto the country back again they're gone,
 Burn'd, and broke down fine buildings, spared none.
 All Myddelme they burn'd up into a fire,
 Broke down the parks destroyed all the shire.
 Wild deer they slew, for other beasts were none,
 And fed like princes on good venison.

Toward the South they turned at the last,
 Made buildings bare, as far as e'er they past.
 The commons now, for London all design,
 Where they most freely tell the King their mind
 Unless from wars, he would cause Wallace cease,
 They'd take protection, and accept his peace.
 No Herald then, durst unto Wallace go,
 The King, to him his faith had broken so
 And Edward, that was once so bold, and pert,
 His army now, does cowardly desert.
 So long in England there was never one,
 Since Brutus's death except Wallace alone ;
 That march'd from England, without stroke of sword,
 Fy on the King, that broke his royal word.
 Great Julius for all his strength and force,
 Was chas'd from England twice, and got the worse ;
 With Arthur ails, first when the wars he priv'd,
 Twice did they fight altho' they were mischiev'd.
 But awful Edward, durst not Wallace bide,
 In a plain battle, for all England wide,
 In London lay at his own ease and rest,
 And brake his vows, which of them think you best.
 Wallace's host, for Scotland long to go,
 So scarce the victuals, every day did grow.
 Immediately good Wallace calls for Jop,
 In him was all his confidence and hope
 Next unto G O D : because he knew the land,
 And still was ready to obey command,
 Who said, if you'll advised be by me,
 The plenteist part of England you shall see.
 Good wine, and wheat, you'll get in Richmond shire,
 And each thing else unto your heart's desire.
 Thither they went, their time did not purloyn ;
 Nine thousand Scots did there with Wallace join ;
 All swinging, able lusty, well look'd men,
 He, and his hou, had great rejoicing then.

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Into that shire, they plenty had of food,
Both tame, and wild, and ev'ry thing was good.
Throughout that land they march'd, in good array,
A handsome place then found upon the way;
Ramswatch to name then Jop, to Wallace told
Fechew was Lord and captain of that hold.
Five hundred there, quickly assembled then,
To save their lives and goods from Wallace men.
A noble house, stood by the forrest side,
With stately turrets, in great pomp and pride;
Well built about for strength ingeniously,
With five great towers that mounted very high:
Numbers of men, upon the walls are seen,
Bravading in their armour, clear and clean,
The host march'd by, not one word said at all,
But they within, aloud on Wallace call.
Their trumpets blew, with many a warlike sound,
Then Wallace said, had we yon gallants down,
On a plain ground; they should get sport their fill,
Such as his brother got on Tinto hill.
Sir John the Graham would at the bicker be,
But Wallace soon the danger did foresee.
Commanded him, to let alone his haste,
We have no men so foolishly to waste;
But yet to gratifie your fond desire,
Our first attack, shall be with burning fire.
I see their bulwark of old with' red oak,
Were that on fire it would not bide a stroke,
Houses, and woods, in plenty here there be,
Who hews best of this forrest let me see.
Pull houses down let each man take his turn,
Old timber, will make green wood bravely burn.
At his command most busily they wrought,
Great store of wood unto the place they brought,
The bulwark won, then closely at the last,
Unto the barnkin, heaps of timber cast.

The bow men fiercely shot, on ev'ry side,
But South'ron worsted were for all their pride.
Women and children, on their knees do fall,
And loud for mercy, do on Wallace call.
So pitiful he was, tho' bold and stout,
He heard their crys, and let them safely out.
Then fire, and smoak, in fearful clouds arose,
And burning flames, all round their castle goes.
Barrels of pitch, which stood long there before,
Went all in flame, the mischief was the more.
Both man, and beast are all burn'd up with fire
Thus Wallace host have got their hearts desire.
Fechew himself, smother'd with smoak and smell,
Lap from a height and on the barmkin fell?
With a good sword, Wallace struck off his head.
Five hundred more were choak'd, and burned dead.
On the next day, the fire then being spent,
Wallace's men, unto the castle went;
Struck down the gate, and took what they could find,
Jewels, and gold, great riches to their mind,
Spoiled the place, and nothing else left there,
But Beasts, burn't bodies, and great buildings bare.
Then Wallace, to the widow of Fechew
said; promise here, as you'r a woman true,
Go turse your husband's head, to London town,
And tell King Edward, if he do not soon
Give battle; I do swear by all the fates,
This month once, to be at London gates;
For if he keep not's faithful word to me,
All the South-west of England I shall see.
To London town then without more she went,
Where Edward lay, displeas'd, and ill content.
His Nephew's head, did him with anguish fill,
And more and more, increas'd his sorrows still,
With great unease, upon his feet he stood
Weeping, and wailing, for his tender blood.

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Then rose the council praying him to cease,
 We England lose, unless we purchase peace.
 Woodstock, for peace was clear, then in the end,
 The King consents and bids a message send,
 No man the message there would undertake,
 Because the King so e' this faith did break.
 The Queen, when she saw all refuse the thing,
 Down on her knees she fell before the King.
 Sovereign she said, if it your pleasure be,
 I pray, permit me Wallace once to see ;
 Perhaps he may do more for women far,
 Than for young men that mind him still of war.
 If with him I prevail not very soon,
 I may return with little damage done.
 The Lords were glad the Queen was minded so,
 And humbly begg'd the King, to let her go.
 To which the (King altho' much discontent,)
 And backward to it did at last consent.
 Some said the Queen did Wallace much admire,
 Who daily so much honour did acquire :
 And in her heart by far, did him prefer
 To most of men for his brave character.
 And that she lov'd him ; but till once they meet
 I'll pass no judgment 'tween themselves two be't :
 Mean time she's march'd. (to leave our drolls and jests,)
 With fifty ladies and seven ancient priests ;
 Now Edward, for Fechew does sigh, and mourn,
 But unto Wallace we must now return.
 The worthy Scots, among the South'ron ride,
 And destruction make on ev'ry side
 The host was glad, and blest their happy fate,
 No force there was that durst with them debate,
 Riches, and gold, they got their very fill,
 And ev'ry thing they pleas'd at their own will.
 South they are march'd, and to St. Albans gone,
 In all that country, damage did they none.

The prior sent them venison and wine.
 Refresh't the host, and made them bravely dine.
 The night appeared shortly in the place.
 They pitch'd their tents from thence a little space,
 Into a valley, by a river fair,
 Where hart, and hind on either side repair.
 Their watches set, all in good order keep,
 To supper went and in due time did sleep.

C H A P V.

How the Queen of England came to speak with
 WALLACE.

UPON the morrow, Wallace quickly rose,
 To take the air out of his tent he goes ;
 And then the good, and reverend Mr. Blair,
 For morning service, quickly does prepare.
 Wallace most nobly did himself array,
 In shining armour, glorious and gay,
 It's several parts are needless to rehearse,
 From top to toe he look'd exceeding fierce,
 Boyd, Adam Wallace wait on him with speed,
 Along a river thro' a flow'ry mead
 Thus on the fields all pleasant sweet and green,
 Fe ching a walk, they spy the English Queen.
 Towards the host riding most soberly,
 With fifty ladies in her company ;
 And seven old priests, religious, grave and wise,
 Who in all matters did the Queen advise.
 To the pavilion with the Lyon, all
 Ride then light down and on their knees do fall ;

Praying for peace, with many a piteous tear ;
Lord Malcom said our chiftrain is not here,
Pray madam rise, a Queen I'll not allow,
Unto a subject on her knees to bow.
Then did he lead her by the tender hand,
To Wallace, where, he like a Prince did stand.
So soon's she saw him, she began to kneel,
Then Wallace did a mighty passion feel :
He her embrac'd, and kiss'd, but did no more
The like to south'ron he ne'er did be ore
Then smiling, softly whisper'd in her ear,
Madam, how please you our encamping here.
Sir, very well, but we your friendship need.
GOD grant we may in this our errand speed.
Madam, I must remove a little space
With this Lord ; then I'll wait upon your grace.
To the pavilion, both they do repair,
And very quickly call a council there :
Where he enlarg'd, on women's subtilty,
How by their cunning, men may tempted be.
On pain of death, therefore your men command,
Or to their highest peril let them stand ;
That none with them converse, but such as born
Of high blood are, and to this council sworn
This, out in orders into the army's gone,
To ev'ry single, individual one
Then to the Queen, he and the Earl went,
And courteously, conduct'd her to the tent :
Went to a sumptuous, noble dinner then,
All serv'd with stately, handsome gentlemen.
Some of her chiefest, royal dainties there,
The Queen pull'd out, and kindly bid them share.
Of ev'ry thing, she first did taste and prieve,
No poison's here, my Lord you may believ'e.
Soon after meat, all did themselves absent,
Excepting thole that to the council went.

Mean while the ladies, did the Queen attend,
 Until the council over was and then
 Good Wallace quickly waited on the Queen,
 And calmly ask'd what did her journey mean.
 Peace said the Queen, we have no other thought,
 This raging war, hath such destruction wrought ;
 Then grant it Sir for his sake dy'd for us,
 Madam we cannot lightly leave it thus ;
 You ask no peace, but for your own self ends,
 That cannot make us a sufficient mends.
 For the injustice done our royal Prince
 The breach of faith and blood shed ever since.
 These wrongs she said, ought all to be redrest,
 But Wallace still the more for battle prest.
 The Queen she answer'd, with great modesty,
 Peace now were best, if it might purchas'd be,
 For which if you a truce with us will take,
 Thro' England all, we shall cause prayers make :
 That matters go not on, from bad to worse.
 Compelled prayers Madam have no force,
 Be ore that they get half way to the heav'ns,
 I hope for mends, then shall we all be ev'ns.
 Then to the Queen did all the story tell,
 At Alexander's death what us befel.
 How Bruce and Baliol, long time did contend
 Who should be King, at length did condescend ;
 And did the matter to a reference bring,
 To the decision, of her Lord and King.
 And how unjustly Edward did decide,
 And then usurp the crown, thro' hellish pride.
 In short he told her all the story o'er,
 As I have told you in my book before.
 How Edward made him prisoner at Air,
 Broke a strict truce, and hang'd our Barons there.
 How Heflrig kil'd his beloved wife,
 And therefore would hate south'ron during life.

The silver tears (great pity to behold.)
Came trickling down, when he his tale had told.
The Queen, with Wallace so did sympathize,
The tears that moment blinded both her eyes.
Curs'd day, she said that Hestrig was born,
On his account many are now orlorn.
As Queen or princels madam then said he,
She in her time, was full as dear to me.
Wallace she said, from this discourse we'll cease,
The mends thereof, is prayer and good peace.
Three thousand pound, she down before him told,
All of the finest and true English gold;
Such tribute madam, now we do not crave,
Another mends of England we would have;
For all the gold and riches, of your reign,
I'll grant no peace, in absence of your King
When she saw gold nothing would Wallace move,
Then sporting said, Sir you are call'd my love;
I've ventur'd here my life laid at the stake,
Methinks you should do something for my sake.
In love you south'ron, with your subtle cracks,
One thing pretends and the quite contrair acts.
With pleatant words you and such ladies fair,
Would us decoy like birds into a snare;
We'll take our chance, whatever may befall,
No flattering words, nor gold, shall tempt us all.
At which a rosy blush her cheeks did fill,
Dear Sir, she said, pray let me know your will;
For solemnly I here to you protest,
I think a truce, would for us both be best.
With ladies, Madam, truce I cannot make,
Least your false King hereafter do it break.
Then have we none, but ladies to reprove,
That shall not be, by him that sits above.
The whole affair he on himself shall take,
Of peace, or war, what e'er we chance to make.

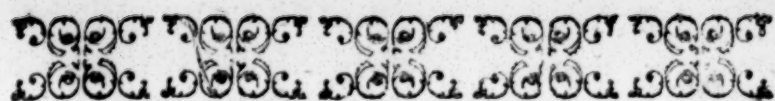
The Queen she said, it was sufficient
 To which the rest did freely all consent.
 Yet sorry was she and did blush for shame,
 That she obtain'd not all for which she came.
 Unto the host, the gold she freely gave,
 To ev'ry one that pleased for to have.
 When Wallace saw what ev'ry one had got,
 He said, that kindness should not be forgot
 We you assure our host shall nothing act.
 Till you a message from your King send back.
 Your Heralds also hither to and fro,
 May likewise very safely come and go.
 She and her ladies thank'd him then and drank,
 To Wallace, and the Lords of ev'ry rank :
 Her leave she took, no longer there abode,
 Five miles that night unto a nunn'ry rode.
 And on the morn. to London travell'd they,
 To Westminster, where King and council lay,
 Wallace's answer shew'd and did report,
 Most nobly of him, both to King and court.
 Upon his wit, and manhood did comment,
 His freedom truth and martial government.
 More Chastain like he's in his armour seen,
 Than ever yet I think in England's been.
 From honour he, (on which he's so much bent,)
 Will not retract, for all the kingdom's rent.
 Then purchase peace, and I shall add no more,
 Or else all England may repent it sore.
 Mean time, unto your Heralds he gives leave,
 To come and go, and no man dare them grieve.
 The King and council in their minds were eas'd,
 Thank'd the queen, and all were bravely pleas'd.
 Then all concluded it was only best,
 To take a truce, else they would get no rest.
 Then to dispatch a Herald wise and grave,
 To whom safe conduct Wallace frankly gave.

Then Clifford, Bewmont, Woodstock, do procure,
To treat with Wallace a most ample pow'r.
Thus these three Lords, to him ride all in state,
Where subtilly Woodstock did there debate.
To which good Wallace did reply again,
You speak in sophisms, but I'll tell you plain;
Roxburgh and Berwick, you must us restore,
Which was our right and heritage before.
Also we ask, by vertue of this bond,
Our native King so long keep'd from his own,
Those you shall grant, on your King's faith to me;
To which, on sight the Lords did all agree.
The Randal young, whom there he did demand,
And the Lord Lorn, were granted to his hand.
The Earl Buchan, tender but and young,
He did obtain for the wind of his tongue.
Cumming and Souls, he caus'd deliver als,
Who after to King Robert proved false.
Vallance for fear, durst scarcely keep his bed,
But like a thief, to Pickardie he fled.
The noble Bruce alas! was gone away,
Before that time, to Calais many a day,
Unto his Uncle Gloucester: which thing,
King Edward prov'd so Wallace wants his King
The Earl Patrick, who at London stay'd,
No more allegiance to King Edward pay'd.
But unto Wallace speedily came down,
And held his lands all of the Scottish crown
An hundred horse, with brave Scot's noblemen,
Came trooping gladly all to Wallace then.
Under his seal King Edward then did send,
And caus'd deliver, to the Scottish men,
Roxburgh and Berwick five years peace ensues,
To ancient Scotland great and glorious news;
Which unto Wallace quickly was sent down,
And fairly sign'd, close by Northallerton:

To Rambahugh, came the Scottish army then,
Which did consist of sixty thousand men,
To Cerham moor, came all in good array,
With hearts rejoicing upon Lambast day.
The priest next day, in church did Wallace place,
Deliver'd him, Roxburgh and Berwick keys.
Berwick, to Ram'ay he gave, on the spot,
And noble Seatoun. Roxburgh castle got.
With Earl Patrick, Wallace without more,
Rode to Dunbar, and there did him restore.
Scotland all o'er from Ross to Solway land,
Wallace he did give statutes to the land.
Unto the Lennox then he did repair,
Sir John Monteth, that time was captain there.
And twice before had Wallace gossip been,
Yet now no friendship was betwixt them seen.
Upon a rock a house he founded there,
Then to the March he did again repair.
In Roxburgh then he choos'd a handsome place,
And built a tow'r within a little space
Jop twice he sent to Bruce of Huntingtoun.
Beseeching him to come, and take the crown.
Such counsel of the Saxons false took he,
In all his life he Wallace ne'er did see.
Three years the kingdom quiet had and rest,
And ev'ry man his own with peace possest.

Here Ends the first conquest of Scotland.

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The Ninth B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace,

C H A P. I.

How the King of France wrote to WALLACE by
his Herauld, and WALLACE's answer.

TH E King of France hearing of Wallace name,
His mighty valiant acts. and glorious fame;
In's royal mind did long most vehemently,
This much renown'd Scots champion to see.
Wond'red how Wallace, with so small a pow'r,
Made English-men, before him fly, and scour,
And force their malice, spite of hell to cease
Then pitifully truckle for a peace.
The King a Herauld calls, and without more,
To Wallace writes, as to a conqueror.
Beloved Sir, worshipful, wise and wight,
Restorer of thy native land's true right.
In the defence of righteous royal blood,
For which thou always loyally upstood.
Old prophecy, which did thy birth adorn
Said, nappy Scotland, that time thou was borne.

I do beseech with all humility,
 Thou wilt accept my letter graciously ;
 Give credit, and believe in any ways,
 What e'er my Herald from me, to thee says ;
 The Herald bow'd and to the ship is gone.
 And then in Scotland does arrive anon,
 Went straight unto Sir William Wallace, where,
 He found him in the ancient town of Air.
 The letters humbly in his masters name,
 To Wallace does present, and he the same
 Most courteously upon his bended knee,
 Receiv'd from him, in all humility.
 The Herald then made him to understand,
 All that his master gave him in command.
 Your valour Sir, and honour all do own,
 And to the King my master's so well known :
 That he intends your worship to advance
 As high, as any subject born in France,
 Wallace reply'd. as G O D my soul shall save,
 A speedy answer you shall quickly have.
 The Herald stay'd with Wallace, twenty days,
 And was regal'd with feasting, sport, and plays.
 Then courteously, Wallace wrote to the King
 A satisfying answer to each thing :
 Unto the Herald, presents rich he gave,
 Then to the sea convey'd him and took leave,
 Wallace his voyage soon intends for France,
 Prepares fit equipage, and purveyance.
 Good Lord James Stuart, Scotland's steward then,
 Made Governor till he return'd again.
 At Rochel now, the Herald does arrive,
 Ablyther man, sure there was none alive.
 To Paris went, then peerless for renown,
 The King thought well, Wallace was come to town.
 Asked the Herald with concern, anent
 Old Scotland's welfare, and how matters went.

Saw thou brave Wallace, Chifian of that land,
 Yes Sir, said he, a man of great command.
 In all my travels wheresoever I've gone,
 A braver knight sure saw I never one.
 Great worship there, and honour's to him pay'd,
 His piercing eye, almost made me afraid.
 With rich rewards, and presents as you see,
 For your grace sake, he complemented me.
 Here is his answer ; then the King was glad,
 Most graciously receiv'd it, and it read.

MOST royal Sir, and righteous crowned King,
 Of great renown, your Herald here does bring ;
 A letter writ by my unworthy hand,
 In answer to your Majesty's command :
 You well do know how Scotland's daily vex'd,
 And by our neighb'ring nation sore perplex'd.
 No bands will bind them, but with open face,
 Do break their faith to christian's great disgrace.
 On which account, I pray Sir, understand,
 I scarce can leave this poor distressed land :
 Yet by GOD's grace, if living that I be,
 Within a year your majesty I'll see.
 O how this answer greatly pleas'd the King,
 Who was as blyth as bird upon the wing.

C H A P. II.

How WALLACE went to France, fought the Red-Reaver, and took him prisoner.

TOWARD his voyage, Wallace does advance,
 And at Kirkcu'bright shipping takes for France

With fifty brave stout Scottish gentlemen,
 Above what I describe can with my pen,
 'Mongst whom, were four of his own kinsmen near,
 Two Wallaces, Crawford and Celand dear
 Drank their bonalies, in good wine and ale.
 Then cheerfully, for sea hois'd up their sail.
 Sail'd that whole day and all the following night,
 Then in the morn, when the sun shined bright,
 The shipmaster, sprang quickly up a rope,
 Where suddenly he spy'd from the main top,
 Sixteen great ships, that boldly up did bear,
 And towards him a steady course did steer.
 In colour red, which with the sun shine bright,
 The sea all o'er illuminate with light.
 At which the master almost fell a swoon,
 Affrighted fore, he quickly then came down.
 Alas ! he said that ever I was born !
 Without remead, our lives are all forlorn,
 Curse on the time that I did take in hand,
 This voyage, O ! that I were back at land,
 And buried were into some lonely grave,
 So Wallace life with honour I might save,
 Master, said Wallace, what needs all this moan ;
 Oh Sir, here's sixteen sail against our one.
 Him that commands, nought but our blood will please,
 He sixteen years has been King of the seas.
 Then Wallace ask'd, wot's thou what he may be,
 The Red-Reaver, a tyrant strong is he :
 He saveth none for gold or other good,
 But kills, and drowns all, in the brynie flood.
 Since better may not be, I pray thee show,
 Some mark, said Wallace, how I shall him know.
 The master said, at first sight you will ken,
 And soon may him distinguish from his men.
 A handsome, proper man, as in France,
 And of a natty Scottish countenance.

Taller than any of his men a deal
And cloath'd in scarlet, above a coat of mail,
The foremost ship that does pursue us so,
Himself is in, and that you'll quickly know.
When he comes near, he boldly will you hail.
Then speedily be sure to strike your sail.
He'll enter first himself most hardly,
These are the signs that you shall know him by.
A bar of blue into his shining shield.
A bend of white defacing ay the field.
The red betokens blood, and hardiness
The white his courage, strongly doth increase.
The blew he wears, 'cause he's a Christian,
Then Wallace said, he must be no good man :
For sure I am this is no Christian deed,
Get you below, may the great God us speed.
The shipmaster, and the steer-men also,
He made go down in the hold below.
His fifty men who were the very best,
That he could choo'e, soon were in armour drest.
Fourty and eight clofs on the deck caus'd ly,
On William Crawford, then in haste did cry :
When the Red-Reaver hails us, strike amain,
At my command hale up the sail again.
Dear cousin Cleland, take the helm in hand,
Here on the deck clofs by thee I will stand.
May the great God, us and our ship both guide,
The Revear's barge came then clofs by their side :
Himself he stood aloft with a drawn sword,
And bad the steers-man, lay enlong the board ;
Aloud he cry'd, strike dogs or you shall dye,
Crawford let down the sail then speedily.
The Captain ent'red first no way's aghast,
Then Wallace gripp'd him, by the gorget fast ;
And threw him down on the deck where he stood,
While mouth and nose, all gushed out of blood,

A dagger knife, Wallace in haste drew out :
Then with pale face, the Reaver look'd about ;
Mercy he cry'd. for him that dy'd on rood,
To mend my life : that have spilt so much blood,
In Latine tongue, to Wallace then said he,
For God's sake Sir pray grant my life to me.
His weapons all, Wallace did quickly take,
Him by the hand did lift, and pris'ner make.
Then make him swear, on his sharp sword and long,
From that day forth, he never should him wrong.
Command thy men said Wallace, to the peace,
And quickly cause their shot of guns to cease.
A glove the Reaver held up on the spot,
Seeing the sign, his men forbore their shot.
His largest barge, to him he then did call,
Give over war our true friends these are all.
Then asked at what port Wallace would be,
Unto the Rochel quickly answer'd he
The Reaver, bids his men to Rochel steer,
They tack about, when his command they hear.
Wallace said pray, what country man art thou,
A French man Sir and my fore-fathers too,
Wallace then ask'd, how came thou to this life,
By the mischance Sir, of a sudden strife :
At court, I kill'd a man dead at one stroke,
Which did the King most heinously provoke.
Thro' friends in court, I 'scaped off that place,
And since could ne'er obtain his royal grace.
To Burdeous, thereafter made a trip,
And on a night did sieze an English ship :
Ill doer's to myself I soon got moe,
And in a little multiplied so :
That I, these sixteen years have rung at sea,
And shed much blood, for which, oh ! wo is me,
And now, for the great mischiefs I have done,
In spite of fate, I'm vanquished by one ;

Thus I confess, to my eternal shame,
My bloody life : but pray Sir what's your name.
That with your own, single but valiant hand,
Does me and my sixteen sail command.
None but brave Wallace the Scots champion sure,
Could thus have baffled me, and all my pow'r ;
None else I know encounter me should dare ;
It were great honour to serve in his war.
Then Wallace smiling answ'ed modestly,
Scotland had need of many such as thee.
What is thy name, thinks Wallace wants a peel,
Monsieur said he, Thomas of Longoveil.
We'll bruick thy name, yea, here shall end our strife,
If thou'll repent and mend, thy by-past life :
For which thy faithful friend I'll ever be,
I'm that same Wallace, whom thou now does see.
Upon his knees then Longoveil fell down,
As Wallace had been King, that wears the crown.
That I'm fall'n in your hands, I'm pleas'd much more,
Than I had gotten florins sixty score,
Wallace reply'd, since thou art here by chance,
And that the King, has sent for me to France :
I'll tell him, that for my reward I want,
Thy peace, and pardon, which I hope he'll grant.
Could you my peace obtain Longoveil says,
Most faithfully I'd serve you all my days,
No service Thomas shalt thou give to me,
But such good friendship, as I'll keep with thee.
With that they fill'd the wine and merry made,
And upon sight, were in the Rochel rode.
Now, now, the town, is in a sudden fear,
When the Red-Reaver, and his ships appear.
Some ships they fled, and others run a shore ;
When Wallace saw they frightened were so sore :
He did command, none in the hav'n should go,
But his own barge, which pleas'd the people so ;

That they no sooner, the Red Lyon saw,
 In the Scots banner, but they gave buzza.
 Let up the port, receiv'd him in the town.
 With great respect, then entertain'd them round.
 Wallace they saw a goodly Scottishman,
 And honour'd him, with all respect they can,
 Four days he tarried, at the Rochel, then,
 Gave strict command to Longoveil his men,
 That they descreetly would behave, and well
 And nothing act, that might be thought hostile;
 For shortly he would either send or bring,
 Unto them all, a pardon from the King:
 Your captain to the King shall go with me,
 By help of God, I shall his warrand be,
 Like his own men he cloathed Thomas so,
 There was no man that Longoveil could know.
 Both blyth and glad, as any men alive,
 They march, and then at Paris do arrive.
 In splendid order to a garden went,
 Then gallantly before the King present:
 Fifty and two, upon their knees do fall,
 Salute the King most fine, like princes all.
 Their speech they do govern and so well rule,
 As they'd been taught at Julius Cæsar's school.
 The Queer or leave (so curious was) to see,
 Brave Wallace, and his goodly company,
 The King he dines, as did the court also,
 Then after meat, does to the parlour go.
 He, and his Lords, command on ev'ry thing,
 With Wallace who did greatly please the King.
 In Latine Tongue, his answer did advance,
 With a serene, and manly countenance,
 The King he ask'd, where the Red-Reaver was,
 And marvell'd how that tyrant let him pass,
 You with the Herauld might have writ to me,
 For power to convey you thro' the sea.

I thank you Sir, no need thereof had we
 Blessed be God, we're all save as you see.
 Then said the King, Wallace, I wonder much,
 You have escap'd that bloody tyrant's clutch,
 Who on the sea, such cruelties has wrought,
 Could we him get, he should not 'scape for nought.
 Thomas he quak'd began to count his beads,
 When as the King, related his misdeeds
 Wallace gave ear, but feigned in some part,
 Forsooth said he, we found none in that air :
 But Sir, with leave, would ye the Reaver know,
 Fy, since I saw him, it is long ago.
 These words of yours, Wallace are all in vain,
 E'er he come here many he'll cause be slain
 Then Wallace said, great Sir, of my men all,
 Who is the man likest to him you'd call.
 The King reply'd with a quick piercing eye,
 That large long man that next to you stands by,
 Then on his knees the worthy Wallace fell,
 O royal King, said he, pray hear me tell ;
 How Saxon-seed, hath Scotland sore distress'd,
 Our elders kill'd and royal blood oppress'd ;
 Your Majesty methinks should interpose,
 In our behalf, and curb our lawless foes ;
 And that by virtue of the league and band,
 Twixt FRANCE and SCOTLAND does so firmly stand.
 Next, since at your command come here I have,
 One favour, Sir I humbly of you crave.
 The King reply'd, I'll grant, or pay you down,
 What e'er you ask, except my Queen or Crown
 Most royal Sir, said Wallace, all I want
 Is that you'll graciously be pleas'd to grant,
 Peace to this man, whom I brought here thro' chance,
 And I'll disclaim all other gifts in France.
 This same is he, you may believe it well,
 Of whom you speak Thomas of Longoveil.

Receive him as a free leige of your land,
 At which the King was put into a stand :
 Yet for his promise, and good Wallace sake,
 Into his peace he Longoveil did take.
 The King he ask'd at Wallace how and where.
 He met with Longoveil, who did declare ;
 And there rehearse the manner how all o'er,
 As you have heard the story told before.
 Wallace to Thomas also purchas'd then,
 Peace unto all his fourteen hundred men.
 Then on the very spot where he did stand,
 Was knighted by the King's own royal hand ;
 Syne to his nearest heir left his estate,
 Then with brave Wallace went and took his fate.

C H A P. III.

How WALLACE Past into Guyen,

THREE weeks at Paris, Wallace did remain,
 But longed much to see the wars again ;
 To march for Guyen he esteem'd it best,
 Because that country English-men possesst.
 Then of the King took leave, on's knees did fall.
 But took no French men with him then at all.
 Except Sir Thomas, and a warlike crew
 Of valiant Scots, nine hundred stout and true ;
 Who furiously with him to Guyen ride,
 And fire raise thro' all the country wide.
 Forts and strong castles, quickly they break down,
 And put to death many a South'ron town.
 A warlike town, Scemen stood in that land,
 Which English men, had under their command.

The town it stood upon a water side
Within a park, that was both long and wide,
Toward that place, most valiantly then,
Wallace he march'd with his nine hundred men;
Four hundred to himself took speedily,
The rest with Crawford caus'd in ambush ly.
Wallace his men, all gallantly array'd,
Before the town their banner there display'd.
The lyon rampant, all in gold did see,
Which fight before that country ne'er did see,
The park they range, great booty drive away,
The war men issued, to rescue the prey
But worthy Scots, have many English slain,
The rest fled back unto the town again.
Forty good Scots, pass'd with the prey along.
Then ish'd again a thousand English strong.
Wallace he caus'd his men let go the prey,
Then soon assembled all, in good array.
A fierce encounter there, you might have seen,
'Mongst those wight war men, in their armour clean.
Vast number's lost their lives on South'ron side,
And yet the rest most boldly did abide.
Some worthy men there of the Scots they flew,
Then William Crawford who the time well knew,
Out of the park he made his ambush fare,
Into the field where they all fighting were;
He at his entry, many a one caus'd dye,
Yet English men were very loath to fly.
But bravely fought, altho' they lost much blood,
So few, so long 'gainst Wallace never stood.
Yet at the last, were all oblig'd to fly,
Whom Wallace did pursue most furiously;
And never knew, till he made the throg.
Was in the town, his South'ron foes among.
With him was Crawford, Richard, Longoveil,
Fifteen in all, and no more t wor well.

A cunning porter, got upon the wall,
Pull'd out the pin, let the portcullises fall;
Then cruelly the English on them set,
But to the wall the Scots their backs did get:
Cut down the south'ron all their force desy'd,
Then Richard Wallace he the porter spy'd,
Knock't out his brains with little noise or din,
Got up the port, let all the Scotts men in;
Who spar'd none, that they before them fand,
If they a sword or weapon had in their hand.
All other lives most christianly did spare,
But seiz'd the goods, and riches all were there.
Then the town with French replenish'd quickly then,
Wallace the field takes briskly with his men.
At which the King delay'd not very long,
But rais'd an army twenty thousand strong,
All faithful subjects of the Crown of France,
Led by his brother, Duke of Orleans.
Thro' Guyen land a speedy march they make.
At Burdeous do Wallace overtake.
Some aid that town did mightily incline
To fight good Wallace, but soon chang'd their mind,
And sent expresse to Piccardy by post,
Telling of Wallace and the new rais'd host.
Gloucester then captain of Calais went,
And told all the English parliament.
Some plainly said, Wallace had broke the truce.
Others said nay, that never was his use.
Lord Bewmont said, with judgment most profound,
Wallace for Scotland nor for France was bound
Yet Woodstock, from his malice could not cease,
But still affirm'd Wallace had broke the peace;
And told the King, if he'd his council take,
Now was the time on Scotland war to make.
What Woodstock said, all did conclude it right,
By sea and land, a force they raise on sight.

Glocester he leads on the army's van,
Longcalle, does the middle ward command,
Then Sir John Prewart to the sea was sent,
Who all the North land perfectly well kent,
Vallange the knight, before the army went,
Who all the mischief did he could invent ;
And made some Scots with his enticing word,
Yield up their castles, without stroke of sword ;
E'er the best fort knew it was war in plain,
In Bothwell castle he was set again.
And Sir John Prewart, who came by the sea,
Soon got Sir Johnstoun, by a jeopardie.
D U N D F E they took left not a man on life,
Then plundered : and soon possessed Fife.
And all the South From Cheviot, to the sea,
O barbarous, and cruel enemy !
To Rauchry fled good Adam Wallace then,
And Robert Boyd to Bure, two gallant men.
Sir John the Graham, in Dundaff durst not bide,
But marched to the forest fair of Clyde.
Lundie from Fife he stole away by night,
Eighteen with him that clever were and tight ;
And his young son then but of tender age,
To Dundaff moor, they all away do page.
Thinking to meet with good Sir John the Graham,
Who often made the South ron fly with shame.
Thomas of Thorn took Lanerk the next day,
Lundie and Hay no longer there durst stay ;
But to South Tinto, quickly did repair,
And good Sir John, did gladly meet them there.
Vallange had order'd great provisions then,
Under a guard of fourscore English-men,
For Bothwel castle, but unto their shame,
Were soon surpriz'd, by Lundie and by Graham ;
Who with some hardy Scots, fifty I trow,
Of fourscore South'ron, sixty there they slew :

Got gold, and goods and all remain'd alive,
 On the Scot's side, excepting only five.
 Then marched all away upon a night.
 Unto the Lennox, in their armour bright,
 Seatonn and Lyle they lodged in the bafs,
 But Hugh the Hay, sent unto England was.
 Then the North country Lords do in the end,
 The squire Guthrie unto Wallace fend ;
 At Aberbrothick shipping took for sea,
 And safely at the Sluce soon landed he,
 To Wallace went, and told in sorry mood,
 How sadly matters now in Scotland stood.
 Then Wallace said, O South'ron, all mansworn,
 For perfidy, such rogues were never born.
 Their former treachery, did we not feel,
 Ev'n when the truce was sign'd with their great seal.
 Who notwithstanding, most unchristianly,
 Caus'd eighteen score of our brave barons dye.
 To the great GOD, my vow I here do make,
 Peace with that King hereafter ne'er to take,
 He shall repent that he this war began,
 If it please GOD I be a living man
 Then does address the King for liberty
 To go for Scotland with his company.
 With much adoe the King did condescend,
 With that proviso when the war did end,
 And he triumph'd had o'er his South'ron foes,
 He should return to France, and no time lose :
 Which if he did, he freely might command,
 At his return, a Lordship of good Land.
 Wallace takes leave, goes straight for Flanders then,
 With good Sir Thomas, and his country men.
 The squire Guthrie's barge at Sluce lay still,
 To sea they went in haste, with a good will.
 Fair wind, and weather nothing worse they fand,
 Then at Montrose, they safely all do land.

Good Sir John Ramsay, and the Ruthven true,
 Barclay and Bisset, with men not a few :
 Do Wallace meet, all carty, keen, and croufs,
 And with three hundred, march to Ochter house.
 The End of the Ninth Book.



The Tenth B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace.

C H A P. I.

How W A L L A C E won St. Johnstoun.

UN T O St. Johnstoun Wallace quickly prest,
 Which by the English, then was reposselt,
 Unto Kinnoul e'er it was day, lay down,
 Then spy'd six South'ron servants from the town
 Driving three empty carts upon the way,
 In order to bring home their master's hay,
 Which, when thy were a loading suddenly,
 Guthrie and's men, made all the six to die
 Wallace in haste caus'd take their upmost weed
 And men to fit them ordered with speed

Wallace himself, and Ruthven brave also,
Guthrie and Bisset, and good Yeomen two;
Each took a suit and then with subtle art
Five men with hay they cover'd in each cart;
Then to the town those carters took their way
And carefully, drove on their carts of hay.
Good Sir John Ramsay lay in ambush till
He warning got and marched with good will.
Over the bridge the carers quickly past
Enter'd the gate and then their cloaks do cast
Wallace with three good strikes which there he got
The porter kill'd and two more on the spot,
Guthrie and Bisset, Ruthven of renown
Most manfully di' cut the South'ron down,
The armed men that snug lay in the carts,
Came fiercely out and bravely play'd their parts
When Ramsay's spy saw all that there was done,
The ambush broke, both bridge and port have won.
E'er Ramsay came with his good men and true
The twenty one, there forty South'ron flew.
And so soon as the ambush enter'd in,
They spared none that were of South'ron kind
There Longoveil that brave and warlike knight
Nobly behav'd and did their doublets dight,
The South'ron when they saw the town was tint
Fled then as fast as fire does from the flint,
And Sir John Pfewart at the next gate past.
To Methven wood he scour'd off wnder fast
One hundred men fled to the church in vain
But Wallace spared none, for all were slain
Four hundred South'ron kill'd were in the strife
And seven score only 'scaped with their life
Wallace got richer good things not a few
And with true scots, plenish'd the town of new
First to the Gask did Sir John Pfewart pass,
Then unto Fife, where Vallange sherriff was

Gath'ed of men a num'rous company
To Auchterarder, then drew privily ;
And to be ready ordered them all,
For to attack St Johnstoun at a call,
Wallace made Ramsay his great captain there,
And Ruthven Sherriff a deserving pair.
He charged them that on first warning they,
Should come to him, without further delay ;
On some exploit, he quickly marched then,
With him one hundred of good fighting men.

C H A P II.

The battle of Black Iron-Side, and how WALLACE
took in Lochleven and Airth.

TO Fife he march'd that country state to view,
With his good men that trusty were and true.
But Sir John Psewart from the Ochel high
Espying Wallace as he passed by ;
All on a sudden 'gainst him marched then,
To Black-Iron Side with fifteen hundred men.
This sudden March good Wallace so alarms,
He and his men stand quickly to their arms.
With Bisset and good Guthrie does advise,
What course to take against this sad surprize :
We with the South'ron, now are so beset,
To our good friends at Perth no word we'll get ;
It greives me more that Vallange is the guide,
Than all the rest upon the south'ron side.
Guthrie reply'd, could we get over Tay,
It were I think the sure and safest way ;

And warn good Ramsay, who commands the town,
He'd send a reinforcement to us soon.
It's safer Wallace says in my esteem,
To fight the foe, than dangerously to swim.
In Elchuck park but forty men were we,
Against seven hundred, and made South'ron flee;
So may we now thro' help of divine grace,
Take courage lads, and bravely show your face;
This wood we'll hold as long as we can stand,
To the last man we'll fight it sword in hand;
The right is ours let's to it manfully,
I'll see this land once more before I die.
Which speech did so their hearts to him engage,
And put their spirits upon such an edge;
That some call out to take the field in plain
Wallace said no, those words are all in vain;
My thoughts, and sentiments are no way such,
This wood may prove to our advantage much,
For tho' our courage be not wanting now,
Yet pray believe, good conduct's needful too
Then hewen wood and planks of oak did take
A strong barrier then quickly did he make;
And by the time that all was finish'd right
The English army came within their sight
Power attacks the wood with a bravade
But finds a strong and devilish barricade
There with a thousand men does wait and watch,
And with five hundred Vallange does detach,
To guard the wood, that not one single skin,
Might 'scape the sword of all that were within
Forty good archers Wallace had that ride
Which gall'd the English horse on ev'ry side
The rest were spearmen long in war expert,
Honour was all the thing they had at heart
As evidently over all was seen,
By their defence at the encounter keen.

A void was left, where Southron enter might,
Fourty at first were put to death on sight;
Numbers of horse were killed with the shot.
The wounded reel'd and to a plain they got.
Plewart rampag'd to see both man and horse.
So sore rebuted and put to the worse
Vallange advis'd he would forbear to fight
And rest his men, close by the wood that night
For hunger soon would drive them from their strength
Then might he charge them in the field at length
Plewart replied 'tis dangerous to delay
If succour come to them what will you say
Along with me eight hundred men shall fare
All in a range, to round the wood with care
The rest they shall with thee continue still,
To fight or be commanded at thy will
Be brisk said Vallange quickly him beset,
For now I think he's fairly in the net
Could you but slay, or take him upon life
King Edward sure would make you lord of Fife
When Wallace he their disposition saw
And Plewart charge with so much rage and aw,
Brave lads, he said, yon Plewart is a knight
Foreward in wars both hardy, wise and wight,
Such an attack against us and a fore
He does intend as you ne'er saw before,
Since were beset with foes on ev'ry side,
And must perforce here in this forest bide
Take notice all and mark well what I say,
His first assault boldly rest I pray.
Crawford he left, and Longoveil the knight
At the barrier to keep it safe and tight.
Wallace himself briskly encounters then,
Plewart with sixty, 'gainst eight hundred men.
Who fought so fierce and show'd their valour so
No Englishman durst from his fellow go.

To break his rank or foremost enter in,
So bloodily the dispute did begin
On either side the spears in flinders flew
Numbers of the English these the Scotmen flew
Vallance at this time sorely did assail
Crawford and the brave knight good Longoveil,
Who boldly stood and did defend their ground
And at the entry hew'd the South'ron down,
Thus were the Scots attack'd on ev'ry hand
Fifteen to one, too numerous a band
Nothing they had now for't but do or die,
Plewart surpris'd was with such bravery
Who pressing on, with a good sword of steel
Kill'd a stout Scot who had behaved well,
Wallace inrag'd, did quickly vow revenge,
And a sound blow with Plewart to exchange
But troops of South'ron interveining soon
He miss'd his mark tho others he cut down.
Great stops the Scots made 'mong the South'ron ranks,
From front to rear, and out thro' both their flanks;
Eighty that time were slain without remead,
And at the barrier fifty killed dead,
After this brisk repulse and fair defeat,
Plewart he quickly caus'd sound a retreat,
And then consults, what's proper next to do
Curses hard fate, 'cause beat by such a few.
The worthy Scots go into the barrier
Wash all their wounds, refresh, and make good cheer
At many bouts, said Wallace, I have been,
But such a fierce attack have scarcely seen
Then from a strand of water running by,
He all his men supply'd abundantly
Drank first himself then said in sober mood
The wine in France I ne'er thought half so good
sir John concludes in council to be brief,
To fight no more til he get fresh relief,

And then to starve with hunger in the field.
The Scots, if they stood out and did not yield
Mean time he cha'g'd John Vallange to abide.
And keep them into Couper till he'd ride,
Who said such charge he would not undertake
To fight all day and then all night to walk
Plewart cry'd flay, or under ly the blame,
I thee command in good king Edward's name ;
Or here to God I vow without all scorn,
If they break out, to hang thee up the morn,
Wallace was blyth when that he heard such strife
Nothing e'er pleas'd him better all his life
And then drew near at a fit time with all
To the wood side and did on Vallange call,
Yon knight I think would make a coward fiart,
Come in to us his brag's not worth a F—t,
And thou shalt have a Lordship in thy hand,
Thy brother left behind him in this land
Vallange choos'd rather with the Scots to bide.
Than venture's life upon the English side,
So in a moment, all with one consent,
He, and his men, straight into Wallace went
Then Plewart said, I ne'er expected such
Bare treatment, but John Vallange mock'd him much,
By this brave Ramfay and good Ruthven then
To Black-Iron-Side came with three hundred men,
Plewart the knight, well hath their coming seen,
Who choos'd a plain and drew up on the green.
Twelve hundred men he had waning a score,
The Scots five hundred sixty and no more,
Now to the wood good Wallace bids adieu,
Who all this time nothing of Ramfay knew.
But when he heard him in out, and Rathven cry,
How did his heart rejoice exceedingly.
On either side quickly assembled they.
And set the battle all in good array.

The English who were more in number far,
By Pfewart now in two divided are
The worthy Scots, so soon as they were dress'd,
Most furiously among them quickly prest.
And as they in the wood behaved well,
So on the plain, they fought as stout as steel,
Had small respite from rising of the sun,
Yet charg'd as fresh, as if but new begun,
Ramsay and Ruthven, came with fresh relief,
Unto the South'ron's sorrow and great grief.
And of their carcases took a found mends,
Dissever'd them in twentys, and in tens,
When spears were gone with swords of metal clear,
'They pay'd their way, in haste from front to rear.
Wallace, and his good men, by strength of hand,
Made South'ron blood to stream out thro' the land,
These hundred English briskly in the end,
Surround Sir John and bravely him defend.
The Scots who saw so many in a rout,
With Pfewart stand, and guarding him about,
Upon their flanks did them attack full fore;
And with the points the polish'd plates did bore.
Ramsay inclin'd that Pfewart he should yield,
Rather than see him dy upon the field,
No, he shall dy, said Wallace, by God's grace,
He came to pay his ransom in this place.
The South'ron plainly saw that they must dy,
Succour was none, suppose that they should fly.
Freshly they fought, as they had enter'd new,
And some good men on the Scots side they slew.
To please our King [said Pfewart] and his laws,
We lose out lives, in an unrighteous cause.
With that he strook brave Biffer to the death;
For which good Wallace, quickly stop't his breath:
Who with one stroke, cut him down with his sword,
And after that he never spoke a word;

But to the ground rush'd down with all his might.
By Wallace hand, thus dy'd that gallant knight,
The rest were kill'd what could the Scots do more,
Then all lament the loss of Bisset fore.
Ruthven for Perth to march he ready makes.
And Sir John Ramsay Couper castle takes,
Wallace, and Crawford Guthrie, Longoveil,
With Richard, takes Lundores that night to beil.
Vallange was Stewart, who abundantly
With meat and drink did bravely them supply,
The English all flee fast before them now,
As does the Bishop of St Andrews too
Who would not Wallace coming there abide,
Was so dirt scared, even for all Scotland wide.
Their worthy knight that into Couper lay,
Seiz'd all their riches on the second day:
And at command of Wallace did cast down,
And raze that place unto the very ground.
Then to Carrail did suddenly repair,
Where he found nought but walls and building bare.
The English then troop'd off all in a string,
And thro' all Fife the Scots did rant and reiga.
No English men was left, for all did fly,
Save in Lochlev'n, one single company.
A knight Musgrove, that did command Kinghorn,
The meekest coward that ever yet was born:
Hearing that Wallace would attack the place,
Fled and deserted to his great disgrace.
Wallace possess the house and on the morn
To Scotland's well does with his men return.
When night was come they sup'd and went to rest,
But still Lochleven stuck in Wallace breast
To which he post'd near middle of the night,
With eighteen chosen men all stout and light,
Courage brave toys he said, and never flinch,
The southron now ly sleeping in yon Inch.

Since honour's to be won let's venture for't,
 If we get o'er we shall have pleasant sport;
 Do you remain all here upon the spot,
 I'll try if I can bring you o'er their boat
 Quickly he stript with his brave sword and good,
 Bound round his neck and leap'd into the flood.
 Over he swims, and very quickly then,
 Seizes the boat, and brought her to his men,
 Who when array'd, no longer did abide,
 But jumped in, and row'd to th' other side,
 The Inch they took hold'y with sword in hand,
 And spared none before him that they fand.
 To wives and bairns, he mercy still did shew,
 But thirty men upon the spot he slew
 To call good Ramsay he hath c^olers giv'n,
 To dine with him if he pleas'd at Lochleven;
 Sent out a man the South'ron horse to keep
 Drew up the boat then went to bed to sleep.
 The messenger, good Ramsay did surprize,
 Tho' with unusual briskness bad him rise:
 My Lord, good Sir, does kindly you invite,
 Into Lochleven, to eat a dish of meat,
 Ramsay got up, and march'd with all his men,
 And there carous'd full eight days to an end.
 Turs'd off the goods that South'ron had brought there,
 Caus'd burn the boat, then unto Perth repair.
 The Bishop Sinclair met them in a trice,
 And wisely gave to Wallace his a vice.
 Jop to the North for more supplie was sent,
 For none alive the country better kent.
 Good Mr Blair in sacerdotal weed,
 Sent to the West, to warn his friends with speed:
 How unto Wallace they might safely get,
 The South'ron had their passage so be'et.
 Brave Adam Wallace, and good Lindsay fare,
 To Earl Melcom, where they welcome were.

There was the noble Graham and Lundie brave
 And Boyd, like men are new rais'd from their grave,
 Jop march'd on, Cumine Lord Buchan was,
 For old envy he suffered none to pass.
 Yet poor men came to Wallace as they might
 For to defend o'd ancient Scotland's right.
 The Ranald young to serve his country bent
 Good men from Murray hath to Wallace sent.
 Jop did return unto his master soon,
 And told him all, tho' little he had got done,
 But Mr. Blair such noble tidings brought,
 That of the Cumine Wallace reckon'd nought.
 Wallace who did the the fit occasion ken
 March'd straight from Perth and with him fifty men,
 Good Irish Steven, and Kierly that was aight,
 In w' tchmen's garb to Wallace march'd on sight.
 Upon more force to wait he had no mind
 And left the rest to keep the land behind.
 By Hirling bridge to march he did not please,
 For English men bum there as thick as bees.
 But over Airth they ferry'd hastily,
 And lurked in a private place hard by
 A cruel captain dwelt in Airth that year,
 An English-man whose name was Thomlin Weir.
 One hundred men were at his lodging still,
 Possess that land according to their will.
 A Scottish fisher seiz'd, who out of fear,
 Unto their service made the fellow swear.
 Jop early went the passage for to spy,
 And on the fisher happened suddenly:
 Then asked him, what country man art thou,
 A Scot, he said, but Southron made me vow.
 Unto their service fore against my mind,
 Pox on the pack, I love none of their kind;
 A fishing I can e'er to this North-side,
 A Scotsman if you be, I'll with you bide.

When Jock Wallace told the poor man's case
 They all rejoiced to see the fisher's face.
 Since with his boat they might good passage have,
 Not valuing what the poor man should crave :
 To the Southland most gladly they did fare,
 Then broke the boat when they were landed there.
 Out thro' the moss they marched with good speed,
 To the Torwood the fisher did them lead
 A widow there brought tidings in short space,
 Of Wallace friend that dwelt at Dunipace :
 Thomlin of Weir had him in prison put,
 Which Wallace, vex'd, and to the heart him cut,
 Dame, said good Wallace, he shall loosed be,
 The morn by noon and set at liberty,
 They ate and drank in quiet there abode,
 And on the morrow early took the road.
 Toward Airth-hill his force with him he drew,
 Where was a strength that well the fisher knew.
 A private way the fisher him directs,
 Thro' the Southron pay'd his best respects,
 O'er a small bridge unto the hall he got,
 And them salutes in rage and fury hot,
 With sheathing swords clinking out o'er their crowns,
 There with out mercy lew'd the Southron down.
 Thomlin of Weir he thro' the body clave,
 And his good men did soon dispatch the lave.
 Thro' all the room the blood gush'd boiling hot,
 One hundred men lay dead upon the spot.
 Then to relieve his uncle went along,
 In a deep cave who lay in fetters strong.
 Before that time his uncle ne'er had been.
 So glad as when good Wallace he has seen.
 Into deep ditches the dead corps were cast
 And carefully their watches plac'd a list.
 Upon the morrow gathered up the spoil,
 Both gold, and jewels, to reward their toil.

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Chap III. Burnt the English in Dumbartoun, 187

South'ron came in, but quickly chang'd hues,
 For none went back to tell their neighbours news.
 Steven of Ireland, Kierly that was wight,
 These two did keep the port the second night,
 E'er it was day the worthy Scots arose,
 Turs'd off their spoil and to the For wood goes.
 Now since at Airth the Scots has done their best,
 Let's see what came of them went to the West.

C H A P. III.

How WALLACE burnt the English in Dumbarton.

WALLACE and his good men, march'd all the night,
 And to Dumbartoun came e'er it was light.
 Then at a widow's house did quickly call,
 And whisper'd softly to her thro' the wall.
 Whose voice so soon as the good woman knew,
 Unto her cloaths immediately she drew.
 In a clos barn, him and his men she got,
 Good meat and drink in truth he wanted not.
 Then unto Wallace gave an hundred pound,
 To make his supper go the better round,
 Nine sons she had, good likely men and tight,
 An oath to him she made them swear on sight.
 There he remain'd secure, and never budg'd
 But caus'd mark the doors where south'ron lodg'd
 Then all march'd on, and silence closely kept
 Unto the gate where they securely slept
 An English captain, and nine of his mates
 Drinking too late, did brag of mighty feats.
 Had I good Wallace, one said in a rage,
 I would think nothing with him to engage.

Another there his head and neck would pawn,
 He'd tye Sir John the Graham with strength of hand.
 A third he'd fight the Boy'd with a good sword
 'Twould set him better far to fight a t——d.
 Another wish'd for Lundie by his life,
 And some for Seatoun, in that drunken strife,
 When Wallace hear the South'ron make such din
 He boldly all alone himself went in.
 Then with a brave bold countenance and stout,
 Saluted them most handsomly about,
 I'm from my travels come, gentiles said he,
 Longing your corquests of the scots to see;
 Some of your drink and other cheer I'd have,
 The captain then a saucy answer gave
 Thou seem'st a Scot likely to be a spy,
 And mayst be one of Wallace company:
 Which if thou be, nothing shall thee protect,
 From being hang'd up quickly by the neck.
 Wallace thought then, it was not time to stand,
 His noble sword fast gripped in his hand;
 With such a stroke the captain did surprise,
 And cut off all that stood above the eyes:
 Another there he killed in great ire.
 A third he threw unto the burning fire,
 Keirly and steven came in with courage true,
 And kill'd the rest of all the drunken crew.
 The hostler then without further delay,
 Directed Wallace where the South'ron lay;
 Who set their lodgings all in a fair row,
 About their ears, and burnt them stab and frow:
 Then to Dumbartoun cave with merry speed,
 March'd long e'er day, a quick exploit indeed.
 Towards Rosneath, next night they past along,
 Where English men possess that cattle strong;
 Who that same day, unto a wedding go,
 Fourscore in number at the least or moe:

In their return the Scots upon them set,
 Where forty did their death wounds fairly get ;
 The rest scour'd off and to the castle fled,
 But Wallace who in war way nicely bred :
 He did the entry to the castle win,
 And slew the Southron all were found therein.
 After the flyers did pursue with speed,
 None did escape him, all were cut down dead,
 On their purveyance seven days lodged there,
 At their own ease, and merrily did fare
 Some Southron came to visit their good kin,
 But none went out be sure, that once came in.
 After he had set fire to the place,
 March'd straight to Falkland in a little space ;
 There Earl Malcom was of glorious fame,
 Richard of Lundie, and Sir John the Graham ;
 Good Adam Wallace, that true hearted Scot,
 Barclay and Boyd, and others of great note.
 With them he keep'd his yool and holy days.
 Who past their time in feasting sport and plays ;
 Till tidings came of his dear mother's death,
 Who to almighty had resign'd her breath.
 Then did he order Jop, and Mr Blair,
 To bury her and no expence to spare :
 Who possed off with speed, did not defer,
 Who honourably did her corps inter,
 His mourning Wallace soon threw off, for he,
 Had most at heart how Scotland he might free.

C H A P. IV.

How Sir William Douglas won the Castle of Sanguhair
by a jeopardy; How WALLACE rescu'd him from
the English and put them out of those parts.

SIR William Douglas as old writers record,
Of Douglas-dale at that time was the Lord,
By his deceased lady he had now
Two likely sons, for strength and courage too :
Whose nat'ral parts, all greatness did presage,
When at the schools, and but of tender age.
In knowledge that they might the more advance,
They're quickly sent to the best schools in France ;
Their father that most noble valiant Knight.
King Edward had detain'd against all right ;
Till with the lady Ferris he'd conclude,
A match, which after prov'd not for his good ;
Two sons he had by this young Lady fair,
And then got leave for Scotland to repair.
Accordingly, his Lady, sons, and he,
Came all to Douglas and lived pleasantlie :
King Edward thought that he had steadfast been
To him, but faith the contrary soon was seen ;
The old Scots blood remained in him still,
Which to the English never bore good will.
That time the Sanguhair was a castle strong
From which the Scots did suffer frequent wrong.
An English captain did command the same,
Was Bewford call'd, a pox upon his name ;
To Douglas Lady was a kinsman near.
From him no harm on that account did fear :
But when Sir William saw Wallace in plain,
Was likely to free Scotland once again ;

He as a true born Scots man thought he should,
Give all assistance to him that he could :
To which a chearful heart he ready found.
Being by force to Edward only bound,
To Thomas Dickson a young man and bold,
His inclinations then he quickly told :
How he design'd with all his pow'r and might
To frighten and surprize the English knight ;
I have said Dickson, a good friend indeed,
John Anderson, who fire-wood does lead
Unto the castle, stout and true like steel,
To him I'll go and all the case reveal.
Into a moment good Sir William then,
Prepared thirty stout we'll chosen men ;
He told his Lady, to Dumfries he went,
To meet some English that had to him sent,
Then march'd till night upon them fast did draw.
And in a cleugh lurk'd by the water Crow,
Dickson to Sanquhair goes and tarrys not,
And with John Anderson makes up a plot ;
That he should take John's horses and his weed,
By it was day, a draught of wood to lead ;
John was a clever and auld farrent boy ;
As you shall hear by the ensuing ploy ;
Mean time good Anderson unto him told,
Ingenuously the whole strength of the hold ;
Forty they are, all men of great avail,
Be they on foot, they'll sorely you assail ;
But if you chance the entry for to get,
A great pole ax on your right hand is set ;
Which may defend you stoutly in the throng.
Be Douglas wife he'll not stay from you long.
Then Anderson the ambush by and by,
Near to the castle led most privately ;
Dickson is with the draught of green wood gone,
Who to the castle whistling came anon :

Array'd in Anderson's old rural weed,
 To whom the porter opened with speed:
 Who said, this hour thou might have stay'd away,
 Thou art untimely, for it's scarcely day,
 Dickson his draught got in by lucky fate,
 Then cut the cords, and all fell in the gate;
 The porter twice out o'er the head he struck,
 And kill'd him dead, prodigious good luck:
 The ax he got, whereof his good friend spoke,
 And gave a sign whereat the ambush broke;
 Douglas was foremost faith he made no stand,
 But o'er the wood march'd straight with sword in hand;
 Three watch men kill'd within the closs that hour,
 And won the gate that leads to the great tow'r:
 Run up the stair, where the good captain lay,
 Who trembling stood, and fain would been away.
 Too late he was, Douglas struck up the door,
 And stick'd him dead, where he stood on the floor,
 Then took the house put South'ron all to death.
 None did escape save one with life or breath.
 The fellow fled in haste to Durisdeer,
 And told the captain all, in pannaick fear;
 Wo to the Enoch caus'd another go,
 And warn Lochmabanè, Tibbertmoor also,
 The country also brag'd no less to do
 Then siege the castle and hang Douglafs too
 Sir William then most prudently on fight,
 Dickson di'patch'd to warn Wallace wight.
 Who in the Lennox very holdly then,
 Did ly encamped with four hundred men,
 On which he marches, makes no longer stay,
 Unto the castle of Killyth that day
 Where Ravindale numbers of South'ron had,
 But was himself that time at Cambernad,
 The Earl Malcom possed was hard by,
 In ambush with two hundred men to ly,

To guard the house, the rest himself he took,
 Into the wood, and made one sharply look
 About, and spy when Ravindale he came
 For they design'd him and his men some game
 Who when betwixt the bushments two he got,
 He and his men were all kill'd on the spot
 To siege the castle would no longer stay
 But march'd and burnt Linlithgow in his way
 Where South'ron dwelt and on the morrow sent
 And burnt Dalkeith then to Newbottle went
 Lauder by this and Seatoun of renown
 Came from the Bass and burnt North Berwick town.
 And with an hundred men in armour bright-
 Do Wallace meet which was a joyful sight
 Dickson he also met with Wallace now
 Who promis'd soon the Douglas to rescue
 Brave Hugh the Hay in noble order then,
 To Peebles came with fifty valiant men
 And Rutherford that ever true had been
 With sixty men cruel in war and keen
 Courageously all marched then along
 And numbered were good men five thousand strong
 By this the South'ron Sanguhair does beiet
 Thinking they had brave Douglas in the net
 But news of Wallace came with such a thud
 As quickly put a fear into their fud
 For Wallace scarce to Crawford moor had got,
 When shame a tail remain'd upon the spot
 The siege thus rais'd in hurry and great fray,
 The bumbaz'd South'ron scamp'ed all away,
 Which news when Wallace heard, he that same night
 Three hundred horse men chose in harness light
 The earl Malcome quickly order'd he,
 To follow on, a good reere guard to be,
 Thro' Durisdeer pursues this chastain bold
 The plainest way, 'bove Mortoun then does hold

At Clough when the Southron came in sight,
 He charg'd and kill'd seven score into the fight :
 When Southron saw the case had happened so,
 To rally then they make a faint shew show ;
 With Wallace to debate in open fields
 But Earl Malcom clost was at their heels,
 At which they thought it was not time to stay,
 For each man fled and made the best o's way.
 Wallace and the good Earl dopursue,
 And in the flight demolish'd not a few.
 Five hundred good, they and their men have cast
 Dear to the ground ere they Dalswinton past.
 Their wearied horses, march no further can,
 Tho' all the men were fresh as they began,
 Wallace and Graham must then dismount perforce
 And take their foot, good fare it was no worse,
 So fierce they follow without fear or dread
 None but the horse could equal them in speed,
 Their sticks so heavy dreadful were and sore,
 Whom'er they hit did grieve the Scots no more,
 Then a new party man of note and fame,
 With good fresh horses unto Wallace came,
 Good Currie and the Johnstoun stout and gay
 Kirkpatrick, and the trusty Halliday.
 Seven score new men came up, a brave recruit
 Who noble service did in the pursuit.
 Good Currie there brave Wallace hors'd again
 Who quickly hath three English captains slain,
 Of Dundar, Enoch and Tibbers moor
 The dint of his good sword none could endure,
 The Maxwell's, cut of Carlaw'ock drew,
 And did the Southron furiously pursue,
 Beside Gekp. of round paymen there they got
 Some crouched were and some kill'd on the spot,
 Wallace turned and in Carlaw'ock bode
 And to Dunfries upon the morrow rode.

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Chap IV. Rescued Douglas from the English, 195

Proclaim'd his peace to all within those bounds,
 That would assist against the South'ron lions;
 No longer there at that time did abide,
 For South'ron fled from Scotland on each side,
 The towns and castles Scotsmen then possess'd,
 And rul'd the land, and then the land had rest.
 Brave Douglas had behav'd so nobly there,
 Was keeper made from Dunblair to Air.
 Mean time his lady counterfeits her spite,
 And like a serpent waits her time to bite,
 By this the English captains all did flee
 Excepting Morton, that held out D U N D E E ;
 Which Wallace vex'd and greatly disobligh'd,
 Wherefore he march'd, and closely him besieg'd;
 Morton does beg his life and then he'd go,
 For England straight, but Wallace answer'd no ;
 All England shall example of thee take.
 Thou shalt be hanged for King Edward's sake.
 When Wallace had confirm'd the siege then he
 The Scrimzeor made constable of D U N D E E .
 One Ballinger of England that was there
 Past out of Fay, and came to Quinby fair.
 To London wrote, and told of Wallace vow,
 And in what pickle Morton labour'd now ;
 Which tidings put King Edward to a stance,
 And call'd him home, who fighting was in France,
 Then did he charge and summon Bruce by name,
 To answer or to under-ly the blame ;
 And all the rest, who liv'd under his crown,
 Bishop and barons got a summons soon.
 I leave him here to his new helms and pikes,
 From which good GOD preserve the lakeless Scots.
 The English, that time Guyen said possist,
 And did that country very much infect.
 On which account a Herald does advance
 Express to Wallace from the King of France,

Praying he'd come and charge the South'ron lowns,
 And once more chase them from his Gallick bounds.
 This message from the King received he,
 When busy at the siege, before D U N D E E.
 The Herald there he entertain'd at large,
 Most splendidly, on his own proper charge ;
 And told him all the great feats he had done,
 But that he could not give an answer soon ;
 Until he saw what Edward did contrive,
 And plot against the Scots, ill may he thrive.
 The wits of France have with the Herald sent,
 A brave description and a fine comment,
 On Wallace actions and his person rare,
 To either which, the age could not compare.
 In stature he was full nine quarters high,
 When measured at least without a ly :
 Betwixt his shoulders was three quarters broad,
 Such length, and breadth, wou'd now a-days seem odd,
 Was no fatigue but what he could endure,
 Great, but well shad ed limbs, voice strong and sture,
 Burning brown hair his brows and eye bries light,
 Quick piercing eyes like to the diamonds bright ;
 All well proportion d, visage long and sound,
 Nose square and neat, with ruddy lips and round ?
 His breast was high his neck was thick and strong,
 A swinging hand, with arms both large and long.
 Grave in his speech, his colour sanguine fine,
 A beauteous face wherein did honour shine,
 In time of peace, mild as a lamb would be.
 When war approach'd, a Hector stout was he.
 Riches he mock'd, submitted all to fate ;
 Gave what he wan like Alexander great ;
 To Scotmen he great trust and credit gave,
 But a known foe could never him deceive ;
 Such qualities men did to him advance,
 Who were the very greatest wits in France ;

which Mr Blair mark'd all in Wallace book,
On which you e kindly welcome now to look
But at the siege as Wallace earnest lay.
Jop brought him tidings on a certain day
How Edward came with a great force along,
An army of an hundred thousand strong
Wallace commands Scrimzeor quickly then,
There to command eight thousand of his men,
And close besiege the South ron in that place
That none might thence escape in any case
Wallace himself did with two Thousand ride
To Perth, where he some few days did abide
Toward the South his March did then begin
With his brave lads all in a merry pin
King Edward does to young Lord Woodstock send
And orders him to march ten thousand men
To Stirling bridge, and there to keep the pass,
Who when he came behaved like an ass,
Without respect to orders crois'd the Forth,
And with his men march'd straight unto the North
But for his folly very soundly paid
Who had his King's command thus disobey'd

The End of the Tenth Book.



The Eleventh B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace.

C H A P. I.

The Battle of Falkirk.

YO U N G Woodstock now, all in his airs is got,
He'll Wallace fight, rescue Dundee, what not?
But was surpriz'd, when looking round about,
He Wallace saw with him eight thousand stout
Old bardy boys, which made him change his hue,
And on a sudden look both pale and blue.
But finding them in number less than he,
Resolves to fight and not a foot to flee.
On Sherriff-moor Wallace drew up his men,
Who had eight thousand 'gainst lord Woodstock's ten;
There furiously the armies do engage
Each other in a desp'rate bloody rage;
The hardy Scots together stuck so true,
In rank and file seven thousand south'ron flew;
Three thousand more who fought and would not yield,
Were quickly all cut down upon the field.
Lord Woodstock dead among them also lay,
Not one escap'd the sword that fatal day;

Silver and gold, horses and other spoil,
Scotsmen got to remunerate their toil.
Without a halt to Stirling bridge they ride,
And all pass over to the other side:
Then Carpenters and Crafts men quickly call,
Who presently undo the passage all.
To the Dridfoord Wallace he sent them syne,
Who ordered all according to his mind.
Then made the Lauder very quickly pass,
Along the coast where any vessel was;
And men with him who searched every nook,
And from each boat a board or two they took.
In Stirling then lay with his foot and horse,
Watching what way the English beat their force.
The Earl Malcom came to Wallace then,
With the brave Lennox lads true hearted men.
Sir John the Graham came also speedily,
Attended with a glorious company;
Who tidings brought King Edward was at hand,
Even at Torphichen with his South'ron band.
Stuart of Bute with a great number next
To Wallace came, for battle bravely set:
Who on the morrow with the Cumine arch,
Each with ten thousand, to Falkirk did march,
Ten thousand also of brave-valiant men,
Wallace drew quickly up in order then:
There Earl Malcom was of mighty fame,
And that renowned Knight Sir John the Graham;
Seaton, and Lauder, Boyd the stout and tight,
And Adam Wallace, a most noble fight.
Then by express came information sure,
The South'ron all were in Slamannan-moor;
Packing their tents, setting pavilions down,
By South Falkirk, little above the town.
Joy view'd their number as they went along
Which was comput'd one hundred thousand strong;

Nevertheless, the Scots to courage take
 At sight of Wallace, and all fear forsake.
 The Cumnie here, fy on him for a Scot,
 'Gainst Wallace does contrive a hellish plot :
 Told the lord Stuart Wallace had no right
 To lead the van, before him in the fight :
 Which bred great heat betwixt the gallant two,
 So subtilly Cumine the coal did blow
 The Stuart then does toward Wallace make,
 Pray Sir, what course is proper now to take ;
 For Edward comes with a prodigious power ;
 To fight said Wallace, there's no other cure :
 With far more troops I've seen yon King appear,
 And soundly beat with fewer men than here ;
 Let's to it then, for we have men anew,
 Likely and good, providing they be true.
 Then Stuart said, the van-guard he would have ;
 Wallace reply'd as God my soul shall save
 That shall ye not, I'll grant you no such thing,
 Nor no man else, except my righteous King :
 Twice have I rescu'd this my native land,
 And shall I now resign my old command :
 I let you know, its neither brag nor boast,
 Will bully me out of my righteous post :
 So much a fool I am no Sir, by half.
 At such a time to quit my marshals staff,
 To which the Stuart answer'd again,
 The Owl did of his feathers once complain,
 At which dame nature took a feather fair
 From every bird, and him delivered there :
 Which gift the Owl no sooner did receive,
 Than he thro' pride rebuted all the leave ?
 Why then so high Sir ? does it not appear,
 That you condemn all but yourself are here ;
 Then of your men be not so vain, but mind,
 Had each his own, you should have few behind.

Wallace enrap'd, flew in a flam of fire,
 And too rashly call'd the Stuart liar,
 No Owl I am for I have often been,
 At the noon day where thou durst not be seen;
 Fighting thy foes, for glory not for pelf,
 This parable thou speak'st against thy self.
 It is the Cumine has thee thus advis'd,
 I know his speech, tho' masked and disguis'd,
 From danger great I did relieve that slave,
 And this is all the thanks I now receive;
 No succour then expect from me this day,
 Then wheel'd and with ten thousand rode away.
 Great comfort this did to the English yield,
 And almost forc'd the Scots to leave the field,
 At which the Stuart grieving much he swore,
 Cumine should rue his base advice full sore,
 For that he now did very plainly see,
 His plot was only self and treachery.
 The Earl Hartford 'gainst the Stuart then,
 Advanc'd with thirty thousand Englishmen,
 Whom the brave Stuart charg'd so fierce and hot,
 That Hartford's men in heaps lay on the spot;
 When spears were broke boldly their swords they drew
 And twenty thousand of the South'ron flew;
 The rest they fled unto their King with grief,
 Who sent ten thousand for a fresh relief
 Which when the noble champion Wallace saw,
 And the brave Scots up in battalie draw,
 Held up his hands, and fervently did say,
 O G O D assist yon Lord I humbly pray;
 And tho' he be with fresh force overset,
 Grant he the victory o'er his foes may get.
 By this the Bruce and Bishop Beik, do then,
 Fiercely advance with forty thousand men,
 When Wallace did the Bruce's banner know,
 Good GOD, said he, how does this world go;

To see a man so forward and so rude.
 As fight against his native flesh and blood ;
 Were I but free of my rash oath and vow,
 I'd either dy or Stuart brave rescue ;
 Kindness said, pray rescue him from the foe,
 But will said nay, why fool wilt thou do so ;
 Kindness reply'd they are good Scottish men,
 On that faith will I cannot much depend ;
 Had they been good, 't was one we all had been,
 The contrair whereof now is plainly seen.
 Tho' one be false said Kindness that ne'er shall,
 Make us neglect the rest and lose them all ;
 Who have behaved so well and South'ron slain,
 Rescue them now, and thereby honour gain,
 Then on the rogue, occasion'd all the strife,
 Avenge thyself if he be found in life :
 Will said this day they shall not helped be,
 What I have said shall still be said for me.
 With that the tears unto their great surprize,
 Burst out and trickled down from both his eyes.
 Sir John the Graham and many others more,
 For the brave Stuart weeped wondrous fore.
 To see him with such numbers overcower'd,
 While cowardly the Cumine fled and scour'd.
 The men of Bute before their lord they stood
 Defending him in streams of their own blood ;
 Till at the last so faint and weary grown,
 They by the Bruce are all quite overthrown ;
 And brave lord Stuart scorn'd for to yield.
 With his good men lay dead upon the field.
 Then Wallace turn'd about to his men true,
 My lord's said he, what's proper now to do ;
 If we turn east for strength in Lothian land,
 They'll us pursue with all their numerous band :
 Take we the muir King Edward is before,
 We have but one thing left without words more,

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To the Tor-Wood in order all compleat,
 Thro' Bruce's host, we'll fight a brave retreat ;
 To which they all did cheerfully consent,
 And as one man were all alike content
 Good Wallace then mounting his horse on sight,
 March'd at their head in shining armour bright ;
 With harness'd horse when to the host he drew
 The cry arose and spears in pieces flew
 so fiercely fought the Scots that by and by,
 Eight thousand South'ron on the field did ly,
 E'er Bruce and Beik, their men got in array,
 Wallace pass'd thro' and cleanly cut his way.
 Then gave command to march his host on sight,
 To the Tor-Wood with all the speed they might.
 He and Sir John the Graham and Lauder too,
 Stay'd with three hundred stout west country men,
 Expert in war would hazard any thing,
 Who do attack some of the en'mies wing,
 No spears they had, but swords of temper'd steel.
 As to their smart the English men, did feel ;
 For e'er the Bruce thereof could knowledge have,
 Wallace had sent three hundred to their grave.
 With thirty thousand men Bruce did pursue
 His native Scots, the South'ron to rescue ;
 And order'd Beik for a relief to be,
 Which when good Wallace did observe and see,
 Alas ! he said, how Bruce with all his might
 Does ruin, and destroy his own true right.
 Wallace commands his men to their own host.
 And stay'd behind for all the Bruce's boast ;
 Yea on their front so fiercely in he broke,
 A South'ron there he slew at every stroke ;
 But when retire woe is me therefore,
 Under the haug, the Bruce did wound him sore :
 At which the Graham and Lauder so engag'd,
 Did cut down all with whom they once engag'd

For they alone bravely maintain'd their ground,
While Wallace was a dressing of his wound :
Who with three hundred very quickly came,
To rescue Lauder and the noble Graham :
Then with fresh force does Bishop Beik appear,
Who makes the Scots seven acre broad retire.
Yet were the two delivered there full well,
By Wallace hand and a good sword of steel :
At this successful, brisk and bold rescue,
The awful Bruce three gallant Scotsmen slew,
Then with great fury with a spear or lance,
At Wallace struck but miss'd him by good chance,
To whom a backward stroke good Wallace gave,
Which his horse neck and spear asunder gave :
Bruce was at ground e'er Wallace look'd about,
But was re-hors'd by valiant men and stout.
And Wallace all alone left in the flour,
Which Graham perceiving spite of all their pow'r,
Bravely a vanc'd, and struck an English knight,
Before the Bruce, upon the banner right,
So furiously that, with a single blow,
He cut him down, and then away did go.
But Oh ! my heart does grieve and bleed to tell.
What after this the noble Graham befel ;
A subtle English knight there suddenly,
An open 'twixt his harness did espy :
Thro' which alas ! who can forbear to tear ?
He in his bowels thrust his bloody spear ;
And yet the Graham for all his mortal wound,
Turn'd, kill'd the knight and rush'd him to the ground.
Then christianly, in temper calm, and sweet,
To the Almighty did resign his Sp'rit.
When Wallace saw the gallant Graham was gone,
How did it rack him to the very bone :
Like one demented, and from reason rent,
Amidst the South'ron host with fury went :

Enraged at the loss of Graham that day,
 He cut down all that came into his way.
 When Bruce perceived Wallace in such rage,
 He order'd spearmen with him to engage;
 To kill his horse that he might not escape,
 They thought him all a devil in mans shape.
 Then did the South'ron spears on every side,
 Pierce his good horse with cruel wounds and wide.
 In this sad pickle Wallace by and by,
 Thought it convenient for him now to fly;
 Spurr'd up his horse, lamenting still for Graham,
 Then to his folks at Carron water came;
 The sea was in they stopped there and stood
 Aloud he cry'd, and bade him take the flood:
 Accordingly the host they all obey,
 He follows on in all the haste he may:
 Who clad was with a heavy coat of mail,
 Which made him fear his wounded horse would fail:
 Yet thro' the flood he bore him to the land,
 Then fell down dead (poor beast) upon the sand.
 But Kierly soon re-mounted Wallace wight,
 Upon a horse, both able, sound and tight;
 Rode to his host; but oh! Graham was away,
 And fifteen more brave Scots on Mag'thane day:
 Yet thirty thousand of the south'ron crew,
 Most certainly that day the Scotsmen flew,
 What by the Stuart stout and Wallace wight.
 To Edward sure a most confounding sight.
 To the Tor-wood Wallace commands his host,
 Kierly and he march along Carron coast.
 A party on the other side they spy,
 Bruce marching first who does on Wallace cry;
 What art thou there? a man Wallace did say,
 Yes, said the Bruce, that hast thou prov'd this day;
 Abide he said thou need'st not now to flee,
 Wallace reply'd, it's not for fear of thee.

To talk with thee, the Bruce said I desire,
 Say on, said he, thou may'st for little hire
 Ride from thine host let them abide with Beik,
 I fain would hear what thou inclinest to speak.
 What is the cause, said Bruce, thou wilt not cease
 From bloody wars, who mayest live in peace.
 It's thy own fault, said Wallace, be it known,
 Who shamefully dost fight against thy own ;
 I claim no right to rule, but to defend
 My native land from Edward and his men,
 This day thou'st lost two noble knights and bold,
 Worth more than millions of the finest gold ;
 The Stuart stout, the gallant Graham and wise,
 With that the tears came trinkling from his eyes ;
 Thou that should be our true and righteous King,
 Destroys thy own a cruel horrid thing ;
 But gainst the South'ron I must tell you Sir,
 Come life come death, I'll fight with all my birr.
 But wilt thou do as I shall counsel give,
 Said Bruce, and as a lord thou mayest live,
 At thine own will, and enjoy every thing
 In peace, if thou wilt hold of Edward King.
 No, no, said Wallace, with disdain and scorn,
 I'd rather choose be hang'd upon the morn ;
 The great G O D, knows, the wars I took in hand,
 Was to keep free what thou does now gainstand ;
 In cursed time thou was for Scotland born,
 O Runnagado, faithless and mansworn ;
 I vow to G O D may I thy master be,
 In any field thou shalt far rather die,
 Than Turk or Pagan : this I shall keep good,
 Thou grand devourer of thy native blood.
 Bruce smil'd, and said, with pow'r you'r overset,
 You'll ne'er the upper hand of Edward get.
 Wallace reply'd this day we're stronger far,
 And I am sure, much more expert in war,

Than when at Biggar, where he run for fear,
And left his host, so doubtless shall be here :
Shall I leave Scotland now in such a plight,
No, faith not I, till I redress its right.
Well said the Bruce, it now draws towards night,
Will you meet me the morrow when its light
At Dunipace, and I do promise fair,
By nine a clock to hear thy council there.
No, Wallace said, tho' Edward had it sworn,
I'll have a bout of him e'er nine the morn ;
But if you'll meet me at the hour of three,
By all that's good I doubtless shall you see.
Bruce promis'd with twelve Scotsmen to be there,
Wallace with ten, which both kept to a hair.
Thus did they part, and Bruce rode on his way,
Near to Linlithgow where King Edward lay,
Into the King's pavilion then does get,
Where with the lords he was at supper set ;
Bruce sitting down in his own vacant seat,
Call'd for no water, but went straight to meat :
Tho' all his weapons and his other weed,
Were stain'd with blood yet he began to feed.
The South'ren lords did mock him in terms rude,
And said behold yon Scot eats his own blood.
The King he blush'd at this so home a jest,
And caus'd bring water to the Bruce in haste.
They bade him wash, he told them he would not,
The blood is mine, which vexes most my thought.
Then did he sadly to his mind recal,
And did believe what Wallace told him all ;
With useful thoughts, the Bruce most sadly tost
I leave ; and follow Wallace to his host :
At the Tor wood where speedily he goes,
Sleep'd a little and thereafter rose.
His host consisting of ten thousand men,
Drew quickly up in noble order then,

The Earl Malcom, Ramsay, Lundie wight,
 Command five thousand gallant men and tight,
 Wallace himself Lauder, and Seatoun have
 Led on five thousand valiant men and brave ;
 With them good Wallace was of Richartoun,
 Who never spar'd but hew'd the South'ron down :
 All well array'd in armour bright and clean,
 March'd to the field, where the great fight had been ;
 There narrowly they searched all the same
 And found the corps of good Sir John the Graham ;
 Whom when good Wallace saw he lighted down,
 And did embrace that knight of high renown ;
 With sorrow great beholding his pale face,
 He kiss'd his mouth, and often cry'd alas !
 My dearest brother that I ever had,
 My only friend, when I was hard-beslead ;
 My hope, my health O man of honour great,
 My faithful aid and strength in every strait ;
 Thy matchless wisdom cannot here be told,
 Thy noble man-hood, truth and courage bold ;
 Wisely thou knew to rule and to govern,
 Yea virtue was thy chief and great concern ;
 A bounteous hand, a heart as true as steel,
 A steady mind, most courteous and gentle :
 When I this kingdom did at first rescue,
 Great honour then I'm sure to thee was due :
 Wherefore I vow to the great G O D and swear,
 Thy death shall be to South'ron bought full dear :
 Martyr thou art for Scotland's right this day,
 Which I'll avenge with all the might I may.
 With that he sigh'd and hugg'd him o'er again,
 Was no man there from weeping could refrain,
 Then in Falkirk prepares his sepulchre.
 And does his noble corps in pomp inter ;
 On his tomb-stone, the Following Epitaph
 They wrote, which put the South'ron in a chaff,

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Mente manumque potens, et VALLÆ fidus Achates,
 Conditar hic Gramius bello interfectus ab Anglis

Of mind and courage stout,

WALLACE's true Achates

Here lies Sir JOHN the GRAHAM,

Fell'd by the English Baties.

Unto the Bruce, Wallace he forth with rade,
 To the appointment was betwixt them made ;
 At sight of whom his face flusht in a flame,
 When he thought on the loss of gallant Graham.
 Does thou nor rue said he in angry mood,
 Thy fighting gainst thy native flesh and blood ;
 Oh said the Bruce rebuke me now no more,
 My foolish deeds do check and bite me sore.
 Wallace surprized, was put to a stance,
 Fell on his knees and chang'd his countenance.
 At which the Bruce embrac'd him in his arms,
 And thus the two came in good speaking terms.
 Pray Sir, said wallace leave that South'ron King,
 The Bruce said that were an ignoble thing :
 I am so bound, faithful to be and leil,
 For England I'll not falsifie my seal :
 But here I promise unto G O D and thee,
 Hereafter Scots shall ne'er be harm'd by me ;
 And if you v & tors be, as grant you may,
 I will not fight to save my life this day ;
 But with King Edward I'll return again,
 Unless that I be taken or be slain :
 And when my term with him is fairly out,
 May I escape I'll come to thee no doubt.
 Thus Bruce took leave and did to Edward post,
 And Wallace soon returned to his host.
 Crawford he made the Earl Malcom's guide,
 To Inneravin the low way to ride.
 That south'ron watches might not them espy,
 The other host himself led nastily ;

D d,

By the South Manwel, where they were not seen
 Of the outwatches, there had planted been.
 The Earl Malcom enters Luthgow now,
 Where a hot dispute quickly did ensue.
 Wallace and his made little noise or cry,
 But on King Edward's host fell suddenly;
 And did their weapons gallantly employ,
 To his great terror but the Scots-mens joy;
 Tents and pavilions were cast to the ground
 Numbers of the Southron were cut down,
 Edward he calls on Bruce, to round him then.
 With twenty thousand of well harnish'd men;
 But the surprise put them in such aghast,
 That they were flying from all quarters fast.
 Wallace his way thro' them did cut so clean,
 As if he had more than a mortal been.
 Edward himself most bravely did behave,
 Which to his men both life and vigour gave;
 Yet nothing could the Scottish courage tame,
 When they thought on the loss of gallant Graham.
 They fought like furies in that dreadful throng,
 And amongst the Southron rais'd a doleful song,
 The English commons fled on every side,
 But the best sort did with the King abide:
 'Mongst whom was Bruce, who did behold the dance,
 And looked on with feigned countenance.
 Lord Hartford then did make him for the flight,
 Unobscuring King a more terrible sight;
 Who all this time to flee a foot disdain'd,
 Until the Scots most seiz'd his bridle reins.
 His banner murther'd by him, Wallace slew.
 Next to the ground the banner quickly flew.
 At which the Scots were not a little glad,
 And then the King and all his army fled
 Ten thousand dead were in the town and field,
 Before King Edward, once his ground would yield:

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Yet twenty thousand fled of South'ron men,
 Tho' at the first brave Wallace had but ten
 The Scots in haste the victory pursue
 All brave bold men stout like the steel and true.
 But Wallace bravely caus'd them close abide,
 In a full body and good order ride;
 Left South'ron might at some convenient place,
 If they dispers'd, rally and turn the chase.
 In good array thus stood they at his will,
 And all they overtook did quickly kill,
 They came so close upon the south'ron rear,
 None from the army durst come off for fear
 Ten thousand stragglers join'd the South'ron host,
 Thus thirty thousand fled to England post
 Tho' the Scots horse were almost spent yet they
 Caus'd Edward change his horses oft that day,
 In Crawford muir many a man was slain
 Then Edward calls the Bruce to him again
 To charge the Scots with all his power and might,
 For which he should be put in his own right
 Then said the Bruce, Sir, loose me of my band,
 And I shall turn, I give you here my hand
 When from the Bruce this answer he did get.
 He knew his heart on Scotland then was set,
 From that time forth Edward most subtilly
 Over the Bruce did cast a watchful eye
 Bruce turned not nor further language made
 But with king Edward unto Solway rade
 Who when he came upon the English coast,
 Found that he fifty thousand men had lost
 Wallace returns to Edinburgh without more
 Makes Crawford captain as he was before
 The like he did unto his judges all,
 Each in his former office did install
 Thus he to Scotland peace and great content
 Procur'd; and then straight to Johnstown went

Where all the Scottish Lords assembl'd were,
 To whom he all his progress did declare.
 By this time Scrimzeor had reduc'd DUNDEE,
 Then on a gallows Morroun hang'd was high,
 Next was the castle all in rubbish laid,
 And Scots no more of South'ron were afraid,
 The noble Lords Wallace did then address,
 And with good air himself did thus express
 My Lords, said he, since over all your force.
 You made me general both of foot and horse,
 I hope your Lordships plainly all do see,
 Once more I've set this ancient kingdom free ;
 And yet for all my service, secretly,
 Some do reproach me what a pox care I
 With what's ignoble I dare boldly say,
 There's none can charge me standing here this day ;
 To stay at home no longer I incline,
 My office therefore freely I resign,
 No gift I ask as my reward or fee,
 I've honour purchas'd that's enough for me
 I'll back to France, where I had laud and praise
 And spend the rest of my remaining days
 The Lords did all oppose it but in fine
 Was no man there could make him change his mind
 Most heartily he bade them all farewell,
 Then march'd with eighteen men as stout as steel
 The baron's sons of Brechin with him went.
 And Longoveil on honour always bent
 Simon, and Richard, Wallace nephews brave
 Went both along for honour or a grave
 Sir Thomas Gray the priest with him did fare
 Good Edward Little, Jop and Mr Blair,
 And Kierly who, had long with Wallace been,
 Thro' all the wars and bloody bouts had seen,
 With those brave men he shipped at DUNDEE,
 Then hoisted sail and fairly set to sea

C H A P. II.

How WALLACE met with John of Lyn at sea

A LONG the English coast they steered South,
Till opposite they came to Humber mouth.
Then in the sea a ship did soon discry,
And on the top three leopards standing high.
Which when the merchants narrowly did view,
Discourag'd were, and did their voyage rue.
Knowing full well that it was John of Lyn's
Scots blood to shed who never thought it sin
Good Wallace smil'd and said be not dismay'd,
Of one poor single ship why thus afraid,
Those wood cats fled us and were frighted fore
When twice so many oftentimes before
On a fair field so shall they be at sea
If suoth'ron they, and we true Scotsmen be.
That he's a pyrate said the steers men know,
And saves no Scotsman be he high or low,
A flood he bears on his armorial coat,
First kills, then drowns, what miserief does he not
Wallace reply'd since that the case is so,
I'll sail the ship you cowards get below.
Then his brave hardy valiant men and he,
Array'd themselves in harness cap a pee,
Himself and Blair and the knight Longoveil.
Command the midship and defend it well
Before were eight, six he be-est did send,
And two he caus'd unto the top ascend,
Gray steers man was, which when the merchants saw
They courage took altho' but soldiers raw.

Some skins with wool they hastily did stuff,
This was their harness. 'stead of steel and buff.
At which good Wallace very gently smiles,
But does commend their artificial wiles,
Then John of Lyn with seven score in his barge,
Comes up and calls to strike a hasty charge.
At which three arrows Blair with a good will,
Shot, and a pyrate at each shot did kill,
The bloody rōguer and cruel hellish hounds,
Before they clasp'd mischief, d the scots with guns
But when they clasped, this I wot right well,
The Scottish spears did pierce their finest steel,
The pyrat's shot drove thick as a hail shower,
Most furiously the space near of an hour,
When shot was gone the scots do courage take,
And with stout handy blows great havoc make
The merchants in their woollen harness then,
Behav'd themselves also like gallant men,
Wallace and his with sharp swords furiously
Cut down the rogues, and made them quickly die
Then John of Lyn was very much agast,
To see his men about him fall so fast.
With eager will he would have been away
Bade teck the ship in all the haste they may.
But all in vain for now he plainly sees
His sails by Crawford set into a bleeze
Burn'd down in ashes without all remead.
And sixty of his best men lying dead
Boarding the pyrate, Wallace in the sea,
Did throw a rogue, then killed other three,
Brave Longovel the knight, and Mr Blair,
No quarters gave to any they found there
Off John of Lyn Wallace the wight and brave
The head and helmet from his body drave,
And then his men did cut down all the rest,
That did so long the seas before infest

Then to the sluys straightway did Wallace sail,
With a successful, and a prosp'rous gale :
Took all the gold and silver that he fand,
The merchants got the ship then he to land
Thro' Flanders rode, soon passed o'er the same.
Then enter'd France, and unto Paris came :
Which tidings came unto the King in haste,
To whom good Wallace was a welcome guest.
Unto the parliament the King did then,
For a good lordship Wallace recommend :
Who, 'cause that Guyen was out of their hand,
They thought it best to gift him all that land :
For well they knew he bravely fought before,
And did the South'ron mortally abhor.
This decreet soon they shew'd unto the King,
Who highly was displeased at the thing.
But Wallace said no land pleas'd him so well,
And that the South'ron they should quickly feel,
Immediately the King he made him knight,
And gave him gold for to maintain his right.
And order'd all the army of that land,
For to obey what Wallace did command,
I thank you Sir, said he for this reward,
Yon South'ron, faith shall be no longer spar'd :
And now my time I will no longer waste,
But to the wars I will prepare in haste.
The Scotsmen all that were into that land,
About him flock'd and came with heart and hand
With Longoveil a num'rous force arose,
And to the wars all with good Wallace goes,
Ten thousand men in number then were they,
Who did the Scottish banner soon display.
To Guyen marched all those good men and true
Cast castles down and many South'ron slew.
They carri'd all before them in a word,
None could, or durst resist their fire and sword.

Shemon which Wallace took before, they win,
 And kill the southron all were found therein.
 Into that town Wallace made his abode.
 And did subdue all that whole country broad.
 The Duke of Orleans with twelve thousand bright,
 Came to assist him and defend his right.
 Thus in this town I leave him fairly fix'd,
 And must speak something now of Scotland next.

C H A P III.

How Edward King of England came into Scotland and
 made whole Conquest thereof,

VALLANCE the knight, to Scotland did repair,
 The false Montieth Sir John did meet there.
 Sir John the Lennox greatly did desire,
 To whom Sir Aymer promis'd it in hire;
 To hold in fee, and other lands moe
 Of Edward; if to London he would go.
 Thus they accorded and to London went,
 Which pleas'd King Edward to his heart content.
 Montieth on sight was bound to that fierce King,
 In Scotland to assist him in each thing.
 Then both return'd no longer there did wait,
 Pox on their nasty scouts for villains great;
 For the Montieth told Edward every thing,
 And that the Scots designed Bruce for King.
 Within the space I think of forty days,
 King Edward did a swinging army raise;
 To Scotland march'd and no resistance fand,
 Were none that time that could his force withstand.

All the Scots forts and castles in a word
 He got without a single stroke of sword
 So fierce, so cruel was this king and bold
 The noble Lords that would not of him hold
 To English prisons he did quickly send
 Where good Sir William Douglas made his end
 The earl Thomas lord of Murray then
 And the lord Fraser two brave noblemen
 With Hugh the Hay and many nobles more
 With villain Vallange did for England go
 Seatoun and Lauder in the Bass did dwell
 And Lundie, that could act his part full well
 The earl Malcom, and the Campbel brave,
 Bute as their place of refuge taken have
 Ramsay and Ruthven both fled to the North,
 Unto their cousin the lord of Fillorch
 He past with them thro' Murray land outright
 And there they found a gen'rous worthy knight
 Clement to name, who ever still had been
 Against the South'ron valiant, stout and keen
 He led those Lords to Ross with greatest care
 And at Stockfoord a strength he builded there
 Good Adam Wallace, Craigy, Boyd, those three
 Fled all to Arran, one night by the sea
 Into Dunbar, Corspatrick dwelt at will
 But pay'd his sewty to King Edward still
 Lord Abernethy, Soulis and Cumine als
 And John of Lorn, that long time had been false
 The Lord of Brechin many other more,
 To Edward's peace, for gifts did frankly go
 Then to the Lords and others send express,
 From Bute to Wallace with a long address:
 Our hope, our health, our governor most great
 Our chieftain true and help in every strait;
 Our lord and love, thy absence does us grieve
 For God's sake come, and once more us relieve,

And take the crown for we protest and swear,
 I'll no consent that Edward shall it wear
 This writ he got which vex'd him in his mind
 Tho' then an answer he did not incline,
 But the King Edward in Lord York his hand.
 From Tay to Dee had lodg'd the sole command.
 For's father's sake not good fire's, this war giv'n
 Who both were kill'd by Wallace at Kinclaven,
 Lord Beaumont to command the North was sent
 And then from Perth Edward to Stirling went
 The Lord of Clifford who had Douglasdale
 Was side made of the South marches hail,
 All Galloway the Cumine got in hand,
 For such a rogue too good and large a land,
 The bishop of St Andrews, Lambertoun,
 At his time kept the Douglas of renown.
 To whom the Bishop great affection bore,
 But durst not show't when south'ron were before,
 Yet made he Douglas on a day to go,
 With him to Stirling 'cause he lov'd him so,
 Where from King Edward tho' it prov'd in vain)
 He begg'd the Douglas land to him again
 Who when he knew him Douglas to be,
 Swore by St. George no land he's get from me,
 His father fought against my crown alway,
 For which he is my prison lies this day.
 No other answer there the bishop got.
 Because the Douglas was so true a Scot.
 He gave the Merle to Soules that limmer lown,
 And made him captain too of Berwick town,
 When Stirling castle Oliphant resign'd,
 He thought that writ would surely Edward bind
 But O! such horrid treatment and absurd,
 He violateth his oath and broke his word
 Sending the Bishop to a prison strong,
 In niterly where he continu'd long,

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When Edward had divided Scotland broad,
 Away in triumph the usurper rode.
 With him was Cumine that sweet dainty dear,
 Who whisper'd softly in the Bruce's ear;
 If you'll keep council, I'd unto you show,
 What you before perhaps did never know.
 Say on said Bruce what you reveal to me,
 I promise for my part conceal'd shall be;
 Then said Lord Cumine, Sir, this is the thing,
 O'er this realm you should be righteous King.
 It's true said Bruce, but tho' I might be,
 This is not now a proper time for me;
 At present I'm in Edward's hands and loath,
 To break with him, and violate my oath;
 Yet tho' he promis'd back this land to me,
 Pray do not you and all the nation see,
 How he divides and deals my heritages,
 To South'ron some, and some for traitors wages!
 My Lordships, Cumine said, I'll lay you down,
 If you'll resign your title to the crown:
 Or I shall help you with my power and might,
 But Bruce reply'd, I will not sell my right;
 Yet tell me what's the Lordship thou does crave
 Which for thy help, I promise thou shalt have.
 Pray leave you King, said Cumine, craftily,
 For Edward hath all Galloway given to me;
 And Sculis my Nephew, Berwick does command,
 We both shall follow you with heart and hand;
 My other Nephew a great man of might,
 The Lord of Lorn will help you to your right;
 My Nephew third Biron of Brechin bold,
 Shall ride with us, thus I my tale have told.
 Then said the Bruce, it were a lucky chance,
 Could we get Wallace back again from France;
 This kingdom he redeem might yet once more,
 We're too long strangers, which I rue full sore.

This with the Cumine did not well go down,
 For he himself an eye had to the crown:
 Yet that same night they did compleat the band,
 And seal'd the same most fairly with their hand.
 This paper Bruce left with the Cumine there,
 Then with King Edward did to England fare;
 And did remain until it was made known,
 Three years and more before he claim'd his own.
 Some thinks that Cumine did disclose the thing,
 Because his wife was Cousin to the King.
 But had the Bruce gone to St. Johastoun town,
 By whole assent he had receiv'd the crown:
 And then he might have execute the law
 'Gainst Cumine, and keep'd all such rogues in aw.
 The End of the Eleventh Book.



The Twelfth B O O K

O F

Sir William Wallace.

C H A P. I.

How WALLACE conquer'd the land of Guyen a
 was made Lord thereof.

IN Guyen Wallace carried on the war,
 And had the better of the English far:
 In five set battles did them so defeat,
 To Burdeous they all made their retreat.

Wallace pursues, and did invest the town
Full twenty days broke forts and bulwarks down
But victual falling short it did oblige,
Him and his arms to give o'er the siege,
Then to the King in pomp he went at last,
And gave account of all the action past
Who did rejoice that Guyen land was won.
And thanked Wallace for his service done,
By this time came from Scotland an express,
With a most humble but a n at address,
Unto the King beseeching him to send
Good Wallace home his country to defend
From rage, and fury of the South'ron foe
Which did the kingdom then all overflow
And that he would advise him soon withal,
To take the crown and ease them of their thrall,
Which they did suffer from a King unjust,
Or else in short the nation perith must,
This was the very substance of the thing
Which the address contain'd unto the King
But yet the king concealed all was writ,
Lov'd not to part so soon with Wallace yet
Who liv'd as great at St. Leon as a Prince.
And none more happy liv'd there ever since

ABOUT this time a certain proud French knight
Did boldly claim an heritable right
Unto some office and to sundry lands
Of Guyen which was then in Wallace hands
Whither the answer which the Monsieur got
Pleas'd or displeas'd his worship I know not
He an appointment does with Wallace make
Pre tending service under him to take,
But that was not what the great rogue design'd
For something else was in his bloody mind,

With fifteen each, at the appointed place,
 Meet, and salute with a becoming grace
 But the false knight his treachery soon display'd
 Had forty armed men in ambush laid
 Who all, so soon as he with Wallace met
 Had orders to enclose him in their net
 In angry mood then spoke the Gallick knight,
 Thou does possess my lands by no good right,
 In modest terms replied Wallace brave
 I have no lands but what the king me gave,
 And which I wan in peril of my life
 From South'ron foes in a most bloody strife;
 Then said the knight thou shalt them here resign
 Or lose thy life by all that is divine,
 Then draws his sword, whereby he soon alarms
 The ambush which appears in glittering arms
 By which surprising unexpected fight,
 Wallace perceiv'd the treachery of the knight,
 Are these the thanks said he I from your hand
 Get; for restoring of your native land,
 Altho' I armour want as do my men
 Tho' but sixteen 'gainst fifty six what then?
 Here is a sword made of the truest steel,
 Which thy deserving neck shall shortly feel,
 Then with one single stroke cut down the knave,
 And bade him purchase for himself a grave,
 At which the fifty five fierce Gallicks then,
 Environ'd Wallace and his fifteen men,
 Who like brave Scots, with noble hearts and true,
 Fought, and a great deal of the Frenchmen slew,
 'Mong whom was the Knight's brother stout and strong
 Who fought it like a fury very long.
 And dealt his blows about him very fast
 But was cut all in pieces down at last
 Close by, nine Frenchmen were a mowing hay
 Who do advance with all the speed they may

Each, a sharp scythe into his rustick hand,
As if forsooth none might their force withstand,
Nor was there any that could do it then,
Save only Wallace that brave prince of men.
Who as soon as he could the rogues discern,
Did leave his men and then immediately
Most boldly, did tow'ard's the clowns advance
Mock'd such machines and all the scythes in France,
The first he met, ill may the carl thrive,
At Wallace with his weapon made a drive
Had it a hit him as it miss'd, I vow
No doubt it would have cut his body through
But Wallace being hearty brisk and blyth,
Most cleverly he overleap'd the scythe,
Then with his sword gave such a backward blow,
As kill'd the fellow a brave rary-show
As in that country e'er before was seen,
To see his head hap, haping on the green,
The next clowns scythe he also jumped o'er,
And clove his shoulder a half yard and more,
Unto the third most nimbly play'd the same
Then at the fellow such a stroke did frame,
As gave him a prodigious mortal wound
Till he gasp'd out his last upon the ground
The fourth he clove him cleanly thro' the coast
Let him take that for a lhis brag and boast
The three first scythes Wallace did overleap
And by good providence did thus escape
Four men he killed one still at ev'ry stroke
Upon my word it was a pretty joke
He that was last, was the first man that fled,
Else he had got the cold ground for his bed,
Good Wallace then the fifth does close pursue,
Overtakes him quickly, and the fellow slew,
Then marched back to his own men again,
Who forty nine had of the Frenchmen slain

Seven did escape, and fled with all their might,
A marvellous, but true and bloody fight
Four of the mowers did no more incline
To slay, but scour'd, and left their scythes behind.
Or else of them there had been news belyve,
Such as pethaps befel the other five,
Thus was the knight and's men, caught in the net,
Which basely they had for brave Wallace set,
For most of all were kill'd the rest they fled
At which the king he was exceeding glad,
For Wallace sent, and pray'd him earnestly,
That he might one of his own household be,
Where he might live in peace, and rest secure,
Under the covert of his royal bow'r,
For well he knew that some envious were.
At favours, which the King bellow'd him there
No wonder, for he rescu'd in few days,
All Guven land to his immortal praise
In spite of all the South'ron force and pow'r
Syn made them scamper off themselves and scour
And when he fairly did, it thus reduce,
Did chase the South'ron all to Burdeous :
Then two full years remain'd at the French court
And was diverted with all princely sport
King, Lords and ladies, much of him did make
Both for his own and Scotland's sake
'Cause 'twixt the kingdoms there had been so long
A kind alliance and a very strong.

C H A P. II.

How WALLACE killed the two French Champions.

WITH the French King did dwell two champions
great,

Who mortally did the Scots Hero hate ;
Express'd themselves in most satyric joke,
And with disdain 'gainst Scotland always spoke ;
Which fired our brave champion very soon,
With him such language would not well go down.
This verifies the proverb we may see,
Two of a trade in one place ne'er agree :
Save in the case of these French champions, who
Linked in others arms did always go.
At length it so fell out, and chanc'd that they,
Were all three left upon a certain day
Themselves alone, discoursing in a hall,
Where they no weapons us'd to wear at all ;
There did the champions talk of Scotland long
With great contempt, which Wallace said was wrong :
Since both our nations live in friendship great
And firm alliance, what means all this hate ;
Did we not help you lately in your needs ?
We do deserve good words, for our good deeds :
What would you say of the proud South'ron foe,
When of your friends you talk at random so ?
With slighting words in their own language they
Disdainfully replied, and did say :
The South'r n are our foes we grant and own,
But scots for falsehood ev'ry where are known ;
At which good Wallace was enraged so,
One of the champions got a fearful blow.

F f

Which foundered the proud coxeomb where he stood,
 Made mouth and nose gush out in streams of blood ;
 The other struck at Wallace in great haste
 Not doubting but his friend was now deceas'd ;
 Whom Wallace gripp'd so fast and wondrous fore
 His spirit parted and he ne'er spake more ;
 The first arose and smote at Wallace fast,
 But their death strokes he gave them both at last ;
 Upon a pillar he dash'd out their brains,
 And said let them take that up for their pains ;
 What devil ail'd the carles they're to blame,
 It would been long e'er I had troubled them ;
 Unto themselves they only owe their paiks,
 If they have won, let them take up their staiks ;
 And let all others learn when they are young,
 So fit to bridle the unruly tongue.
 Many great Lords of the first rank in France,
 Were much displeas'd at this unlucky chance ;
 But the good King who knew the story all,
 Did waive the thing, and kindly let it fall,
 And did exoner Wallace the same day,
 So after that no man had ought to say ;
 Nor once durst give him but a faucy look,
 Or yet play bo, unto his blanket nook.

C H A P III.

H w WALLACE killed the Lyon.

THE King of France by no means does neglect
 To put on Wallace marks of great respect ;
 For many battles had he fought and won,
 And for the King, great feats and service done.

Had Guyen land from South'ron foes redeem'd.
And was a mighty conqueror esteem'd :
Which gall'd the coustiers almost put them mad,
That he was in such estimation had;
And 'cause he had the two French champions kill'd,
Were with envy great spite and malice fill'd
For plainly they discover'd now and saw,
It was the king protect' him from the law
For which two squires hellishly do plot
How to destroy the brave heroick scot,
Who near relations were as you must know,
Unto the late deceased champions two
And in this manner do they undertake
The Wallace brave a sacrifice to make,
The king a cruel lyon had, which scarce
Could be govern'd was so exceeding fierce
Which the two squires, knowing by and by
Came to the king and forg'd a cursed lie
This Scot, said they his brag and boast doth make,
And plainly says that he will undertake
To fight your lyon, if you'll freely give
Him your allowance liberty and leave.
This he desired us o' you to ask
We're sure he'll have a most difficult task
To which with great concern reply'd the king
I'm sorry he desired such a thing
Yet I will not deny what e'er may chance,
The favour that he'll ask me while in France,
Gladly away they went to Wallace where
Like rogues they counterfeit the story there
Wallace said then, the king commands that you
Will fight his lyon without more ado
Wallace replies whatever is his will
Unto my pow'r most gladly I'll fulfil
Then to the King did instantly repair
A Lord at court, when he saw Wallace there,

Maist foolishly ask'd him if he durst fight
With the fiercelion, who reply'd on fight.
Yes truly if the king would have it so
Or with yourself I fear none of the two
Let cowards from kings courts be all debar'd
I may be worsted, but shall ne'er be dar'd
So long's my nostrils any breath remains,
Or Scottish blood does circle in my veins
Like a true Scot I'll fight and scorn to fly,
For why I know that man is born to dye
Then by the king in short it granted was,
That Wallace might unto the lion pass
Yet all this time knew nothing of the plot,
So deeply laid against the noble Scot
Nor in the matter further did enquire.
Thinking it was good Wallace own desire.
Mean time of him so tender was the king,
He ordered harness quickly there to bring,
No Wallace said, I leave that to the field,
Almighty GOD shall only be my shield
Since this is but a beast and not a man
With what I have I'll fight him as I can
And will encounter single as I go,
This strong rapacious cruel savage foe
About one hand he did his mantle wrap
And in the other did his broad sword clap
Then briskly without any further stay,
Came to the place where the fierce lion lay
Who ramping rose against him where he stood
Dreadfully roar'd expecting present blood
Then Wallace drew a stroke from neck to heel
With his good sword made of the burnish'd steel
And gave the lion such a dreadful blow,
As cut his body cleverly in two
Then to the king he call'd aloud in ire.
Pray Sir, said he, is this your whole desire,

Thus to expose me to the rage and will,
 Of your fierce Lyon, have you more to kill?
 Cause bring them forth such beasts since I must quell,
 I will obey, so long's I with you dwell.
 But now of France for ever I take leave,
 Some greater action I may soon achieve.
 At Shemon, Sir, I thought the other year,
 You would have other bus'ness for me here;
 Than fight a cruel savage beast, wherefore,
 To ancient Scotland I'll return once more.
 The King perceiving Wallace in a fire,
 Meekly reply'd it was your own desire :
 Else by the faith of a most christian King,
 I never would allow of such a thing ;
 For men of honour ask't in your name,
 So you or they are only for to blame.
 Wallace reply'd, I vow to the great G O D,
 This seems to me a thing both strange and odd,
 By all that's good no higher can be sworn,
 I know no more on' than the child unborn ;
 Of honour sure I have a better taste,
 Than to be proud to fight a savage beast ;
 This is a trick devis'd by some of those,
 Who are my secret and malicious foes,
 The King conceiving there was falshood wrought ;
 Caus'd both the squires quickly to be brought ;
 Who when they came, the crime could not deny,
 But plain'y did confets the treachery ;
 For which, and other must ungodly deeds,
 The King commanded to strike off their heads.
 Thus came the squires to their fatal end,
 As did the champions to all be't kend.
 The champions, first, for their disdain and flout
 At Scotland, justly got their brains beat out ;
 The squires next, for malice and envy,
 Did lose their heads and most deservedly.

For our instruction then we may reflect,
 Nothing from justice villains can protect.
 Each rogue, altho' with nick he should combine
 Shall be discov'ed either soon or syne ;
 And may be certain of a rogues reward,
 Virtue and honour who does not regard ;
 As in the sacred scriptures we may read,
 But to my purpose further I proceed.
 When Wallace saw the court envy d him so,
 To Scotland then he purpos'd to go ;
 To aid his country, and to take his chance.
 Despising all the wealth he had in France.
 Once more his native land for to relieve,
 Which South'ron foes did now mist and grieve.
 And to its pristine freedom it restore
 Or else he vow'd that he should die therefore.
 The King perceiving Wallace that way bent,
 Gave him the letter that was lately sent
 From the Scots lords, which he read and perus'd,
 Then told the King he must have him excus'd ;
 For he no longer in France could remain,
 But must return to Scotland back again ;
 Since that his country was distressed so,
 Being invaded by the South'ron foe.
 But to abridge my story and be short,
 Wallace takes leave of King and all the court.
 At which the King did sorrowful appear,
 And to the chamber quickly did retire.
 Jewels and gold he gave him in that hour,
 For to support his honour and grandeur.
 But lords and ladies did lament and grieve,
 And weeped sore when Wallace took his leave.
 No man he took with him of note or might,
 To Scotland back, but Longveil the Knight ;
 Who loved Wallace with so true a heart.
 What e'er befel, would never from him part.

Towards the Sluce in goodly order past,
A vessel got and put to sea at last,
Eight Seamen had, as good as were alive.
And then at Ray did safely all arrive.

C H A P IV.

How WALLACE came again to Scotland and The battle
of Elchock Park.

WALLACE in silent watches of the night,
Did land his men. long time e'er it was light,
And by good luck before the break of day
The ship shear'd off and safely got away,
From Earn's mouth to Elchock quickly then
He march'd with eighteen stout brave valiant men,
So when he had approach'd pretty near,
To Crawford's house his own relation dear
The backside a window there did find;
Through which he called for his Cousin kind,
So when he knew that it was Wallace wight
He did not delay but came to him on sight.
He embrac'd and kiss'd you may be very sure
Was a blythsome, glād and joyful hour,
How to dispose of Wallace and his men,
Was the next point to be considered then
How to secure them till they got some rest,
They were with meat and drink and sleep refresh'd
A great mow of corn he them did darn,
Cunningly within a spacious barn
The North side a private hole was wrought.
Which they had all due provision brought

For bed and board nothing they lack'd at all
 The time they lodg'd within that threshing hall,
 In their corn castle most securely dwelt,
 For several days and no disturbance felt,
 Till meat felt short unto the honest core.
 Then to St Johnstoun Crawford went for more,
 Where subtile South'ron foes most cunningly.
 Took notice what provision he did buy.
 And thought the quantity a great deal more,
 Than he was wont to buy in times before,
 For which immediately they him suspect.
 And honest Crawford's gripp'd by the neck.
 Where Brevi manu without any shade
 Of law, or justice he's in prison laid
 What guests hast thou, said one, and for whose sake
 Does thou so mighty great provision make
 Crawford reply'd, Sir I have ne'er a guest,
 All this is only for a kirking feast.
 But it was dreaded and alledg'd by some,
 That Wallace he from France was lately come,
 And that they might know whither it was true
 Most subtilly advise what's next to do.
 Set's Crawford free, and in good harness then
 Do quickly put eight hundred chosen men
 And at a due convenient distance from
 Good honest Crawford they do dog him home
 Whom when good Wallace saw he did exclaim
 Against his conduct said, he was to blame
 Who did expose himself so much unto
 The cunning notice of the South'ron foe
 In sleep this night by vision I was told
 That thou had me unto the South'ron sold,
 Sir that shall be the last thing I'll attempt
 My neck has not such itching after hemp
 Black be their cast, great rogues, to say no more,
 Their generation all I do abhor,

Yea for my country, since I went away,
 I did expect my dearest blood should pay ;
 And that I should no doubt a Martyr been,
 And never more the Scottish Hero seen,
 The prison strong, and cruel, where I lay,
 Will testify the truth of what I say :
 Quickly get up, and take you to the fields,
 I greatly fear the rogues are at my heels :
 I'll give you all assistance that I can ;
 For I my self shall be the twentieth man.
 The worthy Scots got up with merry speed,
 Unto their arms, and were not slack indeed.
 Then suddenly, the South'ron all appear,
 Eight hundred men in armour bright and clear :
 And on their head was Butler that young knight.
 To twenty men a formidable fight.
 When Wallace saw his number was so few,
 He from the plains to Elchock park withdrew :
 Where he a certain sort of pass espy'd,
 Which nat'rally was so well fortify'd,
 With great and close grown hollin on each hand,
 As might the South'ron's first attack withstand :
 Great long tall trees across he there did lay,
 Then to his men courageously did say :
 The wood is thick tho' small in breath and length,
 Had we but meat enough, we'd keep the strength ;
 Mean time let us go on with heart and hand,
 And bravely fight so long as we can stand ;
 For our old native country, valiantly,
 Come let us to it either do or die ;
 Before they gain the pass, I'm much inclin'd,
 To lay some of their bellies to the wind.
 By this young Butler, eager, keen, and croufs,
 With all his men surrounded Crawford's house ;
 But came too late as he himself did own,
 He got the best but all the birds were flown,

Poor Crawford's loving wife they seiz'd anon,
 And ask'd at her what way the Scots were gone;
 She would not tell, for boast, nor yet reward,
 Then Butler said "too long thou hast been spar'd;
 And caus'd build a great prodigious fire,
 Then swore an oath in horrid wrath and ire,
 That he would burn her quick, flesh, blood and bone,
 If she cou'd tell what way the Scots were gone.
 Pray hold thy hand said Wallace do not so,
 For here I am I own myself thy foe:
 Wouldst thou to ment an honest sarkless wife.
 Come forth to me and we shall end the strife:
 It were great sin to kill the female Scot,
 Art thou a Christian, tell me, yea, or not:
 In all my victories I here declare,
 Pious women, children, always lib'rate were.
 When Butler had good Wallace fairly seen,
 And that he was alone upon the green;
 He threw his face, sometime his lip did bite,
 His bottom swell'd with venom and with spite.
 It was no wonder for to tell you plain,
 Wallace had both his Dad. and good Sire slain.
 The Southron then fiercely march'd up at length,
 And Wallace he retir'd unto his strength,
 Most hardily the Englishmen began
 Attacked sore with many a gallant man.
 But Scots within did make a strong defence,
 And Southron foes were soon repuls'd from thence;
 Who, at first entry fifteen men had kill'd
 With English corps the pats was almost fill'd.
 At which they all retir'd a little back.
 In order to another fresh attack,
 Wallace beheld, and did distinctly see,
 Butler the knight divide his men in three.
 You knight said he, in war is so expert,
 And has it to engraven on his heart,

Chap IV, The Battle of Stoch Park

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That he unto a very point does know
 Each stratagem and nice punctilio,
 For by the disposition of his men,
 I know for certain that he does intend
 So soon as he with his fresh men comes back,
 Us in three different places to attack,
 A brisk and brave defence then let us make,
 Dear Longoveil thou fix with thee shall take,
 As many with good Crawford here shall go,
 And live with me to stop the cruel foe,
 In three divisions march the English sparks
 Butler's divisions Wallace nicely marks,
 To the old pass without all dispute more
 They march, and do attack it very fore.
 Designedly Wallace let some South'ron in,
 But to get out, the way could never find
 The first seven men that marched in the front,
 When they got n look'd most confounded blunt.
 Wallace's five each one a fellow flew,
 And Wallace two then bade the seven adieu,
 Butler was next no further he durst pierce,
 But did retire he saw the Scots to stirre
 Good Longoveil and Crawford rough & so fore,
 That time the South'ron falied the no more,
 By this the stars appeared in their sight
 Then suddenly approach'd the dark & ne night,
 Butler the watches set to supper went
 But griev'd that he his time had so ill spent
 Mean time he eats a very plentiful meal,
 Of good provisions, bread and English ale
 While the brave Wallace nothing had at all
 But Adam's ale which we cold water call
 Yet with a cheerful countenance could say
 Cheer up my lads it is not long to day
 What tho we all should fast one single night
 We fast for honour and for Scotland's right

Perhaps our foes, that now so fully feed
The morrows night shall no more victuals need.
The Earl York who Perth with troops did fill
Commanded Butler to continue still
At Elchock Park and he would reinforce,
Him with a fresh supply of foot and horse,
And that he would himself in person come,
With sound of trumpet and with beat of drum,
Couragious York upon my word well spoke,
Was he in earnest pray or but in joke
To offer such a reinforcement then,
Unto eight hundred, against twenty men
This sure must add much to his lordship's praise
And blaze his character in after days,
But Butler fain would have the Hero yield,
Before that York appear'd upon the field
That he him self might have the praise alone
Thanks to you Butler forty men to one
Then to the Park the English Knight draws near,
And calls on Wallace asking him what cheer
Good cheer, said Wallace, you may take my word
Then led his hand upon his awful sword
Here is the blade that still keeps up my heart,
And many time has made the South'ron smart
With many a bloody wound both wide and deep
And may do so this day before I sleep
Well said the Butler, that is not my fear
But I would talk a moment with thee here
Content said Wallace. for a little hire
I will not stand to grant thee thy desire,
Does thou not sore repent, said Butler now,
That thou my father and my good fire slew
No Wallace said, tho' it were thy whole kin
To kill my foes I never thought it sin
Come they my way I'll do the best I can
As God me save, to kill them ev'ry man

And hope I shall a good occasion have,
 With these two hands to send thee to thy grave.
 That is not likely, said the Butler now,
 My prisoner I'll make thee first I trow.
 Mean time what I desire I pray thee grant,
 And what I promised thou shalt not want,
 With all my heart, said Wallace, every bit,
 If safety and true honour will permit.
 Then Butler said, what profit wilt thou reap
 Here to abide, since thou cannot escape;
 And since thou sees it may not better be,
 Leave off thy folly, yield thyself to me.
 With frowning face and mighty great disdain,
 The Scottish Hero did reply again,
 So great a fool a never hope to prove,
 I'll yield to none but the great G O D above.
 To him each day, twice I do yield and bow,
 But little mushroom knight, pray what art thou?
 Bias yield to thee, for all thy haste and heat,
 Faith that is not what I design as yet;
 And tho' we but twenty Scots what then?
 I mock the much and thy eight hundred men
 To worship G O D, said Butler, thou does well,
 And to thy maker twice a day to kneel.
 Yet does thou folly, and no conduct show,
 When with my men thou art environ'd so,
 And cross surrounded no way to get out
 Thus to debate, tho' thou were ne'er so stout:
 Therefore come forth and make no more ado,
 Thou'lt find my counsel, wholesome words and true.
 With great disdain Wallace he smil'd, and leugh,
 And answer'ing said, Sir thou have talk'd enough;
 For tho' all England had the contrair sworn,
 I'll cut my passage thro' you once the morn,
 Or elie this night, believe me what I say,
 This shall be done before nine of the day.

Butler was careful then, when it grew dark,
 To plant his watches all ar und the park
 There Wallace stay'd no ways alarm'd or fear'd,
 Until the twinkling morning star appear'd;
 A rocky mist fell down at break o' day.
 Then thought he fit to make the best o's way;
 Who, when he had made strict search round about,
 Found a convenient place and then broke out.
 Then hastened to the place where Butler lay,
 And round about him did great numbers slay,
 Most nobly fought each gallant worthy Scot,
 But Crawford he was wounded on the spot,
 Whom in a moment Wallace did rescue,
 Then at one stroke he the bold Butler slew;
 Got Crawford in his two arms e'er long,
 And bravely did defend him in the throng:
 About him made great room where he did stand,
 And cut five Southron down with his own hand:
 Bore Crawford out, in spite of all were round,
 Nine acre's breadth before he set him down,
 The Southron finding Butler to be dead,
 And thirty more, for which was no need,
 Do view the Corps what could the men do more,
 And did condole their loss exceeding sore.
 Wallace by this was quite out of their sight,
 The mist had so occupied all the light;
 At which he mil'd, and said to Longoveil,
 Upon my word this mist affits us well;
 Then let us quickly march to Methven wood,
 Where we shall get provision very good;
 We fasted have so long, in truth I trow,
 It's almost time we had our breakfast now.
 But by the time they had got to the height,
 The sun display'd his beams, and radiant light;
 By which they did perceive immediately,
 Thirty and four men, in a company,

Then said good Wallace be they friend or foe,
We'll meet them since their number is no moe,
When they approach'd. a noble knight it was,
And a trusty friend Sir Hugh Dundas
With him a prudent Knight brave Sir John Scot,
Who in Strathern was then a man of note
And with Dundas's sister led his life
A virtuous lady and a loving wife
They and their men the road were passing on
To pay their feuty to the South'ron,
Because the Lord of Brechin's strict command,
Had for'd them basely thus to hold their land
Who when they saw that it was Wallace wight
Gave thanks to God for that blyth welcome sight
Glad of the succour he had sent them there,
To Methvin wood with joyful hearts repair
Where they refresh'd themselves to their own mind
With such provision as they there could find
Then were they hearty clever brave, and tight
And unto Birnane march'd all at night.
There they with Ruthven met in a short space
Who long had liv'd an out law in that place,
From thence they march, and unto Athol go
Where eatables were scarce, and friends also,
Then pass to Lorn, as little found they there,
Of wild and tame that land was stripped bare
Wherefore they most religiously anon,
Address the heavens and make a piteous moan.
Good sir John Scot said he would rather die,
And starve with hunger then with infamy
Must live a rogne, or let himself be bound,
A slavish subject to King Edwards crown
Wallace his own distress with patience bore,
But for the rest he groan'd and grieved fore
Of all this wane, said he, I am the cause,
Yet since it is for Scotland's rights and laws

That thus we suffer, by the divine will.
Let none of us once grudge or take it ill
For he that made us by his mighty power
Can feed us by his providence I'm sure,
With him is neither found deceit nor guile
Stay here till I remove a little while,
In a short space I shall return again
Then walk'd he o'er a hill unto the plain.
Where in a forrest underneath an oak
He sat him down with spirit almost broke
His sword and bow, he leaned to a tree,
In anguish great then on his face fell he
Ah wretch ! said he that ne'er could be content
With all the wealth that God unto thee sent
The Lordships great long since to thee assign'd
Could never please thy fierce unstable mind,
Thy wilful will to make the nation free,
Thro' God's permission's brought this woe to thee
For worthier far than ever I
With hunger now are like to starve and die
O God, I pray, relieve them of their pain
And let not this my prayer be in vain
Then after sighs and meditation deep,
He slumber'd softly and did fall asleep.
Five bloody rascals boldly with one breath,
Had bound themselves under pain of death
To take Wallace wight dead or alive,
Which prov'd their ruin, for old nick did drive,
Three of the base assassins English were,
Scottish vile villains were the other pair
Three days before they travelled had about
Like bloody hounds to find the Hero out,
With them a boy that us'd to carry meat.
Among the hills and rocky mountains great
When Wallace did retire from his brave men
Therogues most privately were lurking then,

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Saw his departure, dog d him in his way,
And knew the place exactly where he lay;
In covert of the rocks they pass and peep,
And plainly did perceive him fall asleep;
Near to his person then the rogues approach.
Thinking they had him fast within the r lotch:
And then the blood hounds put it to their vote,
To take alive or kill him on the spot;
One said, could we get him but safe to Perth,
It were our greatest honour up-n earth;
His sword and bow no safety more affords,
Then let us tye and bind him fast with cords;
This we may do I'm sure at our own will,
And lead him by the backside of yon hill,
So that his men shall nothing thereof know;
Content, said they, then all to work they go:
And thought thro' force, him prisoner to make,
But brought to bed soon of a grand mistake;
For when they gripp'd him a four face he made,
What is the matter, then he boldly said:
About he turn d him, out his arms he threw,
And with his fists made them both black and blue;
The fiercest and the stoutest man took he
And dash'd his brains all out against a tree;
Then with unparallelled strength arose,
In spite of his four other bloody foes:
And boldly seized the dead fellow's sword,
Wherewith he made sound payment on my word;
Another south'ron at a single stroke,
He hewed down before he left the oak:
The other three fought, but full soon were glad,
To take them to their heels, and so they fled;
But to escape, they all in vain did strive,
None could do so on foot, from him alive;
Then following fast their nimble speed he try'd,
Gave them their mortal wound, whereof they dy'd;

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As he returned from the rogues with joy
He met with, and said to the servant boy;
What does thou here? who with a pale dead face,
Fell on his knees, and humbly asked grace;
I little have to do indeed said he,
I lately hired was for meat and fee
With you five men had I known their design,
Such service ne'er had entered in my mind;
What's that thou carriest boy? Sir it is meat,
Then come along with me it's time to eat;
Meat at this time is better far than gold,
Its worth at present cannot well be told:
Then with a cheerful merry heart and glad,
Went to his men who all were quickly fed,
With good roast meat plenty of bread and cheese,
And did their strength recover by degrees;
Thus fifty four refresh'd were, who before
Had fasted full three days and somewhat more
O mighty miracle to see (G O D knows)
A sleeping man surrounded by his foes:
Lay open to their fury on the field,
All weaponless, no helmet, sword nor shield,
Exposed thus unto their bar'brous will,
And yet for all their wrath no pow'r to kill;
Fifty and four with hunger almost starv'd,
And yet from sword, and famine both preserv'd;
When all had fully ate and drank also,
How came this great feat said they pray let us know;
Then where the bloody rogues all dead did lie
He led them and disclos'd the mystery:
Fy Sir, said they a chieftain should beware,
And not expose himself by halt so far;
To which he answer'd in a merry mood,
No matter, since the success has been good;
But now said he let us consider soon,
What is the proper thing next to be done:

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Since we are blest with such deliv'rance great,
From starving hunger in our pinching strait;
And I from the deceitful bloody foe,
Let's thank good fate and to the low lands go:
Mean time pray little boy, does thou know where,
We'll get provisions till we once come there;
To which he meekly answer'd again,
No Sir, until we come to Rannach plain;
There with that lord, great plenty you shall find,
He serves King Edward, tho' against his mind:
Then I'll be guide, said Wallace to the shail,
I know that place myself exactly well:
Thro' that wild land, he led them brave and right
And to the Rannack brought them safe at night;
Where they the watch did seize, that was a Scot,
On which account they spar'd and kill'd him not;
Who told them the condition of the place,
Which they commanded in a little space:
The gate they won for castle they had none,
But a thick mud-wall, without slime or stone;
Wallace in haste struck up the chamber door,
Made it in pieces lie upon the floor:
Then all in fear from sleep start suddenly,
The Lord gets up, and does for mercy cry:
But when he knew that it was Wallace wight,
Most heartily he thank'd the G O D of might;
I was a true man all my life until
I vanquish'd was by South'ron, 'gainst my will;
All Scots we are, and now before you stand,
And ready to obey what you command;
Since for this land, such great things you have done,
What Scot'sman dare hold his face to the sun,
And yet resist you in so good a cause,
Defending of our liberty and laws;
If any one be found that is so bad,
I'm very sure, that fellow's worse than mad;

Then all did promise with uplifted hands,
 Most frankly to obey his just commands;
 And the more fully to confirm the thing,
 Did swear allegiance to their righteous King:
 Then merrily went all to meat and now,
 No wonder, for the case is alter'd now;
 This Lord with mighty pleasure also told,
 He had three sons all valiant stout and bold;
 And twenty of his own near kinsmen more,
 As good as ever sword or target bore;
 Ready to serve him both with heart and hand,
 For the true honour of their King and land.
 To heav'n then Wallace, turning up his eye,
 I thank thee, O my G O D, for this supply;
 Then did they pass the day as seemed best,
 At night set watches and went all to rest;
 But on the morrow when the day did peep,
 Wallace arose fully refresh'd with sleep;
 And to the fields took all his men at length,
 To know what was his perfect real strength:
 There did he muster all his little force,
 And thanked G O D that matters were not worse;
 Then to his men, he champion like did say,
 The royal banner let us now display;
 For under it most faithfully we'll fight.
 In the defence of brave old Scotland's right:
 Ourselves no longer we'll abscond and hide,
 Friends will flock to us now on every side.
 They took such horses as they there could find,
 Then to Dunkel march'd all with chearful mind:
 The English bishop to St. Johnston hastes.
 Wallace was none of his beloved guests;
 The Scots soon took the place and in a word,
 Put all the South'ron quickly to the sword.
 On good provisions then did nobly fare.
 Which the Lord Bishop for himself brought there;

Silver and gold, fine jewels there they got,
All that their heart could wish they wanted not;
Five days rejoicing merrily they spent.
And on the sixth Wallace to council went.
We have not enough of men, said he, you know,
Perth to invest, therefore we'll Northward go,
In Ross our friends have made a strength I'm told
Hear they of us they'll come like warriors bold,
Good bishop Sinclair is in Bute also.
Who when he hears the news will not be slow,
To come and take his fare with cheerful heart
He never yet did fail to act his part,
The Westland men when warn'd we'll get them all,
I never yet did know them fit my call.
For like brave men, this region they throughout,
Have been with me, at many a bloody bout
The council then with one voice did conclude
As he propos'd, for all was very good,
They mount their horses march without delay
The Englishmen kept all out of their way.
Those that possess the strengths stay'd within doors,
The rest of them crept close in holes and bores.
For all began to flee and scatter, from
The very time they heard he was come home,
Then with an army strong the Scots at last
Most awfully thro' all the kingdoms past
Strengths were deserted by the South'ron then
And soon possess'd by the Scottishmen
Who in good order now as could be seen
Seven thousand strong march all to Aberdeen
But frighted South'ron post away in haste,
And leave the town all desolate and waste,
In all the land left nothing more or less
Lord Bewmont took the sea at Buchanness
Clement the knight of Ross appeared then
With a brave company of gallant men,

Took in the house of Nairn with that brave core
 The South'ron captain slew and many more,
 From Buchan and from Murray came anon
 Numbers of Scots in quest of Beaumont gone
 Who missing him to Wallace march on fight
 Mongst whom was Sir John Ramlay that brave Knight
 Whom when he saw with many others there,
 That long ago his bold companions were
 How pleas'd he was I scarcely can describe,
 But thought himself the happiest man alive.
 Thus he the Northern parts recover'd and
 Made good men judges over all that land
 When this was done, that no time might be lost,
 March'd to St Johnstoun straight with all his host.

C H A P. V.

The Siege of St JOHNSTOUN

WALLACE the town does here besiege in short
 And keeps a sturdy guard, at ev'ry port
 Where bishop Sinclair came to him on fight
 With clever lads from Buie all young and tight
 Lindsay and Boyd, who did him ne'er beguile,
 From Arran came and from the Rauchly isle
 As did the baron bold of great renown
 Brave Adam Wallace then of Richartoun
 In all the road no enemy durst be
 Some fled away by land, and some by sea.
 Beaton and Lauder, and good Lundie now
 Came in a barge to his assistance too
 And in the haven did their anchor cast,
 Where they two English ships secured fast

The one they burnt, the other loadned well,
With warlike store and sturdy men in steel ;
To watch the port, they strictly were oblig'd,
That men nor victuals, pass to the besieg'd ;
From South, to North the flying south'ron mourn,
Some left their lives, in pledge they would return.
The South'ron Bishop that fled from Dunkel,
To London rode and told all that befel :
Edward he sends for Aymer Vallange now,
And asks at him what he thought best to do ;
Who like a traitor answered and said,
Doubtless he by a friend must be betray'd ;
Or by some of his bone companions sold,,
Who have best liking to the English gold ;
For which I shall myself to Scotland go,
And try the treason whither yea or no.
King Edward therefore sign'd to him a band,
That he would ratify and firmly stand,
To whatsoever bargain he would make,
This Vallange does the treason undertake
To Scotland comes. at Bothwell did arrive,
To execute the plot he did contrive.
Unto Sir John Montieth, express did send.
To come and speak with him at Rutherglen :
Who when he came disclosed all his mind,
And laid before Sir John the whole design :
I know, said he, that you a stranger are,
Unto the news of this new bloody war ;
Which, if it be not soon put to a stand,
Will prove destructive to our native land ;
Nothing but blood and rapine we can see,
Which will our great misfortunes always be
So long as Wallace lives, who late and air,
Insults King Edward boldly every where :
The country thus harrass'd on every hand,
There's neither trade, nor culture in our land ;

Now good Sir John, if you'll advised be,
 To take a wholesome council once from me ;
 It is in your power to be an Earl now ,
 And to do service to your country too ;
 I know you are for certain one of those.
 In whom Sir William Wallace does repose
 Great trust, and confidence in each respect ;
 O would you then but grip him by the neck ;
 As Lords and Earls we might live and reign,
 Under King Edward our most gracious King.
 Fy, said Montieth, it were a mighty shame,
 Yea, you, and I, shall both be much to blame ;
 If we betray a man, who late and soon,
 To King and country had such service done :
 He's of our nation, and our forces all,
 Both governor, and captain general ;
 For my part I dare declare, come well or wo,
 I'll never condescend to treat him so.
 Vallange reply'd if you but understood,
 How great a shedder he is of christian blood,
 You would not plead for him so much I'm sure,
 But rather contribute to break his power.
 Besides the King could he but end the strife,
 Has no design to take away his life ,
 But to confine him so as make him cease
 From war, and not disturb the common peace.
 This put Montieth into a little stand,
 Who wish'd that Wallace were in Edward's hand.
 Providing always he his life would spare,
 And make all good that Vallange promis'd there,
 When Vallange saw Montieth thus in a muse,
 Most cunningly his little time did use :
 Then in a moment down he quickly told,
 Three thousand pound of finest English gold.
 This you shall have, and Lennox at your will,
 If you the King's desire will now fulfill ;

Then he who was brave Wallace friend before,
The strong temptation could resist no more,
But did resign his honour and himself
To act the treason for the love of pelf,
Receiv'd the gold and then was strictly bound
To carry Wallace safe to English ground
And there to put him in the Southrons hand
For which he should be Lord of Lennox land.
This Vallange promis'd to him without fail,
sign'd and confirm'd it with King Edward's seal
Thus part the villains, Wallace mortal foes
And Aymer Vallange straight to London goes
The cursed tidings he did quickly bring.
Of his good success to the English king
The contract shows, told every thing that past
And did obtain his gracious thanks at last,
Which melancholy story makes me mourn
But to St Johnstoun siege I now return
Where Wallace lay besieging all that time,
Not dreaming of the treasonable crime
Mean time five hundred South'ron bold and stout
Early one morning briskly sallied out
At the south port against Dundafs and Scot
Where they got a reception mighty hot
The English fought it for a while but then
Retir'd with no less loss than fourscore men,
Yet tho they were at this time soundly beat.
They took the knight Dundafs in the retreat
Presented him before the Earl York
Which put an end unto that morning's work
The Knight Dunda's nothing at all did find
But what was civil and exceeding kind
The Earl York so merciful was he,
Most gen'rously dismiss'd and set him free,
For which the grateful Wallace by and by
Return'd him hearty thanks most courteously

Assuring him upon his honour, that
 He would his kindness soon retaliate,
 The Earl now of Fife who had a truce,
 With Edward but an honest heart to Bruce,
 Perceiving Wallace like a faithful liege,
 To carry on the war came to the siege
 With him John Vallange who was Sherrieff then
 Of Fife, and a brave train of goodly men
 Into the ditch faggots put very fast
 Around the stakes heather and hay they cast.
 With rees and earth they made a passage clear,
 Then o'er the wall do march quite void of fear,
 The Southrons they, briskly resist again
 While at the wall a thousand men were slain
 Courageously Wallace his men leads on,
 And new'd down all before him every bone,
 Or Southrons foes did dreadful havoc make,
 But saved the Earl for Dundee's sake
 In wax a lion on his cloak did set
 As a safe conduct when with Scots he met,
 Gold in abundance there he sold him down,
 And safely cou'd convey him out of town
 Women and children freely he let pass,
 As still before his generous custom was.
 Then all the country liv'd in peace and rest
 And with true Scots the town was possess'd
 Thus having vanquish'd his proud Southrons foes,
 With cheerful heart straight to the South he goes,
 Edward the Bruce, who had in Ireland been
 The year before, is now in Scotland seen
 With fifty of his mother's noble kin
 Attacks Bircubright, boldy enters in
 And with thole fifty for he had no more,
 Most gallantly he vanquished nine score
 To Wigtown next he and his men are gone
 The castle took for it was left alone,

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Where Wallace and his men did not neglect,
To meet him with all humble due respect ;
Upon Lochmabane then most chearfully,
Marched that brave and gallant company.
Where Wallace like a true and faithful Scot,
Resign'd command to Edward and why not :
And promis'd that if Robert Bruce the King,
Did not come home in person for to reign,
He should in that case certainly and soon,
Have the imperial ancient Scottish crown.
Prince Edward in Lochmabane carry'd still,
And Wallace went to Cumnock with good will,
Then with his friends he met at the Black Bog,
And with them drank a blyth and hearty cog,
Unto King Edward news came reeking-hot,
Of all the victories that Wallace got :
And how he Scotland did again reduce.
And that he had received Edward Bruce.
The English commons deeply swore and said,
That Scotland they would never more invade ;
For that it was great madness to go there,
If the Scots champion Wallace living were.
Then to Montieith Edward wrote privily
Told him the time was now fast passing by ;
Dispatch said he, the thing you took in hand,
For which you have my gold and t'our band.
The false Montieith read o'er the letter all,
And then in haste his sister's son did call,
To whom the plot he did discover all,
And made him swear he would not it reveal.
On Wallace wait said he, and frankly tell,
You would with him as a domestick dwell ;
Which if he grants you must be very sure,
To watch him nicely and the very hour
When all alone securely taking rest.
Give me a call, and then I'll do my best.

The villain promis'd that it should be done;
 Then gets himself in Wallace service soon;
 But the brave Wallace never had a thought,
 Of what the false Monticth against him wrought;
 And he who now had Scotland thrice set free,
 Nothing design'd but lasting peace to be;
 For much fatigu'd with a long tedious war,
 He thought it more eligible by far,
 To serve G O D and his king in his old days,
 That he in heaven, might sing eternal praise.

C H A P VI.

How WALLACE was betray'd by Sir John Monticth,
 carry'd to England and martyr'd there.

THAT Wallace foes might him no more traduce,
 Jop quickly is dispatch'd away to Bruce;
 Most earnestly beseeching he'd come down
 To Scotland, and receive the ancient crown;
 Since there was none that now durst him oppose,
 Having subdued all his South'ron foes,
 When Jop's credentials Bruce had fully read,
 His heart exulted and was mighty glad;
 With his own hand he back to Wallace wrote,
 And thank'd the Hero for a loyal Scot;
 Intreating him the matter to conceal,
 And quickly he would out of England steal;
 To meet me then, said Bruce, be very sure,
 The first of July next on Glasgow moor;

And let your company be very few,
For which I shall have but a small retinue
Which when good Wallace read blyth was his thought
And all his household then to Glasgow brought
That month he order'd them there to abide
Kierly he took each night with him to ride,
And the young man that false Monteith had sent
None but those two knew what way Wallace went
The vile young villain on the eighteenth night
Warned Monteith who sixty men on sight
Caus'd mount, that were his own near kinsmen born
And deeply all unto the treason sworn
Who from Duabarton march fy on them fy
And near to Glasgow church come privily
A cunning spy out as a watch they sent
To notice and observe where Wallace went,
Robbinston it was near to the way side
And but one house where he used to bide,
There walked on foot till midnight it was past,
Kierly and he lay down to sleep at last.
Charg'd the young rogue, from whom no harm he fear'd
To waken him if any man appear'd.
But as he soundly slept the traitor bold,
His uncle met, and like a villain told
That now it was the only golden time,
For him to perpetrate the wicked crime,
Then all the cursed vile barbarian crew
Surround the house and honest Kierly slew
The ruffian servant, he to work does fall,
Steals Wallace sword, his danger bow and all,
To bind him then with cords the barb'rous byke,
Surround the Hero, but he Sampson like
Got to his feet finding no other tool
Broke one rogues back with a strong wooden stool
And at a second blow with little pains,
Beat out another forty rascals brains

As many as upon him hands could lay,
 By force do think to carry him away.
 On foot alive but that prov'd all in vain.
 He on the spot chus'd rather to be slain;
 At which the false Monteith his silence broke,
 And subtilly thus unto Wallace spoke
 So long you have continued here alone,
 That notice is unto the South'ron gone,
 Who have beset this house all round about
 That by no means at all you can get out
 With the Lord Clifford who doth here command
 And with his party at the door doth stand
 I spoken have, who promises your life
 Shall be most safe if you'll give o'er your strife
 That to Dumbarton you shall with me pass
 And be as safe at home as e'er you was;
 You likewise see, that we no weapons have,
 We came in mighty haste your life to save,
 Wallace believing he would do no wrong
 To him, who had his gossip been so long,
 Made the Monteith to swea he would fulfil
 What he had promis'd then came in his will
 As prisoner the South'ron must you see
 Or else by force they'll take you Sir from me,
 Said false Monteith; then slyly on his hands
 They slipped cunning and most cruel bands.
 Which underneath with sicker bands they drew,
 Alas; the Bruce that binding fore may rue,
 For Scotlands ruin quickly came about.
 Occasioned by the loss of Wallace stout;
 Who when led out little or nothing said.
 But missing Kierly, knew he was betray'd
 Then was he carried South o'er Solway sands,
 And left in Vallange an' Lord Clifford's hands
 'To Carlisle prison with him they do scour
 Which to this day is called Wallace tow'r

Some writers please to say, but that's not sound.
That Wallace Martyr'd was in Berwick town.
That could not be I'm very sure for then,
It was possess'd by brave bold Scottish men:
For which the traitors went not by the Merse,
Nor durst they march thro' Berwick for their rise.

Scotland. *alas to whom wilt thou complain !
From tears alas, how can thou now refrain !
Since thy best help is falsely brought to ground,
And Chistain bold in cruel fetters bound :
O who will thee defend in thy true right,
Or like brave Wallace ever shine so bright ;
Thy grief and anguish now approacheth fast.
Thou shalt in sorrow soon be left at last ;
Thy general, and noble governor
Is too too nigh his last and fatal hour ;
Who shall defend thee now and make thee free,
Alas ! in war who shall thy leader be ?
Who shall rescue thee now from Saxon rage,
And who their wrath and fury can assuage ?
I say no more, but beg G O D of his grace,
May thee in haste restore to wealth and peace :
Brave Wallace now shall thee govern no more,
Who to thy right restor'd thee thrice before.*

Mongst Wallace men, at Glasgow where they lay,
Great sorrow was, when they found him away :
Unto Lechmabane, Longoveil did pass,
In mighty haste where good prince Edward was ;
Where he in greatest grief and sorrow swore,
He never would depart from Scotland more ;
Nor yet his native land of France would see.
On Wallace foes till he aveng'd should be,
Thus did that knight in Scotland still remain,
Until the Bruce returned home again.

Was with the King when he St. Johnstoun took,
The second man that enter'd, says the book :
With Chartris lands was gifted by the King,
From whom the Chartris ever since do spring
Robert the Bruce came home on the the third day,
To Scotland after Wallace was away ;
And at Lochmabane with good Edward met,
Where he the rews of Wallace soon did get ;
At which was so exceeding griev'd and sad,
He almost lost his wits, was next to mad :
His brother, Edward said, by all that's good,
If we him lose, we shall revenge his blood ;
It's for your cause, he's now to England led,
In your defence Scotland he thrice hath fre'd ;
And had he not a faithful subject been,
The ancient kingdom we had never seen :
Remember when he offer'd was the crown,
How he refus'd, and knock't the project down :
And now the traitor had him basely sold,
From you he thinks Dumbarton for to hold.
Unto Dalquintoun Edward order'd was,
With men in arms next day in haste to pass :
And if he chanc'd to find the Cumine there,
That by no means his life he then should spare :
Finding him not, they all return in peace,
The King thereafter kill'd him in Drumfries ;
How that was done is needless to be shown,
Since perfectly to every man it's known
First to the King came Douglas that brave knight,
In all his wars who worthy was and wight.
Nor need I tell how Bruce did take the crown,
And how Lord Soulis deliver'd Berwick town,
Galloway lost, how John of Lorn arise
Against the King with many other foes ;
How Brechin bold, against the King did ride,
With whom few honest Scottmen did abide :

And how the North was given from the King
Which made him long in painful war to reign
But Douglas still his loyalty did shew
And to the king was stedfast firm and true,
A better chiftain Bruce had never one
Save Wallace who's without comparison
Yet of the Douglas more good knights have been
Than in one house was e'er in Scotland seen
As Bruce's book doth plainly testify
By Mr Barbour written faithfully
With Clifford now Wallace to London goes,
A prisoner among his mortal foes
Then in prison strong clapt up was he
Whose dismal hour King Edward long'd to see,

The following story favouring of the superstitious credulity of the people. and deceitful couſenage of the Monks of theſe times, we have notwithstanding inſert. left we ſhould ſeem at our own hands raſh'y to omit any thing that we found in our copy ; to the end we may be admoniſhed to ſtudy thankfullneſs to God, who hath now opened our eyes, to ſee thro' the miſt wherewith theſe former ages were blinded.

A monk there was in Burie abbay then,
The moſt religious of that ſect of men,
Another there of the ſame order ſtood.
That knew his life, chaſte innocent. and good
The younger Monk, to know hid ſecrets ſond,
Of the old father did obtain a bond.
That after death. he would return and tell
What things he knew concerning heaven and hell,
Whoſe ſp'rit removing from the world*vain
Did at the time appointed come again
To the young curious Monk, in figure bright
Fully reſembling that of Lanthern light

A fire brand he in his fore head bore,
Which did surprize the Monk and fright him fore
Then said a voice. GOD hath me granted grace
To keep the promise I made in this place
Where art thou now I thee conjure to tell,
Said the young Monk, whither in heaven or hell,
In purgatory said the spirit where
I must remain for half a year and mair
And after that shall have a passage even
That will conduct and lead me save to heaven,
Yet unto thee I freely must declare.
Two yet alive shall be before me there
The first of thee if you would know him then,
Hath in his life kill'd a great deal of men,
Yet shall a martyr dye on Wednesday next,
Which for that purpose is the day prefixt,
I fear he shall not have so good a fate
Said the young Monk, for God doth slaughter hate
It's Wallace, said the sp'rit pray understand
That took a just and righteous war in hand,
For his own country 'gainst a cruel foe
Therefore to heaven he certainly must go.
Next a poor priest to be commended much
Who's gratitude and thankfulness was such
That tho' his livings were but small and mean
Was satisfied and never did complain,
He certainly before me must also
Unto the holy heavenly mansions go
I am the third by the almighty's grace,
Brother, he said, shall go unto that place
At which relation said the curious Monk,
Tell I this story, folk will call me drunk
And tell me that I either dream or rave,
Then said the spirit this witness thou shalt have
The bells shall ring in spite of earthly pow'r,
That day he's kill'd, the space of half an hour

Which came to pass, a thing both strange and odd,
Was publish'd and believ'd through Britain broad
The sp'rit departed and the Monk went home
But I proceed to Wallace martyrdom
Who by the armed soldiers from his bed
Upon the fatal wednesday forth was led,
To be a victim to the Southrons rage
Since nothing less their fury could assuage
Where meekly he casting his eyes about
Did for a priest religiously call out
Which Edward did refuse and with next breath
Discharg'd his clergy all on pain of death
The Bishop then of Canterbury broke
Out in a holy passion and thus spoke
Here I protest against such wickedness
In spite of thee, O King I'll him confess
And if thro force thou stop me from this thing,
I vow to God my righteous heavenly King
O'er Eng and all I shall thee interdict
And make it known thou art a heretic
The holy sacrament I shall him give
Then take thy choice to stave or let me live
It were more honour for thy crown I say
To save his life than thus to take it away
Thou all thy life hast rung in sinful deed
As shall be seen on thee or on thy seed
At which the King irrag'd commands to seize
The holy bishop nothing else would please
His Lords intreated he might not do so
But for the churches sake would let him so
Each good man thought the bishop in the right
Who gravely walk'd to Wallace upon sight
Heard his confession all unto the end
And humbly did his sp'rit unto God commend
Then took his leave no longer did abide
But to Westminster straight away did ride

Thirty long days poor Wallace cruelly
They bound and never did his hands untie
Then with a chain unto an oaken stake
Most barbarously did fast the victim make
Next sent a clerk to hear what he would say
O fatal cruel, bloody Wednesday
Thou Scot, said he, that so great wrong has done
Thou sees thy fatal hour approacheth soon.
Thou should to mind recal thy evil deeds
And seriously once more tell o'er thy beads
For now perforce thou here must quickly dye
To whom the noble martyr did reply
You do not know whither I've done amiss
Yon worthy Bishop hath me promis'd bliss
The rancour, malice, and the cruel spite
Shall ne'er my courage nor my conscience smite
My comfort is to know the way I go
My trouble that I'm here so long below
Then said the clerk I wonder at thy skill
Who might have had all Scotland at thy will
Providing that thou would thy arms lay down
And hold that kingdom of the English crown
Wallace reply'd thou speakest a foolish thing
Had I got home my own true righteous king
Cold death I should embrac'd. grievous and grim
Or else have made all England hold of him
Intirely then it should been in his will
What honest men to save what rogues to kill
Well said the clerk, I see thou wilt not grieve
For thy great sins as long as thou dost live
Thou'lt kill'd more men than any in thy time
And yet repents not of that bloody crime
Methinks thou should confesse each sinful thing
And offer yet thy service to our king
At which the noble champion Wallace smil'd
And told the clerk that he was all beguil'd

I have, I grant, of South'ron slain a few,
 But not the half of what I wish'd I, vow :
 I mov'd no war, but to regain our own.
 As unto GOD and all the world's known ;
 Therefore thy babling hold let me alone,
 I in GOD's name command thee to be gone.
 At which a sheriff, who did there attend,
 The foolish raling clerk away did send.
 Wallace about him from his child-hood kept,
 Where e'er he went, whither he walk'd or slept,
 A psaltre book, which he beseech'd the Knight,
 Lord Clifford might be brought into his sight :
 Which done, he caus'd a Priest upon the place,
 To hold it open straight before his face :
 On which he look'd, sometimes his eyes up cast,
 Religiously unto his very last ;
 Then quickly came the executioner who,
 Gave him the fatal and the mortal blow.
 Thus in defence (that Hero ends his days)
 Of Scotland's right, to his immortal praise ;
 Who's valiant acts, were all recorded fair,
 Written in Latin by the famous Blair :
 Who at that time, the champion did attend,
 Was an eye-witness and his chaplain then.
 And after that as history does tell,
 Confirm'd by Sinclair, Bishop of Dunkel.

F I N I S.



Invida mors tristi GULIELMUM funere VALLAM.

Quæ Cuncta tollit, sustulit.

Et tanto pro Cive, Cinis pro Finibus Urna est,

Frigusque pro Lorica obit.

Ille quidem Terras Loca se inferiora reliquit.

At Fata facis Supprimens.

Parte sui Meliore Solum Cælumq; pererrat.

Hoc Spiritu, illud Gloria.

At tibi si inscriptum Generoso Peñus honesto,

Fuisset Hostis proditi.

Artibus Angle tuis in Pænas partior esses.

Nec Oppidatim Spargeres,

Membra Viri, sacrandæ Adytis, sed scin, quid in ista

Immanitate Viceris

Ut Valla in Cunctas Oras spargantur & Horas

Laudes tuumque Dedecus.

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The Author of the History of the DOUGLASSES
hath translated the foresaid Verses thus,

Envious death who ruins all,
Hath wrought the sad lamented fall
Of Wallace. and no more remains,
Of him, than what an urn contains,
We ashes for our Hero have.
He for his armour a cold grave
He left the earth too low a state
And by his acts o'ercame his fate
His soul death hath not power to kill.
His noble deeds the world fill
With lasting trophies of his name
O ! had thou virtue lov'd or fame.
Thou could'st not have insulted so
Over a brave betray'd foe
Edward. nor seen these limbs expos'd
To public shame, fit to be clos'd
As relics in an holy shrine
But now the infamy is thine
His end crowns him with glorious bays
And stains the brightest of thy praise

F I N I S.

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R O B E R T B R U C E
K I N G O F
S C O T S.
A H e r o i c P O E M.

In three B o o k s.

By J O H N H A R V E Y M. A.

—*FUIMUS* Troes, *fuit* Ilium, & *ingens*
Gloria Teucrorum, *fuit omnia* Jupiter Argos
Transfudit.

V I R G Æ n. 2.

A B E R D E E N:

Printed and Sold by J. B O Y L E, MDCCLXXXVI.



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T O

The Right Honourable
The Lord BRUCE.

MY LORD,

THE ensuing poem presumes to shelter itself under your Patronage, not upon account of its merit, but in confidence of its title. ROBERT BRUCE was born to make his own way to greatness and to renown, to become the love and astonishment of mankind, and hath in a manner secured the success of any honest and tolerable endeavour in his behalf. Whilst others may strain hard to distinguish their Heroes and themselves, the least attempt in his favour shines back upon the author, and gilds him with the reflections of his glory

UNKNOWN, my Lord, but thus supported I have ventured into your presence; 'tis thus I have dar'd to be bold, in spite of my imperfections and obscurity. Nor am I ignorant of the danger and delicacy that attends such an essay, as is that of the life of Robert Bruce King of Scots; the very mention of whose name can consign to fame or condemn to infamy for ever. A name! that hath long ago disarm'd malice and flattery at once; and hath set itself equally above libel and panegyric.

I shall hope the best, I'm sure I have meant well, and your Lordship knows, perfection is no prerogative of humanity.

If his character then can affect at such a rate the least remembrance of him, even in an obscure person and a

The Author's DEDICATION

Stranger: what glory must it diffuse amongst his kindred, what honours descend upon posterity? your noble family my Lord need not have recourse to the herald office for a Coat or an Escutcheon: you have many a gallant feat to furnish out the Device, and BANNOCKBURN to distinguish the Bearing. The descendants of Robert Bruce need not envy those actions that are handed down to us in the founding rhetoric of Greece, or that appear in the brightest pomp of Roman eloquence. By him the laurels of Marathon have been rival'd on the banks of Forth, nor do the Grampian plains give way to those of Pharsalia.

It is not my Lord the intent of this address to encroach upon your time, or to run a length of encomium equally nauseous and suspected. All my design is to beg your Lordship's protection to an essay on the reign of your great Ancestor; one of the most renown'd princes (as Buchannan, no very great friend to monarchy, owns) that ever sway'd a sceptre.

I hope his character has suffer'd as little in my hands as it has by any former attempt this way. And if you can find any account in the perusal of these sheets, that with the continued honour and happiness of your illustrious family, (now the only rival of its great originals, Huntington and Carrick) shall complete the satisfaction of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble.

Most Obedient and

Devoted Servant.

JOHN HARVEY

T H E P R E F A C E.

I Do not pretend, in the following sheets, to present the Reader with an Epic Poem. All I presume is, that I have wrote something in imitation of one, as will, I hope, appear from the subsequent hints. To begin then with the action, it ought to be founded on historical truth, or may be founded upon Fable. The patrons for the absolute necessity of Fable have the whole current of antiquity against them. For when they have thrown Lucan and Statius out of the class of Epic writers among the ancients and Tasso and Milton among the moderns because their poems were not founded upon fiction; yet unluckily the *Iliad* and *Æneid* stand in the way, built upon certain fact, upon true and undeniable history.

That the *Æneid* is grounded upon fact is plain from the joint testimony of all the Roman historians. The account of *Æneas* his coming into Italy settling there, and giving the first rise to the Roman state, which was founded by his successor about three hundred years after him, has been confirmed by the grand voice of antiquity for upwards of two thousand years, and is only oppos'd by a supercilious critic or two, who would pretend (in order to be singular and consequently distinguish'd) that *Æneas* never came into Italy. I have not time to enter into the merits of either side of the question; nor do I think it necessary, since the majority on ours must determine the case and render the assertion of a single person or two, of very little or no moment at all.

That the *Iliad* is likewise founded upon historical truth, is plain from the unanimous consent of all antiquity. And if we shou'd reject every account besides, yet we never can

That of Dares Phrygius, and Dictys Cretensis, who both serv'd at the siege of Troy, the one on the Trojan side, the other on the Grecian. under Idomeneus King of Crete. This last was particularly enjoin'd by that prince to write the memoirs of so remarkable a siege; which he did in Phœnician characters, upon the Barks or rather Rhinds of Linden trees; and ording at his death a copy to be interr'd with him in a tin chest, it was done at Gneffus the place of his birth and burial. But his grave having been afterwards thrown open by an earthquake, some Peasants found the chest, and deliver'd it to their master Eupraxides, by whom it was carried to Rutilius Rufus the Roman Proconsul in those parts, and by him sent to Nero the Emperor, who commanded the history to be translated into Greek, the Latin version whereof is now in every boy's hands. So that we see the two only Epic Poems (at least those that are allow'd for such) are founded on real historical truth, and as certain fact, as is the poem called, the life of Robert Bruce King of Scots.

The time of action (beginning at the battle of Methven, which fell out according to Buchanan, on the 13th of the Cal of August, or the 18th of July, to the battle of Bannock-burn, which happen'd on the 21st of June after) comprehends 11 Months and some days.

The action itself is one, according to the strictest rules.

The particular attempts of James Douglas, Edward Bruce, Thomas Randolph, &c makes up the different episodes, which are all subservient to the grand action.

I hope the moral is as clear, and as plainly deducible from the subject, as can possibly be desired. Pity, patience and courage, are inculcated on the reader from the character of Robert Bruce, where they shone in so conspicuous a manner. The pride, the violence, and tyranny of his foreign enemies, the treachery, the villany, and at last the total ruin of his rebellious subjects, are

The P R E F A C E.

7

set in their proper light. The first part to be imitated by every prince, the latter to be detested by every person that's honest and a lover of his country.

As to the number of Books in an Heroic Poem, there cant I presume, be no stated rule. Or if there is, and if Homer be the standard. Virgil is in the wrong, But Homer cannot be the standard, nor was the Iliad ever divided by him into books, but sung or recited in little broken sketches, called by the Greeks Rhapsodies: and were so handed about, till (because they contain'd excellent maxims both civil and military) they were collected by Lycurgus the great Lawgiver of the Spartans, and after him digested into that order they now appear in amongst us, by Solon and others.

Machines are parts of a poem introduced upon extraordinary occasions. When a difficulty occurs that exceeds all probability of being unravel'd by human means, then the Poet must have recourse to some superior power. whose intervention is requisite for clearing the embarrassment. I have introduc'd them but sparingly and never, I think but upon necessity,

As to the manners and characters I hope they are pretty evenly preserved, but I leave the judgment of the whole to the reader.

I have us'd the word Southron as it was a term in those days, peculiarly appropriated by the Scots to the English upon account of their situation in respect to them; and because it has more of the air of those times than the ordinary appellation, And where the word Southern is made use of (which I think is but once) it denotes the South parts of Scotland. I do not remember any thing further worth observing, where any escapes do occur, the reader may pardon or correct them as he thinks fit.



To The A U T H O R.

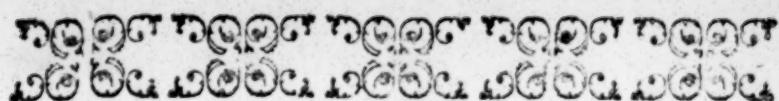
B Right, as from Chaos sprung the universe.
Shines Scotland's Hero in your polish'd verse ;
And as from thralldom and oppression, he
Majestic rose his native land to free,
With equal vigour and as glorious rage
Thro' the rude gibberish of a barb'rous age,
You march and fetch his noble acts to light,
In numbers daring as himself in fight,
Let carping critics foes yet friends to fame.
Their utmost do thy well meant work to blame.
Such is the temper of thy manly page,
As soothes their venom and restrains their rage ;
Foil'd like the foes of the great BRUCE you flog
Submissive thy retreat and own the victor king
Such is thy work by opposition made,
And such the glory round it vanquish'd critics shed.

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T H E
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R O B E R T B R U C E
K I N G of S C O T S.

B O O K. I.

WHILST I, unequal, tempt the mighty theme,
And raise, advent'rous, to the British name;
Whilst in my soul a filial ardour reigns,
To sing the HERO sweating on the plains;
Immers'd in ills, and long with foes beset,
By caution now, now desperately great;
Be present PHOEBUS, in the op'ning scenes,
Inspire my thoughts, and regulate my strains;
Tell how the HERO triumph'd o'er his foes,
Grew in distress, and on his dangers rose.

IN former ages, and in ancient reigns,
When sense and honour grac'd * Ierne's plains;

* Ierne, from the old Gallican word Eryn or Heryn, signifies a country that lies towards the west; it is commonly taken for that part of Scotland called Strathern, and figuratively for the whole nation.

When her high monarchs and her HEROES stood
 In streams of † Cimbrian and Saxon blood :
 Proud of her sons, old ‡ Caledonia dar'd
 The haughty foe, nor foreign insult fear'd
 Her monarchs then, to lineal honours grew,
 And conquest grac'd each HERO's awful brow.

IN those remoter times (as fame hath said)
 || A prince renown'd th' Albanian sceptre sway'd ;
 Well fam'd his person, and well form'd his soul,
 True majesty and mercy tun'd the whole.
 Unhappy day ! wherein the wise, the great,
 Upon thy banks, O Forth resign'd to fate !
 May that dire day be from our annals torn,
 Nor let the sun once chee the guilty morn.
 Since t'en what slaughter rag'd on Scotia's shore,
 And drench'd the mother in the children's gore ?
 § What dire oppression on her mountains reign'd ?
 What blood and rapine all her valleys stain'd ?
 The bar'rous marks of curst tyrannic sway,
 Of lawless might, and Kingly perjury,

† Cimbri was the ancient name of the warlike people, now called the Danes, who over-run many nations, conquer'd England, but received so frequent overthrows in this country, that Scotland was call'd Danorum Funulus the grave of the Danes.

‡ Caledonia proper, taken for that part of Scotland which runs along the face of the hills, from Aberdeen into Cumberland, and figuratively for the whole.

|| Alexander III who died of a fall from his horse at Kinghorn [Albanian &c] From Albin or Albion, the name given to Scotland by the Highlanders.

§ No body needs to be inform'd of Edward I of England's being chosen arbiter in the controversy betwixt Bruce and Balliol for the crown of Scotland his unjust usurpation and the miseries that kingdom was reduced to by his means.

Beneath her ill[†] old Caledonia groans,
Mourns her waste cities and her slaughter'd sons;
Behold unnumber'd legions crowd her strand,
And lust and havock ravage all the land.
Greatly distress'd impatient of the day,
‡ Slow to a Grampian cave she bends her way;
There, like some ruin'd pile, great in decay,
Sunk in her woes, the sacred marion lay;
Deep in the grot, upon a mossy bed,
Silent reclines her venerable head
Thus waits till these dear accents reach'd her ear,
The barb'rous foe now triumphs on thy shore.
And the fam'd Caledonia is no more.
Unhappy sound! the matrons doleful cries,
Assail th' immortals, and fatigue the skies.
At last, omnipotence beholds our ills,
And pity streight th' eternal bottom fills.

'Twas night: but where, above yon azure skies,
Empyrean domes on flaming columns rise;
High arch'd with gold, with blazing emeralds bright,
Far thro' the void diffuse a purple light;
There shining regions feel no fading ray,
Lost in the splendors of eternal day,
Enthron'd amidst the strong effulgence, sat
The pow'r supreme! surrounding spirits wait.
He calls the guardian of the Scottish sway,

† This prosopopœia or fiction of persons, every reader knows to be common, especially in poetry.

‡ The mountains of Grauz-ben commonly call'd the Grampian hills run from Aberdeen in the North, to Dumbarton in the West; and continue the braes of the Means, Angus, Perth shire, and the Lennox, and several counties beside.

And ARIEL hastens thro' the choirs of day,
 Then from the throne th' Immortal silence broke,
 (Trembled the solid heavens as he spoke)
 † Fly Ariel fly and let a guardian's hand,
 Prevent the ruin of this fav'rite land;
 Old Caledonia, once thy pious care,
 O'errun with blood, with savage and despair,
 Old Caledonia! sunk beneath her ills,
 With her loud cries th' eternal mansions fills.
 † Haste, and the youth, whom heav'n hath chose inspire
 With filial duty, and with martial fire;
 Arm his intrepid soul to save the state,
 Preserve his mother, and reverse her fate.

He spoke. The seraph bows, and wings his way,
 Swift o'er the realms of unextinguish'd day:
 Down thro' the lower spheres directs his flight,
 And sails, incumbent, on inferior night.

† 'Tis hoped the reader will allow the justice of this piece of machinery, because of its necessity. Scotland was now reduced, in a manner, beyond all human means of recovery. Nothing cou'd save it, but the intervention and influence of some superior power. This, the author, with submission, thought a dignus vindice nodus, a difficulty that required such an interposal, and consequently introduced the machine.

† Sir William Wallace of Ellersly, who stood for the liberties of Scotland, in opposition of the usurpation of Edward I. The reader will please to observe here, that the author designs not a particular detail of the actions of Sir William Wallace, but only so far as they immediately concern the affairs of Robert Bruce. And therefore, he brings Wallace directly to the battle of Falkirk, where in a conference with that prince, he lays before him the treacherous designs of the English king and convinces him of his own loyalty to his country, and the Russian interest.

Where Tay thro' verdant valleys rolls his waves,
And fair Eneia's fruitful borders laves ;
Reard on its margin old Alctum stands,
Whose rising spires o'erlook the neighb'ring lands.
The youthful Hero here all silent lay,
And in soft slumbers lull'd the cares of day.
With speed th' immortal Nuncio hither flies,
And Fergus' air and shape his form disguise.
Approaching soft his wond'ring eyes he fix'd
On the young Hero's bloom, with manly vigour mix'd ;
But saw, while slumbers thus his limbs invest,
Short sighs and groans alternate, heave his breast.
His country's wrongs still in his bosom roll,
Invade his dreams, and rack his gent'ous soul.

'Twas now the aerial minister began,
And in great Fergus' voice address the man.
Arise my son, thy dauntless arm oppose,
To this vast deluge of thy bar'rous foes,
Involv'd in blood, see, thy dear country lies,
And her loud plaints have reach'd the pitying skies.
To thee, O youth divine whom fate decrees
Restorer of thy country's liberties ;
To thee this sacred charge from heav'n I bring,
Commission'd by the Go's eternal King.
Rouse then, my son, exert thy warlike pow'r,
And drive the foe from this unhappy shore ;
Date thy renown from this auspicious day,
And save from ruin the Fergusian sway.
He said ; and mounting in a blaze of light,
The seraph reascends the empyreal height,

By this Aurora, in her chariot drawn,
Had ting'd the ruddy east, and blush'd the dawn
When call'd by heav'n, to manage heav'n's designs.
In glitt'ring steel, Ellerslian Hero shines.

Born to chastise the pride of perjur'd Kings,
 Quick to the field, the youthful warrior springs.
 While higher names (a base degen'rate crowd)
 Stain their proud titles, and disgrace their blood:
 For factious ends, their country's rights forego,
 Treach'rous retire, or, impious, aid the foe.
 Others more honest, but by pow'r oppress'd,
 Had tamely purchas'd an inglorious rest;
 Only a few, whose thoughts, by heav'n inspir'd,
 And with the sacred love of freedom fir'd;
 Bravely disdain'd the proud usurper's sway,
 Nor fraud nor force, their gen'rous souls betray.
 These on their country's freedom fix their eyes,
 And threats and promises alike despise.
 Immortal chiefs! who (if my artless rhyme
 Can gain upon the injuries of time)
 Shall live, to late posterity renown'd,
 With wreaths of everlasting laurel crown'd,

AMONGST the first, the brave || Limonian thane,
 And Hay and Lauder glitter'd on the plain
 The daring Seton, and the faithful Boyd,
 Dauntless approach and close the hero's side,
 Ramsay and Lyle and Stuart of race divine,
 In awful pomp and dreadful honours thine.
 Crawford, and Campbell (long a loyal name)
 Array'd in steel, to that assembly came.
 Then Kieth and Murray, with their shining shields,
 And Baird and Barclay, loyal, grace the fields,
 Each warrior led a small but honest band
 Fix'd to the interests of his native land.
 Cumming approach'd ten thousand in his train,
 The fatal ruin of the future plain,

|| Earl of Lennox.

The Gordon, to a length of honour born,
Ruthven and Ker the rendezvous adorn.
Cleland and Auchinleck, a faithful pair,
Haste to the field and gen'rous, aid the war.
Now last of all appears upon the plain,
The love and wonder of the warlike train,
Intrepid Graham; the martial pomp to crown,
Array'd in burnish'd steel, severely shone,
The chiefs at once the godlike man accost,
And fondly welcome to the loyal host,
From out the throng the leader quickly ran,
And to his bosom prest the gallant man:
Hail, dearest brother! welcome to my arms,
Born to redress thy ruin'd country's harms;
Straight at thy presence, vanish all my cares.
And all my anxious dread of future wars,
He said. The chief advancing on the plain,
With graceful mein salutes the warrior-train.

By this the sun had shot a fainter ray,
And down the Western steep had roll'd the day;
When to Falkirk, enclos'd with verdant meads,
The gen'rous host th' Ellerslie Hero leads.
From thence to the Torwood their way they chose,
And 'midst its shades enjoy'd a soft repose.

Now o'er the § Ochel-heights the rising beam,
Darts thro' the rustling leaves a wavy gleam:
When from the wood advancing to the plain,
In martial honours shone the Grampian train,
The daring leader waves his awful hand,
And listening chiefs in silent order stand,

§ Ocelli Montes, the Ochel-hills, ly betwixt Strathcrn, Clackmannan, and Kinross-shires, and for the most part are all green.

Approaching squadrons next enclose the man,
While from a rising ground he thus began,

‘IMMORTAL sons of Albion’s ancient race,
‘ Whom faith unstain’d, and loyal honours grace;
‘ Whose noble ancestors, undaunted, stood
‘ In streams of Cimbrain and of Saxon blood;
‘ Whom Rome’s imperial arms essay’d in vain,
‘ Her eagles shrinking on the bloody plain;
‘ Behold my friends, your ruin’d country’s woes,
‘ And view the triumphs of her barb’rous foes.
‘ Gasping in death, see Caledonia lyes,
‘ And to the heav’ns and you for succour cries.
‘ You! whom, of all her progeny, she owns
‘ Her genuine off-spring, and her duteous sons.
‘ Behold your aged Sires in fetters pin’d,
‘ Or to a dungeon’s noisom depth confin’d,
‘ With upcast eyes implore your filial aid,
‘ And feebly sink against the hoary head.
‘ Behold our ravish’d virgins, and our youth,
‘ The spoils and victims of † the perjur’d South;
‘ Your selves from all your dearest pledges torn,
‘ With want oppress’d, with infamy and scorn;
‘ Thro’ woods and wilds, and lonely desarts tost,
‘ Expos’d to summer suns, and winter frost,
‘ Whilst the proud South’rons, by no power withstood,
‘ Pillage your fortunes, and debauch your blood.
‘ Unhappy Scots! are all our Heroes fled?
‘ ‡ Our Fergus’ Kenneths, and our § Malcoms dead?

† Edward I. of England had sworn to determine impartially in the controversy betwixt Bruce and Baliol; but, breaking that oath, endeavour’d to usurp the sovereignty himself.

‡ The Picts having joyn’d the Romans and Britons

' Our Hays, and Keiths, and our immortal Grahams, †
 ' And all our glorious list of ancient names?
 ' Was it for this those mighty Heroes stood
 ' In storms of death, and crimson scenes of blood?
 ' Did those stern patriots in battle shine,
 ' To save their country and secure their line;
 ' When Tay beheld them and the trembling Forth,
 ' Mix in dire conflict with the warlike North:
 ' And shall no son confess his gen'rous Sire?
 ' No bosom kindle with the glorious fire?
 ' See! yonder Luncarty's and Barry's plain,
 ' Still red with carnage of the slaughter'd Dane!
 ' Those very fields where your great fathers fought,
 ' And 'midst a waste of death your freedom bought.
 ' Rouse then and let those names your breast inspire
 ' With manly ardour, and with loyal fire
 ' Let your great fathers all your souls possess,
 ' And dauntless arms your country's wrongs redress.
 ' See! where the haughty South, in bright array,
 ' From yonder shining plains reflect the day.
 ' Behold Plantagenet, with awful pride,
 ' In burnish'd gold amidst his squadrons ride!
 ' Come, gallant friends, attack the perjurd host,
 ' And drive th' insulting legions from our coast.

against the Scots, defeated them in the field slew their King, and drove the whole nobility and gentry out of the nation. But at last by the valour and conduct of Feigus II. the Scots were restored, and afterwards engaging the Picts under the leading of Malpin alias Kennethmore; they overthrew'em, and pursu'd their victory to the extirpation of their name.

† Kenneth III. and Malcom II famous for those dreadful overthrows they gave the Danes.

‡ A short account will be given of them in their proper places.

He said. The chiefs, obedient, hail the man,
And thro' the host consenting murmurs ran.

By this the South'ron trumpets from afar,
In shriller notes proclaim th' advancing war.
The daring Scots return the martial sound,
And from the hills the loud alarms rebound.
Approaching now the embattl'd squadrons stand,
And in stern order glitter on the strand.
Th' thickning war, around obscure the fields,
With groves of lances arm'd, and bossy shields.
As when some dusky cloud o'er shades the main,
The breeze but whispering o'er the liquid plain,
Scarce heave the surges, ocean seems to sleep,
And a still horror settles on the deep,
Thus silent, the thick legions form around,
And the dread battles blacken all the ground.

But here, alas! how shall a Scottish muse
Thy fatal crime † O Cumbernauld, excuse?
Fain wou'd the muse th' ungrateful theme decline,
Or wipe the tarnish from the tainted line.
Fain wou'd in silence pass th' ill omen'd scene,
The chiefs embroil'd, and the deserted plain.

† The young Earl of Cumbernauld, had join'd the army at Falkirk with ten thousand men. But having himself an eye to the Crown, and either suspecting or disdaining the success of Sir William Wallace, a private gentleman much inferior to his rank, but the Guardian of Scotland, caus'd Stuart Lord Bute fall out with him about leading the van of the Scots army; alledging that post was due to his family. Wallace insisted on the privilege of his office, and they parted from one another in high chauff. Wallace drew up his men, and coming having wrought his design, treacherously retir'd also, and abandon'd Lord Stuart to the fury of the whole English army.

What direful woe from wild ambition springs ?
 The wreck of empires, and the bane of Kings.
 Discord with hideous grin and livid eyes,
 Swift, thro' the host, on footy pinions flies.
 Discord ! Ambition's direful brood beheld
 Ten thousand treach'rous Scots forsake the field.
 Traitors ! whose names no annals since have own'd
 Wrapt in disgraceful night, in dark oblivion drown'd.
 Urg'd by his wrongs and with resentment fir'd,
 The Ellerslain Hero from the plain retir'd.
 Ten thousand Scots with tears their chief attend,
 The sun himself ne'er saw a braver band.
 So great Achilles, on the Phrygian strand,
 Injur'd by Atreus son's unjust command,
 Full of his wrongs, deserts his country's cause,
 And all his Myrmidons from Troy withdraws
 Left in the field the noble Stuart alone,
 Before his few, but faithful, squadrons shone;

AND now great Harisford thunders on the plain,
 And twice ten thousand glitter in his train.
 The hardy Stuart abandon'd to his foes,
 Dauntless, to meet that dreadful battle goes.
 Twelve hundred Scots (no more had fate allow'd)
 To guard their lord, around the standard crowd.

THE war begins, the blended clamours rise,
 And shouts and groans, promiscuous, rend the skies,
 The glorious Bute undaunted scours the field,
 His doughty hands a mighty faction weild.
 O'er South'ron necks he hews his horrid way,
 While roll'd in heaps, expiring squadrons lay.
 Hartford beheld his fainting legions yield,
 And Edward's glory fading on the field;
 Amaz'd he views he chief's unbought might,
 Detpairs success, and meditates his flight.

The Scots, by their great leader's pattern taught,
 Advancing with redoubled fury fought,
 Back to the camp lord Hartfoord wings his way,
 And on the plain ten thousand victims lay,

IMMORTAL Stuart ! O were my bosom fir'd
 With ardours like to those thy soul inspir'd,
 The muse should raise a trophy to thy fame,
 Great as thy worth, and deathless as thy name.
 But see ! where Bruce array'd in martial pride
 And crafty Bels before their squadrons ride.
 Towards the Scots they shape their dreadful way.
 An' forty thousand helms reflect the day.
 Waving in air the gilded lion flies,
 And the loud trumpets echo thro' the skies.

TIR'D with late toils, the noble Bute beheld
 The swarming legions crowd the bloody field ;
 Anxious and doubtful view'd their mighty pow'r,
 And the firm ranks extended on the shore
 Amaz'd at first, his spirits backward roul,
 And by degrees forsake his gen'rous soul,
 He casts his eyes around but sees no aid,
 Wallace is injur'd, and the traitor fled.
 O deadly guest of passion ! direful heat !
 Dang'rous to all, but fatal to the great !
 In proving minds but low resentment dwells,
 And their gross blood scarce o'er its channels swells ;
 Spirits high born, like meteors in the sky,
 Ferment in storms, and round in ruin fly.
 Relentless Ellersly : ah, canst thou stand,
 And see the Hero butcher'd on the strand ;
 The Hero : whom so recent laurels crown,
 By numbers and superior force undone ;
 O send the God like Graham (and save thy
 Or lend the faithful Boyd to his rescue ;

Or let the gen'rous Seton's tears prevail
To share the day and turn the fatal scale.
Behold the chiefs all suppliant beg around,
Their tears in torrents trickling to the ground.
In vain. Unmov'd the injur'd leader stands,
Weeps loud and yet denies their just demands.

WITH eager haste approach the Saxon lines;
And in the front † the rev'rend warrior shines.
The noble Bute beheld the num'rous bands,
Whilst recollected in himself he stands;
Then rous'd his little host with fresh alarms,
And the shrill trumpet sounds again to arms.
Secure of glory, and a deathless name,
Lavish of life, he rushes into fame,

THE signal giv'n, inflam'd with mutual rage.
Th' unequal Squadrons furiously engage.
Thro' burnisht steel fast bursts the streaming gore,
And rolls a purple current on the shore.
The cautious Beik each various scene beheld,
Long us'd in war, and harden'd to the field;
Extends his ranks, and summons fresh supplies,
And to surround the Scottish Hero tries.
The glorious Bute perceiv'd his sly designs,
And, with stern rage attack'd the moving lines,
His manly arm dealt fell destruction round,
And Saxon crowds lay gasping on the ground.
Their leader's pattern the bold Scots inspires,
And from their rage the rev'rend Chief retires
But now brave Stuart beholds a shining train
In thick Battalia marshall'd on the plain.

† Anthony Beik Bishop of Durham, a great enemy to the Scots, more famous for his skill in the arts of war than in the Gospel of peace, as a certain author remarks. This Prelate headed 10,000 men at the battle of Falkirk, rais'd by his own influence and authority.

To succour Beik, full thirty thousand spears,
 And at their head the mighty Bruce appears.
 Display'd again'st his own, the Lions glæ,
 And martial trumpets animate the war.
 Deluded Prince; soon shall thy soul bemoan
 Those cruel deeds on Forth's fair borders done.
 The gen'rous Bute weeps at the Bar'rous fight,
 When awful Bruce adrest him to the fight;
 On his thin ranks a furious charge he made,
 And roll'd in heaps on heaps the mangled dead.
 Now Stuart beholds his little faithful band
 Drench'd in their gore, and gasping on the strand;
 With grief recounts their wonders on the plain,
 Full twenty thousand by twelve hundred slain.
 Great in distress; impatient of the light,
 Resolv'd to die, he rushes to the fight,
 Fraught with despair, he dealt his blows around,
 And Southern blood fast stains the crimson ground.
 But spent with former toils, o'ermatch'd with pow'r
 At last the Hero sink upon the shore.
 Stretch'd on the strand the godlike patriot lies,
 And shades eternal settle round his eyes.

How happy he; who falls amidst his foes.
 A sacred victim to his country's cause?
 What tears, what vows attend his parting breath?
 In life how lov'd; and how ador'd in death?
 Eternal monuments secure his fame,
 And lasting glory dwells upon his name;

SOL, fiery steeds, down from the noon-day height,
 Thro' western climes precipitate their flight,
 Expanded skies the flaming chariot bore.
 And rays declining gild th' Hesperian shore.
 Th' Elleslain Chief in burnisht armour stands,
 And, beck'ning round, him calls his daring bands.

I,
Sullen and sad approach the warrior-train,
And, touch'd with woe, regard the fatal plain.
When thus the Chief, You see our friends are lost,
By treason murder'd on that bloody coast,
The awful Bruce yon mighty battle leads,
And crafty Beik his select squadrons heads.
See where their haughty King in dread array,
Moves from the camp, and hastes to share the day.
Then say, What shall be done? the questions nice,
And fate allows us but a dang'rous choice.
If for supplier we shou'd to Lothian go,
Then furiously pursues the num'rous foe.
Or if to the For-wood our rout we bend,
Thro' Bruce's host we must that shelter find.
Say then. The Chiefs assented to his will,
What he commanded eager to fulfil.

THE Hero then, all dreadful as a God,
To meet the Bruce, before his squadrons rode.
Ten thousand spears advancing in his train,
An iron forest! glitter'd o'er the plain.
By this Lord Bruce had rang'd his warlike lines,
And at their head in bloody armour shines.
But O my muse, what God shall lead the way?
What inspiration guide thee thro' the day?
To sing the Chiefs that never knew to yield,
Engag'd in furious combat on the field?
Phœbus; assist, and all the Thespian throng,
Conjoyn your voices, and exalt the song.

Both armies now approaching to the fight,
In blazing terrors shone confus'dly bright.
The sprightly trumpet's martial clangor rise,
And roll in rattling echoes thro' the skies.
Glory and fame each Hero's soul possess,
And death or triumph breath'd in ev'ry breast,

ight,

The war now mingling fiery courfers bound,
 And resting squadrons shake the trembling ground.
 Thro' polish'd steel fast streams of reeking gore,
 And crimson torrens drench the purple shore,
 There warlike Bruce exerts his awful might,
 Here Wallace thunders thro' the bloody fight,
 Behold great Graham force his resistless way,
 Thro' all the ruins of the dreadful day.
 Here Seton, Hay, and Lauder scour the plain,
 There Boyd and Keith a distant fight maintain,
 Yonder brave Kennedy in battle stands,
 And great Montgomery joins his faithful bands,
 The hardy Frazers for to charge prepare,
 And dauntless Dundie rushes to the war.
 See gallant Oliphant to battle ride
 Dundas and Scrimgeour glittering at his side.
 Yonder the hardy Turnbull takes the field,
 And savage spoils glaze his orbey shield,
 Johnstoun and Rutherford, and Blair and Gray,
 And Guthrie, Scot, and Lindsay share the day.
 Newbigging, Tinto, Little, grace the field,
 And Holiday who we'll could weapons wield.
 Bold Holiday! in war a noble man,
 Hastes to his * Eme, and combats in the van.
 Thro' hostile ranks they scatter fate around,
 And twice four thousand gasp along the ground.
 Quite thro' the South'ren host, o'er Carron's flood,
 To Tor-wood-shades the Scots in safety rode.
 Wallace alone, and Graham and Lauder stay,
 Unsated with the slaughter of the day;
 Greedy of fame, their fiery courfers rein,
 And drive, imperious, back unto the plain.
 Three hundred men to guard the chiefs prepare,
 Tru'd to blood, and harden'd to the war.

* An old Scots word for Uncle.

Where Saxon ranks in thickest order stood,
 With awful force these dauntless warriors rode
 The Bruce cou'd well the Scottish band perceive.
 His legions rally, or just orders give,
 With wounds transfix'd, all weltring in their gore
 Three hundred Saxons strow'd the bloody shore
 But now bold Bruce his strong battalions leads;
 And thirty thousand to the onset leads,
 † Cozen'd by fraud, and jealous of his right
 Wing'd with revenge, he rushes on the fight
 Three worthy Scots pierc'd by his mighty hand,
 Roll in their blood and bite the purple strand.
 The Ellerslian chief with sorrow sees them bleed.
 And, swell'd with rage, he reins the fiery steed
 Against the Bruce directs his awful force,
 The Bruce all dreadful meets the Hero's course
 Charg'd in his left a mighty lance he wore
 And Wallace hand a glut'ring faulcheon bore,
 Together fast the dauntless warriors ride,
 And thro' bright steel soon bursts the blushing tide
 From Wallace thigh transfix'd fast flows the gore,
 And Bruce's courser tumbles on the shore
 The valiant bands soon mount the Bruce again
 Whilst Graham and Lauder thunder'd on the plain
 Thro' South'ron ranks these Heroes urg'd their way
 And bore alone the fury of the day:
 Whilst Wallace stood and stemm'd his bleeding wound,
 In heaps the foe lay scatter'd on the ground
 His blood now stanch'd, the chief returns a new,
 The hardy Graham and Lauder, to rescue,

† The elder Bruce who was competitor with Baliol for the crown of Scotland was impos'd on by the King of England, and made believe that Wallace desired to usurp the sovereignty which occasioned his fighting here at Falkirk with his friends and vassals against the Scots,

To their relief he rode in all his might,
 'Till cautious Beik advanced to the fight,
 By numbers overpow'r'd the Scots retire
 Nor could great Graham restrain his martial fire
 A hornish'd sword in his strong hand he bore
 And forward rushing thro' the shock of war,
 Before the Bruce he struck an English knight
 Where his gay glittering crest stood polish'd bright
 With unresisted force thro' helm and head
 Down to the collar planc'd the shining blade,
 The knight falls prostrate on the gorey ground,
 And blood and soul rush mingl'd thro' the wound
 A subtle knight who saw the deadly blow,
 Fnd with resentment, meditates the foe,
 A Graham return'd, the crafty warrior spy'd,
 Beneath his armour, a defenceless void,
 In at his back full aim'd with cautious care,
 Quitt thro' his bowels slides the treach'rous spear
 The hero turn'd and smote the cruel foe,
 Just where the casque the vizor join'd below.
 Thro' steel and brain fast rush'd the forceful brand,
 The noble Graham swoons on the bloody strand
 This latest proof of loyal valour shows,
 And greatly falls amidst his country's foes,

When Ellerfly the glorious chief beheld,
 Bath'd in his blood, and stretch'd upon the field,
 What sudden pangs his throbbing soul possess
 What rage and grief tumultuous tore his breast,
 He weeps he raves, abandon'd to despair,
 Then wing'd with fury, rushes to the war,
 Enrag'd he rides amidst the thickest foe,
 And certain death descends in every blow,
 Bereft of reason careless of his life,
 Desperate, he urges the unequal strife.

The bloody torrents thicken as they flow,
And heaps of slaughter the red level strow.
But now two strong battalions shape their way,
Their beamy lances glitt'ring in the day,
Led on by bold Bruce, the Hero's steed they gore,
Fast bleeds the courser on the crimson shore
Their spears in pieces hew'd the martial knight.
Then from the plain precipitates his flight.
O'er Carron's flood the wounded steed him bore,
Then fell down dead upon the farther shore.

Phoebus in western waves had drench'd his team,
And the brown twilight shed a dusky gleam
To Tor wood shades the Scottish troops repair ;
Wallace and Ker alone with equal care
Silent on Carron's flow'ry borders stay'd,
Revolv'd the day, and mourn'd the valiant dead.
The south'ron's too retire, and Bruce and Ray
Along the nearer bank pursu'd their way :
When, thro' the gloom upon the distant side,
The hardy Bruce the Scottish chief espy'd,
Where jutting rocks a straiter passage frame,
Lessen the channel, and contract the stream.
There Wallace heard the leader call aloud,
And stopping, press'd the margin of the flood,
When thus the Bruce : ' I know thou art the knight,
' This day that, dreadful led the Scots in fight.
' Amaz'd, I saw thee in dire combat stand,
' And, curious mark'd the wonders of thy hand.
' To real worth a just applause we owe,
' Nor is it mine to stain a gen'rous foe :
' But say, what wild ambition fires thy soul ?
' What rage and madnets in thy bosom roll ?
' Does the thin air of popular applause
' Engage thee, desperate, in a sinking cause ?

' Or does the lust of sway thus urge thee on
 ' To empty titles, and a fancy'd throne?
 ' To wade thro' seas of thy dear country's blood,
 ' Born on the breath of a tumultuous crowd?
 ' Darest thou presume to match the English force,
 ' Or stop the mighty Edward's boundless course?
 ' Vain man dismiss that thought of lawless sway,
 ' And due obedience to the victor pay:
 ' Preserve thy country from impending woe,
 ' And yield, submissive, to the conqu'ring foe.
 Thus Huntington. When from the other side,
 The Scottish chief in haughty terms reply'd.
 ' I own the charge. Ambition fires my soul,
 ' And rage and madness in my bosom roll.
 ' Ambition! to preserve a sinking state,
 ' Vainly abandon'd by the faithless great;
 ' To save my country from th' accursed crew
 ' Of bar'rous foes, and yet more bar'rous you!
 ' I claim no right nor shall my pow'r employ
 ' To mount to titles, or to lawless sway:
 ' My soul hath still abhor'd the gaudy dream
 ' Of fancy'd rule, or an usurper's name;
 ' To save my country, if allow'd by fate,
 ' All other way disdaining to be great.
 ' Our actions are our glory or our shame,
 ' Not borrow'd titles, or any airy name.
 ' The peasant to renown may nobly rise.
 ' Whilst the proud tyrant undistinguish'd lies.
 ' Know then, I'll die, or set my country free,
 ' In spite of Edward, and in spite of thee;
 ' Thee; who by right shouldst Albion's sceptre wield,
 ' Yet tear'st her bowels in the bloody field.
 ' Who, impious, return'st from yonder shore,
 ' Still warm and reeking with thy country's gore.
 ' Before to morrow's sun begin his course,
 ' Once more I'll dare to meet the South'ron force.

For that dear land where first I drew my breath,
 'I'll seek the tyrant in the fields of death,
 ' Begirt with guards and wall'd with legions round -
 ' I'll drive him, perjur'd, from our native ground
 ' Farewel, deluded man : thy right forego
 ' And bow, a Monarch, to a treach'rous foe,
 ' Be a secure, inglorious slav'ry thine,
 ' But death or liberty shall still be mine

Thus spoke the chief. His latest accents roll
 Thro' Bruce's heart, and settle in his soul
 He finds himself by Edward's fraud misled
 And long by South's on artifice betray'd
 Perceives the Scottish leader's loyal care.
 His honest toils, and unambitious war.
 Then thus, ' You see my friend, the doubtful light
 ' Leads on the fable chariot of the night,
 ' Near Dunipace, where stands a sacred fane,
 ' By nine next morning, let us meet again,
 ' No.—long ere Phœbus runs that length of course
 ' Reply'd the chief, we'll meet the tyrants force;
 ' In spite of all the pow'r he has to sway
 ' Fate shall, before that time, decide the day,
 ' He either shall his impious claim give o'er
 ' And shamefully repete his native shore,
 ' Or one of us shall fall in bloody fight,
 ' Impartial heav'n will judge our cause aright
 ' But if you please th' appointment to assign,
 ' At three, I'll meet you near the ancient shrine,
 The Bruce consented, and to Lithgow past,
 To Forwood shades good Ker and Wallace haste,
 Refresh'd with food, the host for rest prepare,
 And in short slumbers hush the din of war.

Bright phosphor soon the vaulted azure gilds,
 And star, retiring, quit the airy fields,

The Scottish chief abandons his repose,
 And arms of proof his manly limbs enclose,
 With clasps around the temper'd mail he ties,
 And graven cuishes glitter on his thighs
 Upon his head a shining casque he wore,
 A staff of steel in his strong hand he bore,
 A beamy falchion grac'd his manly side:
 Boldly he seem'd in battle to abide,
 His armour bearer lop went on before,
 And the great warriors massy buckler bore,
 Thus forth the hero marching, views the lines,
 And to each chief his proper post assigns,
 Ramsay and Lundie and the hardy Shane,
 Of Lennox led five thousand to the plain
 Five thousand more himself and Lauder guide,
 And Richardson and Seaton clove their side
 To the late field they march in deep array,
 And view the ruins of the former day
 There, what a horrid scene the sight confounds
 What heaps of carnage strow th' adjacent grounds
 And life scarce cold yet bubbling thro' the wounds;
 Along the strand the floating streams of blood
 Roll on in tides, and choak the neighbouring flood
 Here lay brave Stuart, and Rossie's gallant Thane
 With honest wounds transfix'd upon the plain
 There lay great Graham extended on the shore,
 Lifeless and pale, and stain'd with clotted gore,
 Him Wallace saw and throbbing at the sight,
 Alights and rushes to the lovely sight
 Up in his arms he rais'd his drooping head,
 And thus with tears, address'd the gallant dead

' Farewel, my best lov'd friend: a long adieu,
 ' To all th' illusive joys of life and you
 ' Farewel, O grateful victim to our foes
 ' Thou sacred martyr for thy countrys cause

I.
} For her thou foughtest in dreadful fields of death,
For her thus greatly thou resign'st thy breath,
That warlike arm shall I behold no more,
Thy faulchion brandish on the bloody shore.
No more those eyes shall fierce in battle glow,
Thy friends delight and terror of the foe!
How is the mighty fallen upon the plain?
The chief, the Hero, by a coward slain!
Nor shall his soul the treach'rous triumph boast;
Sad and confounded on the Stygian coast,
Thy noble hand soon sent the dastard foe,
Mangl'd and damn'd down to the shades below.
Ah! gallant man, what worth adorn'd thy mind;
How brave an enemy how sincere a friend;
Sincere to me since first our love began,
Thy David I, and thou my Jonathan.
Thou wast the hope, the glory of my life,
My better genius in the doubtful strife.
Warm'd by thy presence, how did I disdain
The toils and dangers of the unequal plain?
How did my soul with rising ardour glow,
Lessen the hazard, and contract the foe?
O'erlook the adverse host, when I beheld
My brave companion thunder in the field?
Old Albion shall in tears of blood bemoan
The gallant patriot, and the duteous son.
In thee her freedom and her honour dead,
Her hopes all blasted, and her succour fled.
Farewel, blest shade; may thine unspotted soul;
Now rais'd on high to thy congenial pole,
In flames of heav'nly raptures ever glow,
And smile, propitious, on our toils below.
He said. The host accompany their chief,
Burst into tears, and give a loose to grief.
So once, of old, on the Moleffian coast,
Bold Theseus mourn'd his dear Pirithous lost;

Now wash'd with blood, upon their shields they bore
 The lifeless hero from the fatal shore,
 With solemn pomp the mournful chiefs proceed,
 And in the ancient fane inhume the dead.

To all the chieftains slain due rites they pay,
 Then to th' appointment Wallace bends his way,
 The loss of Graham, and that unhappy field,
 Inflam'd his soul when he the Bruce beheld.

Approaching quick, the ireful chief began,
 And in stern language thus address the man.

- Dost thou repent thy base unnatural war?
- Or thirsts thy soul yet still for native gore?
- † Rew'lt thou the actions of thy barbarous hand,
- The cruel havoc on yon bloody strand?
- See those brave patriots, who, too loyal came
- To save their country and maintain thy claim;
- To oppose a haughty tyrant's lawless might,
- And 'gainst thyself t' assert thy native right:
- See where lye distain'd with purple gore,
- By their own prince all murder'd on the shore,
- Behold the gallant Stewart and Rossia's Thane,
- And God like Graham, late stretch'd upon the plain
- Heroes! whose blood not armies can atone:
- By fraud, and tyranny, and thee undone
- Unhappy man! — More wou'd the chief have said
- When down'd in tears, the noble Bruce reply'd
- “ Yes, generous friend! I saw the heroes stand
- Like gods in battle on yon bloody strand.
- Eager of fame, unknown how to yield,
- How did they count the dangers of the field!
- O'ermatch'd with numbers, prodigal of life,
- How did they struggle in th' unequal strife;
- For their dear country, mix'd in dire debate,
- They strove with heaven and disputed fate.

† This is an ancient Scots word for Repent

‘Twas I deluded wretch!! who led that pow’r
Against my friends to this unhappy shore,
‘Twas I, ill fated !! whose guilty hand
Dy’d with my native blood yon crimson strand.
Poor, hapless man ; by fair pretences led
To ruin, and by kingly fraud betray’d. “

WALLACE with joy hears what the Bruce had said,
And on his knee a low obeisance made,
The South’ron pow’r he begg’d him to disown
And reign a monarch, on his native throne,
Against that crafty prince assert his claim
Revenge his wrongs and vindicate his name,
Alas : nor yet I dare the Bruce reply’d
For sake that king or quit the South’ron side
My son a hostage for my fealty lies,
Which if the fire should violate—he dies,
But here I vow, ne’er shall this guilty hand
A sword imploy against my native land,
No more against my friends a weapon bear,
But soon as as I escape the treach’rous snare,
To thee I’ll come, and on thy faith rely,
T’ assert my title and secure my sway.
This said in arms he rais’d the gallant man,
And tides of joy thro’ Wallace bosom ran.
Betwixt them mutual kind endearments past
Then parting, each revisited his host,
Waiting their chief on the late field of blood
In order rang’d, the Grampian squadrons stood
Arriv’d the Hero mounts, and leads the way,
And the firm lines move on in close array.
By inneravin, Lennox guides his band
And bardy Crawford shares the Earl’s command
Thus ordered thro’ the lower way to ride,
Obscure, by South’ron watches unesp’y’d.

Wallace himself conducts a chosen band
 On the South side thro Maxwell's rocky land
 To Liddgow straight where mighty Edward lay
 Silent the hardy Lennox speeds his way,
 Sudden amidst the tents in armour shines
 And hasty slaughter rages thro the lines,
 Spent with the labours of the former day,
 Dissolv'd in sleep th' ill guarded south'ron lay
 When thro the camp the clashing arms resound
 And hostile cries their drouthy soul confound,
 Edward, amaz'd beholds the sudden war
 And bids his legions for the fight prepare
 Enrag'd his courser mounts, and scours along
 And rouses with reproach the sluggard throng
 Bold Hereford hastes to York his forces joins
 When Wallace enter'ing thunders thro the lines
 On South'ron ranks exerts his well known might,
 And drives conspicuous thro' the bloody fight,
 Some naked, some half arm'd & senseless throng
 Part stup'd gaz'd part run confus'd along
 Whilst the bold Scots distribute death around
 Steeds, tents and squadrons mingling on the ground
 The awful king stern in the battle shines
 And with his presence animates the lines
 To arms the hardy Bruce he calls aloud
 And twenty thousand round the hero crowd
 Resolv'd no more his subjects to offend
 The Bruce advances on his mock command
 Great as he went, before his squadrons rode
 Awful in steel and dreadful as a God,
 The usual fierceness kindles in his eyes
 And o'er his face dissembled terrors rise
 His beamy fatcheon bradshining in ai
 He seems to charge and counterfeits the war
 His threatening blows, if blows at all descend
 Fall innocent, as from a fathers hand,

WALLACE meantime, and Lennox in their course,
 Meet in the center, and conjoin their force,
 The warlike bands exert their outmost might,
 And, unresisted, thunder thro' the fight.
 Fir'd with resentment of the former plain,
 Their country spoil'd their brave companions slain;
 Forward, united in their fury go,
 And pour swift vengeance on the guilty foe.
 Graham, and the chieftains lost inspire each dead,
 And to their ghosts ten thousand victims bleed,
 Abas'd, the Southron host for flight prepare,
 And from the field fast speeds the vulgar war.
 Only the king now long renown'd in fame,
 Combats for glory, and asserts his name.
 And other chiefs, in martial honours great,
 Before their monarch nobly meet their fate.
 Against that king to prove his awful might;
 The Scottish chief rode furious thro' the fight?
 Thro' all the force of the opposing foe,
 Full at his vizor aim'd a deadly blow;
 He mis'd the King: the standard bearer's head
 Asunder cleft the unresisted blade.
 The royal standard, shameful; prest the plain,
 Then fled, dismay'd, at once the Southron train.
 The hardy Scots their warlike steeds prepare,
 And, mounting, swift pursue the flying war;
 From ‡ Glotta's banks to § Nithia's steepy coast,
 With blood and slaughter drove the scatter'd host.
 Pierc'd with dishonest wounds three thousand dye,
 And Crawford-moor with mingled carnage dye;
 With tears great Edward views the dismal scene,
 His bravest troops without || resentment slain.

‡ Clyde river § Nithdale.
 || Reteniment, for Revenge.

With rage and grief at once his soul oppress,
 He turn'd, and thus the valiant Bruce address'd.
 ' Ah, Huntington ; thou seest yon murder'ing crowd,
 ' With slaughter tir'd yet still athirst for blood ;
 ' Our friends all butcher'd, and yon bloody heath
 ' One heap of carnage, and a waste of death,
 ' Would'st thou but turn, and stop their barbarous might,
 ' By all the powers ; I shall confirm thy right.'
 He said. The Bruce in modest terms reply'd,
 ' Annel my bond, make my engagements void ;
 ' Then shall I turn, attack the Scottish power,
 ' And drive their legions back to Carron's shore.'
 The royal statesman, vers'd in kingly art,
 At once perceives his alienated heart ;
 Hence guards his motions, watches his designs,
 And as a prisoner at large confines.
 But now the warlike Scots approaching near,
 Fall in with shouts and thunder on the rear.
 With heavy heart the mighty Edward fled,
 Mournd his lost honour, and his legions dead ;
 O'er Solway's stream, home to his native shore,
 He leads the reliques of his vanquish'd power.
 Full fifty thousand in that journey lost,
 With mingled corpses strow'd the Scottish coast.

Thus far the muse, in just example sings
 Of traitors, loyal chiefs, usurping kings ;
 Their deeds transmitting down to future times,
 In faithful records, and unbiass'd rhimes,
 Of virtuous names she marks the glorious fate,
 And brands with infamy the factious great.
 Faction ; thou dire, thou legionary fiend,
 How dark thy views, how dismal is thy end ?
 What numerous woes in thy black bosom dwell ?
 Or pride first founded and inspir'd by hell !

By thee the gods were mix'd in dire debate
And daring faction shook th' immortal state !
In bands combin'd assail'd the sacred throne,
'Till in his might arose th' eternal son ;
Full in his father's strength attacks the foe,
And hurls them, flaming, to the abyss below
Far from th' effulgence of superior light.
'Midst liquid fire to soul and shades of deepest night
Mankind, immortal, innocent, first sell,
By thee thou darling principle of hell,
Since, uncontroll'd, thou spread'st thy boundless reign,
Inspir'd th' ambitious, and delud'st the vain

This Wallace found Not all his gen'rous toils,
His glorious conquests and triumphant spoils,
Not all his brave attempts to free the state,
Cou'd skreen the patriot from the jealous great,
Belet by malice and by fraud oppress,
(Yet green with laurels, and with triumphs grac'd)
'The godlike leader to Edina came
Renounc'd his pow'r, disclaim'd a guardians name
'Midst tears of loyal states resign'd his trust,
A willing exile from his native coast,
His canker'd wrongs deep in his bosom sat
And deeper still the ruin of the state
Yet forc'd by faction, he forsakes the land,
His friends attend him to the briny strand
In a lone bark they launch into the main,
The bounding vessel plows the wat'ry plain,
Aloft inspiring gales, propitious blow
Obsequious rolling roars the tide below
Till late from dangers of the liquid reign
The warlike crew the Rochel harbour gain.

Farewel, thou gen'rous man ; a long adieu
To wretched Albion's safety, and to you,

Who shall in arms dare to support her right
 What hardy chief shall lead her sons to fight
 Her once brave sons : now terrified and aw'd
 At home by faction and by pow'r a-road
 To woods and wilds and lonely desarts go,
 Forsake her cause, nor dare to meet the foe
 The foe again swarms on her crowded strand,
 And fresh destruction sweeps her wasted land
 Farewel, brave injur'd man : thou boast of fame ;
 At once thy country's glory and her shame.
 Nor shall the muse thy farther acts explore,
 On Scotia's plains, or on the G. llic shore
 The weary muse here rests her drooping wing
 And, conscious of thy fate, forbears to sing
 Some other genius shall the task attend
 And paint the villain in the perjur'd friend
 Nor shall the Bruce's fate her notes inspire,
 Or tune to elegy the mournful lyre,
 Secret, she weeps the luckless father dead,
 The scene o'erveiling with a silent shade
 Now fits the harp to a sublimer strain
 The godlike son ; and his immortal reign



B O O K II.

THE South'ron trumpets sound the dread alarm,
 The war rekindles and the legions arm
 The younger Bruce is call'd from Gallia's shore
 For now the hapless father was no more
 In warlike pomp array'd, the crowded host
 Moves, sable, onward to the Scottish coast.

As cranes, embody'd, shade th' ætherial plains,
Stretch'd on the wing, to shun impending rains;
The airy host on sounding pinions flies,
(A living cloud) along the darken'd skies;
So, wrapt in dust, the South'ron's shape their way,
Obscure the sun, and intercept the day.
Great in the van the mighty monarch shone,
And by his side in armour blaz'd the son.
Next, mournful Bruce, before th' embattl'd crowd,
Full of his fire, in silent grandeur rode,
Thick swarm the hostile bands on Scotia's shore,,
And sword and fire her poor remains devour.
To hills and dales her trembling sons retreat,
Their homes abandon, to avoid their fate.
Mothers and infants share the common woe.
And, feebly flying, fall before the foe.
From Solway's stream, to Caithness stormy strand,
One dismal waste of ruin sweeps the land.

As when some torrent swell'd with wintry rains,
Roll from the mountains, and o'er spreads the plains;
The swains, and flocks o'erwhelm'd confus'dly roar,
And woods and harvests float along the shore,

Now fraught with spoils from far † Pomona's coast,
To Perth returns the ‡ Trinobantian host.
From thence to Scoon the victor takes his way,
The sacred seat of Scotia's ancient sway;
Where twice ten centuries her monarchs sat,
On fated marble, venerably great.
Imperial Scoon; how is thy pomp defac'd
Thy archives rish'd, and thy glories raz'd;

† The largest of the Orkney islands,

‡ Trinobantes were the people of Middlesex, &c,
taken here for the English in general.

Thy sacred monuments (the prize of war).
 And spoils of ages, grace th' usurper's car ;
 The deeds and records of great Fergus' line,
 The fatal stone torn from its hallowed shrine ;
 The learned, and their works, in triumph born.
 Augusta's cells and libraries adorn :
 This Cumming saw, and, spire of jealous hate,
 Mourns the wide ruin of the wasted state :
 Touched with the woeful scene, the Bruce address,
 And thus, with tears, unfolds his lab'ring breast,

" A w Huntington ! how long shall rival hate
 • Divide our int'rest, and improve our fate ?
 • Thou seest our country, by her foes oppress'd,
 • One heap of ruin, one abandon'd waste !
 • Her laws and rights and liberties forlorn.
 • By foreign force, but more by faction torn.
 • Shou'd you to me convey your right, then I
 • To you make o'er my lands and property.
 • Or if to you my little I resign,
 • Then your paternal heritage be mine."
 The Bruce accepts the last ; and thus agreed.
 They sign, and seal and interchange the deed.
 Mean time his rout against great Edward bends
 Back to Augusta, and the Bruce attends.
 Wrapt in his hopes, impatient for the day
 T' assert his right and vindicate his sway.

But now, fell † Ate, source of human woes,
 Dismal from depths of Tartarus arose.

† Ate signifies guilt. She was the Goddess of revenge,
 Discord, Ambition, passions so destructive to human kind.
 Any reader will easily see the prosopopœia, and likewise
 understand the machinery.

Fir'd at th' agreement, the black fury fled,
 And, direful hovers round the Cuming's head
 In visionary scenes he hears her howl,
 And feels the ambitious venom in his soul,
 The sooty spectre shed a noxious steam,
 And her red eye balls flash'd a hellish gleam
 Full of the demon starting from his bed
 Disclaims his oath, and the agreement made
 To Edward sends the writing seal'd and sign'd
 And shows malicious, what the Bruce design'd
 Edward in council reads the hated scroll
 And sudden vengeance kindles in his soul
 Straightway the noble Bruce is doom'd to bleed
 But fate forbade, and heav'n oppos'd the deed.
 Bright Ariel, anxious for his sacred care,
 Shoots downward in a veil of thicken'd air
 Mix'd with th' assembly unperceiv'd he sat,
 Directs their thoughts and guides the Brussian fates
 In secret whispers heaven's behests conveys
 Breaths in each heart, and all the council sways,
 The sacred motion touch'd fly Pembroke's breast
 The peer arose, and thus the King address'd
 "Sov'reign!—Not Huntington alone must bleed,
 • His kindred also must atone the deed.
 • Till these are seiz'd, the punishment decline
 • Then wreck your wrath on all the Brussian line
 • His brethren, allies, and his friends must fall
 • And one dire ruin o'erwhelm them all
 • 'Tis thus you are secure," The peers assent
 And Edward fallen owns the sentiment.
 Nor knows the fix'd eternal voice of fate
 Had doom'd him safe, and spoke the hero great
 For him immortal honours had decreed :
 And endless glories shed around his head
 Bid him thro' danger struggle to renown
 And rise the theme of ages not his own,

'Twas night ; and now the great assembly rose,
 Each peer retiring to his late repose
 Not so bright Ariel his dear charge dismiss,
 But watchful, hovers o'er Montgomery's breast
 With tenderness to Bruce his heart he fires.
 And to prevent his doom his thoughts inspires
 Bids the solicitation in his bosom roll
 And breaths the friend in whispers to his soul
 Full of the visions of the night by fear,
 And love awak'd up rose the friendly peer
 A faithful servant soon his lord attends
 Whom sought with presents to the Bruce he sends,
 No charge in words the trusty menial bore
 Put in his hand a purse of shining ore
 Two glittering purs of silver polish'd bright
 The certain emblems of a speedy flight
 The charge deliver'd and the man dismiss
 Bruce solves the mystic message in his breast
 By heaven instructed, soon the meaning clears
 Calls his attendants, and for flight prepares,

'Twas when bleak Boreas sudden gusts arise
 And beat the fleecy winter thro' the skies,
 When bell-ing clouds descend in spreading snow
 And form a shinning wilderness below.
 By night the prince two servants in his train,
 On horseback mounting, scours the trackless plain
 But lest the foe should trace the sudden flight,
 Along the impression on the snowy white
 By secret hands his couriers backward shod
 Elude the search and falsify the road
 Thro' dreary shades of night and tracks of snow
 Where winds and storms in struggling tempests blow
 Where hills and dales, the forest and the field
 One diaphane undistinguish'd prospect yield

Where roaring torrents roll their wat'ry way,
 The noble Bruce pursues his restless way,
 Till past the dangers of the hostile plain,
 And the bleak horrors of the wintry reign,
 † Lochmaben's gates a safe retreat afford,
 Unfold obsequious and receive their Lord.
 By two attendants led, the royal guest
 His great ancestors' ancient pavement prest:
 There found his brother, and Kilpatrick wight,
 Fleming and Lindsay, and the ‡ Reaver-knight
 His eyes with wonder and confusion mix'd,
 On the brave stranger royal Edward fix'd.
 He gaz'd astonish'd! then his brother knew,
 And, wing'd with joy, to his embraces flew.
 Each chief salutes his sov'reign in his turn,
 And all their hearts with mutual transports burn.
 The menials next with victuals load the board,
 And chiefs attending entertain their Lord.
 His hunger soon allay'd, the royal guest
 (As men of war are us'd with short repast),
 Begun his late adventures to relate,
 And runs the series of his former fate;
 Till, sleep approaching, all the chiefs arose
 To guard their sov'ring to his soft repose.

Now ope's the wintry dawn, and Cynthia's ray
 Shoots a dim twilight thro' the lowering day,
 When loyal friends in bonis a courier bring,
 Fraught with dispatches to the Southron King,
 By Cuming sent. The hardy Edward rose,
 And to the King's apartment softly goes

† Lochmabane belong'd heretably to Bruce's family, as they were Lords of Annandale

‡ The Red Reaver alias Thomas of Chatteris, or Longaveil, whom Wallace took at sea.

He found the monarch starting from his bed,
 And to his presence soon the captive led.
 The man at once produced the traitors' writ :
 The monarch read, and shudder'd at the sight.
 He views, and wonders at the black design,
 His eyes, indignant, rolling o'er each line.
 The purport bore—To haste the Bruce's fate ;
 For King's should dread the popular and the great.
 Fir'd with revenge, his courier quick he calls,
 An furious leaves Lochmaben's ancient walls.
 His friends all ready now, their steeds bestrode,
 And swiftly follow thro' the marshy road.
 Straight to Dunfries advances all the train,
 And find the Cuning in the sacred fane.
 Rage and swift vengeance rolling in his breast,
 Bruce furious enter'd, and the man address,
 ' Villain ! (meantime he shews the trait'rous scroll),
 ' Read this, and learn to hate thy perjur'd soul.'
 No more——but pull'd a poniard from its sheath,
 And in his heart deep drove the shining death,
 Lord Cuning falls, a tide of crimson gore
 Bursts from the wound, and stains the hallow'd floor.
 His cousin Edward, hasting to his aid,
 Prone at his side by Lindsay's hands is laid,
 This done, the Bruce attended by his train,
 Swift to Lochmabane measures back the plain :
 Thence round his royal manifesto sends,
 To warn his subjects, and invite his friends :
 High rais'd, in gold the glittering lions glare,
 And round the standard crowds the loyal war.
 The King appears, his noble mein imparts
 Love to their souls, and courage to their hearts.
 They view their prince, in arms a glorious name ;
 And ev'ry breast beats high with future fame.
 The monarch, mounting, foremost trac'd the plain,
 Glitter the loyal squadrons in his train.

Straight to imperial Scorn they bend their way
The sacred seat of Fergus' antient sway
When, o'er the lawns, as Bruce directs his sight
A warlike courser bore a sable knight
His clouded mail a dusky horror shed
A bloody plume blaz'd nodding o'er his head

As from some nightly cloud, s' impregnate womb;
The sudden light, ning glares along the gloom;
High on his helm so wav'd the blazy stream.
And o'er his armour cast a double gleam.
In his strong hand a lance he rais'd on high
And a broad faulchion glitter'd at his thigh
Soon as the Bruce the warlike knight beheld
Foremost he speeds his courser o'er the field
His beamy spear advancing in his rest
Aloud he calls and thus the man address,
• Who'er thou art in arms that tread'st the plain,
• Disclose thy purpose, thy designs explain
• Whether a stranger from some foreign soil.
• Thou com'st to view old Caledonia's roil
• By heav'n directed from a distant shore
• To join her loyal sons, and aid her righteous war
• Or if thou com'st her freedom to oppose.
• Obstruct our right, and to assist our foes
• Who'er thou art, obscure, or known to fame
• Show thine intentions, and unfold thy name

Thus spoke the king, and now the warrior band
Approaching, round the gallant stranger stand,
The courteous knight a low obeisance made.
And thus to royal Bruce, submissive, said.

• From foreign climes, and distant tracts of earth,
• I sought the soil where nature gave me birth,
• Long since inform'd of my dear country's woes,
• By home bred faction torn, and foreign foes.

' Arriv'd, with tears I view'd her wasted shore
 ' Horrid with slaughter, and deform'd with gore
 ' One face of ruin, direful spread each plain
 ' Her towns in ashes, and her heroes slain.
 ' I found my much lov'd sire a captive led,
 ' In fetters pin'd and in a dungeon dead ;
 ' Myself bereft of all his wide domains,
 ' Where now, the haughty Clifford proudly reigns
 ' Mine Eme address th' usurper to remain
 ' My right paternal, but address in vain.
 ' The suit prefer'd, the tyrant rose in ire,
 ' And proudly check'd the vener' ble fire
 ' Rejected with disdain, and disp' selt
 ' What grief and rage indignant tore my breast!
 ' Full of my country's wrongs, mine own disgrace
 ' I vow'd revenge on all the Southron race
 ' Just as the motion in my bosom roll'd
 ' A loyal friend in joyful whispers told
 ' The noble Bruce escap'd, pursu'd his way
 ' To assert his title to the Scottish sway
 ' Rous'd with the thought' I arm, and soon prepare
 ' To join my prince, and aid the loyal war
 ' If thou'rt that Bruce, and thole thy martial bands
 ' A faithful subject waits thy just commands
 ' A stranger I, a youth unknown to fame
 ' But loyal Douglas was my father's name

THE Bruce, well knowing what the sire had done
 Flew to the embraces of the gallant son.
 Close in his arms the godlike man he prest
 And all the train salute the noble guest
 Thence to imperial Scoon they bend their way
 The far fam'd seat of Albion's ancient sway
 Arriv'd, they enter ; guards surrounding wait,
 Whilst Bruce is seated on a throne of state

Then from the altar of the hallow'd fane,
 The sacred officers the rites began.
 The regal oil, first plac'd by pious hands,
 In holy vases on the altar stands.
 The tuneful choir their solemn voices raise,
 And heav'n resounds the consecrated lays.
 The royal fragrance on his head they pour,
 In od'rous drops descends the hallow'd show'r.
 Of gold and jewels next th' imperial crown
 (A daz'ling radiance!) round his temples shone.
 Mean while the chiefs, and the attending train,
 Intently gazing on the awful scene,
 With wonder saw a flame, innoxious, spread
 It's lamentable glories round the monarch's head;
 Amaz'd, beheld unusual splendors rise;
 Play o'er his face, and sparkle in his eyes.
 Again the choir their notes in concert join,
 Warbles the heav'nly anthem thro' the shrine,
 The crowd in peals of loud applauses rise,
 And, catch'd from vault to vault the echoing noise
 Rolls thro' the dome, and rattles in the skies.

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The rites perform'd, attended by his train,
 The sacred monarch leaves the hallow'd fane.
 To rooms of state ascends the royal guest,
 Where boards stood loaded with a rich repast.
 Gay sparkling bowels the various banquet cheer,
 And music's charms again suspend the ear.
 The royal repast done, succeeds the ball,
 And Caledonia beauties grace the hail;
 In rich attire attend their gen'rous prince,
 And in bright measures lead the num'rous dance.
 Now night, once more, the boards with goblets crown'd
 Long live the King: in ev'ry glass goes round;
 Round from repeated bowels rich nectar flows,
 Till drowsy slumbers summon to repose,

The rising Beams glow on the verge of day,
And o'er old ocean's heaving bosom play,
The noble Bruce imperial Scoon forakes,
To Bertha's tow'rs a royal journey takes.
With him fierce Edward issues to the plain,
Lennox the bold, and Athole's hardy thane.
Randolf and Hay two thunderbolts of war;
Seton and Boyd to guard their prince prepare.
The daring Sommerville in armour shines,
And hardy Frazer his battalions joins,
Inchmartin, Barclay on the field appear,
And doughty Douglas glitter'd in the rear.
Five hundred spears advance in bright array,
Cleave o'er the lawns, and doubly gild the day.
In Bertha's tow'rs the crafty Pembroke stay'd,
And twice ten hundred his command obey'd.
Before the town then girt with walls around,
The King approaching mark'd the proper ground.
Near to the works encamp'd the squadrons lay,
Commission'd thence two trumpets take their way;
Straight to the gates the martial heralds came,
Requir'd the place in good King Robert's name;
Summon'd the haughty Pembroke soon to yield,
Or bravely meet their master in the field.
The chief, indignant, hears the bold alarm,
Deigns no reply, but bids the legions arm,
Throughout the troops the leader's orders run,
And quick, in arms the warlike South'ron shone.
Back to the camp the heralds soon repair,
And bid their monarch for the fight prepare.
The scots hear from the walls the loud alarms,
The echoing trumpets, and the din of arms,
Repairs each leader to his fix'd command,
And rang'd in firm array the legions stand.
The King on horseback views the embattled lines,
Then dauntless at their head in armour shines.

Ready to sally, now, the South'ron train
 The gates unfolding, hasten to the plain:
 When lo ! a chief before the ranks appears,
 Grave were his looks and rev'rend were his years
 In ev'ry martial art precisely skill'd !
 Deep at the board and daring in the field
 Sir Ingram Omphraville, well known to fame,
 In peace and war a venerable name
 The issuing troops his awful presence stay'd
 And thus the chief to haughty Pembroke said
 ' High from the walls I view'd yon level strand
 Where Scots array'd in firm battalia stand,
 ' Compar'd to us, a small, but dauntless train,
 ' Inur'd to blood, and harden'd to the plain,
 Their country's love a gen'rous warmth imparts
 ' Arms their intrepid hands, and steels their heart
 ' See ! round the ranks great Bruce exerts his care
 ' Cheers ev'ry bosom, and inflames the war,
 ' Full of his fire ! his fire well known of old
 In council subtle, and in action bold
 ' These other chiefs oft have I seen before
 ' Thunder thro' death and sweep the bloody shore
 ' Glory and liberty their bosom fill
 ' And ev'ry captain boasts a gen'ral's skill,
 ' Greater our numbers, but yon hardy train,
 ' Long us'd to war are matchless on a plain
 ' Therefore, my Lord the doubtful field delay
 ' And promise battle the succeeding day
 ' Cautious, meantime, surprise the Scots by flight,
 Secure and guardless midst the shades of night.

Assents the leader, and the troops recalls;
 Sudden proclaims a trumpet from the walls,
 ' This night each army to their rest repair
 ' And let to morrow's sun decide the war,

He said. The Scots, part on the field abode,
 And part to Methven's neighboring forest rode,
 In soft repose to lull each anxious care
 Thoughtless of danger, undisturb'd by fear,

Now Cynthia silent, shades a silver light
 Gilds the blue expanse and adores the night,
 The planets round in various orbits roll,
 Glows with unnumber'd fires the spangled pole,
 A solemn horror settles on the woods,
 And deeper roll the murmurs of the floods
 Late to their rest retire the lab'ring swains
 And silence o'er the face of nature reigns
 'Twas now the Scottish chiefs for fight prepare.
 And from the walls leapt forth th' embattl'd war
 The waving lances shoot a beamy light,
 And doubly gild the glories of the night,
 To Methven, where the Scots securely lay
 The craty leaders shape their silent way
 Swift as they march'd, by chance a watchful knight
 Descer the quadrons thro' the gleamy night.
 Sudden he hastes to rouse the slumb'ring crowd,
 By that fly Onphraville attacks the wood
 The hardy King had scarce his banner cry'd.
 When Pembroke thunder'd at the forest side,
 The narrow forest no defence cou'd yield
 Then rush'd the daring monarch to the field,
 The Scottish chiefs to guard the standard ran,
 Furious commenc'd the combat on the plain.
 Together fast the battle bravely goes
 Loud to the skies the thick'ning clamours rose,
 From forged steel thic' flash'd the streamy light,
 Mix'd with the air and blaz'd along the night
 The daughtry King aloud his banner cries
 And furious midst the thickest squadrons flies

His burnisht brand was heavy, sharp, and long,
With ireful force he hew'd amidst the throng.
Thro' shining armour burst the crimson gore,
And a red deluge floats along the shore.
The chiefs advance their sov'reign to sustain,
And haughty Pembroke meets the loyal train.
Fierce with a shout the hosts together bound,
Trembles the forest, and the skies resound.
A waste of ruin round the field is spread,
And heaps on heaps lie roll'd the mingled dead.
The noble King exerts his awful might,
And Edward's fury flam'd amidst the fight.
There Somerville dealt round his deadly blows,
And doughty Douglas thunder'd on his foes.
Bold Lennox here, there Athole's hardy band
Pour on the front, and sweep the dreadful strand.
Pembroke with grief their awful force beheld,
His troops all broke and reeling in the field;
Unable to sustain their martial fire,
Dismay'd he stood, and ready to retire;
When Omphraville (the Scottish commons won),
And Moubray on the rear a charge begun.
This Pembroke saw and soon his power recalls,
And with fresh vigour in the front assails.
The Scots o'erpow'r'd, and on the point to yield,
With rage and grief the glorious King beheld.
Aloud his loyal banner calls again,
And fiercely rushes on th' opposing train.
Thro' all the ranks he scatters death around,
Red roll the crimson torrents o'er the ground.
To save his friends, and to secure the state,
What wonders wrought he in the dire debate!
But vain the thought thus singly to sustain
The war's whole tide and fury of the plain.
Urg'd in the front, encompass'd on the rear,
His fainting squadrons all for flight prepare.

Their foes no longer able to withstand,
 Diverse they fled, and left the bloody strand.
 Randolph and Somerville proud Pembroke bore,
 Inchmartin, Barclay, captives from the shore.
 And Frazer long for martial deeds renown'd,
 And other chiefs the South'ron triumph crown'd,
 The hardy Moubray rushing o'er the strand,
 Had seiz'd the Bruce's bridle in his hand;
 Loud to the legions the bold warrior cries,
 Haste to my aid, mine is the Royal prize.
 But daring Seton sees the captive prince,
 And, sudden, rushes to his Lord's defence;
 High in his right, he bore a flaming brand,
 On Moubray's helm the thickening blows descend;
 'Till, bent beneath his force, he quits the rein.
 And reels and stagger's, flunn'd, along the plain.
 The King thus rescu'd, from the battle fled,
 And South'ron chiefs to Perth their captives led,
 Dispatch'd, a courier speeds o'er Solway's shore,
 And Pembroke's letters to great Edward bore.
 Joyful he reads the action on the plain,
 The Bruce's rout, the captives and the slain;
 Each pris'ner soon a barbarous death enjoins;
 But the wise leader baulks his Lord's designs.
 His crafty speeches their intentions try'd,
 And bounty fix'd them to the hostile side:
 Their lives he granted, liberties restor'd.
 And ev'n † young Randolph own'd a South'ron lord.
 The commons all a joint obedience yield,
 Dismay'd and routed in the bloody field,

† Thomas Randolph was the King's nephew by his sister; who being made prisoner here, and despairing of his Uncle's affairs, went heartily into the English interest. Being sometime after retaken by James Douglas, restored to the King's favour, and created Earl of Murray; he proved one of the greatest commanders of his time.

Forſake their homage ſince the fatal ſtrife
 And meanly barter liberty for life
 The noble monarch thus by fraud o'erthrown
 His hopes near ruin'd and his ſuccours gone
 To mountains, wilds, and deſerts now repairs
 To ſhun the danger of ſurrounding wars,
 Edward attends him on his lonely way
 Athole, and Douglas, and the loyal Hay
 Campbell and Halliburton with him ride
 Names all devoted to the righteous ſide,
 Three hundred peafants gathering to their lord
 A weak but voluntary aid afford
 'Midſt barren rocks, and unfrequented ways
 The royal Outlaw ſpends his irkſome days,
 Wild roots his hunger, and his thirſt allay'd,
 The friendly ſtream that thro' the valley ſtray'd,
 Green moſs by night affords his homely bed
 'Midſt the dark foreſt's hoſpitable ſhade,
 Thus, lonely, wander'd, overſet with pow'r
 The royal exile on his native ſhore,
 'Till pinch'd with cold and want, the feeble train
 Their toils no longer able to ſuſtain:
 Where fair Devana's friendly fortrefs lay,
 Thro' roads uncouth direct their ſecret way
 Thither the queen and beauteous ladies came,
 Brave Neil attending on the royal dame

‡ Devana ! boated ſeat of arts divine
 Renown'd by Phœbus, and the ſacred nine!

‡ New Aberdeen, ſituated towards the mouth of the river Dee. About a mile from thence, northward, lies Old Aberdeen near the mouth of the river Don: where ſtands a famous univerſity, founded by James IV. King of Scots,

With all th' immortal stores of science grac'd
 The spoils of Rome and trophies of the east ;
 Since driven by barb'rous hands th' harmonious maids
 From Thespian bow'rs and from the Latin shades
 By Phoebus' care conducted o'er the main
 Of old arriv'd on the † Tæzalian plain ;
 Near where the Don, fam'd for her scaly brood
 Her tide disgorges in the Grampian flood
 A fabrick stands, whose gilded tow'rs on h'gh
 Rear'd into diadems, invade the sky,
 Here meets th' † Albanian prince the tuneful choir
 And hails the patron of the tuneful lyre
 Conducts the muses to the gay retreat,
 Assigns their mansion, and confirms their seat.

O much lov'd seat ! nurse of my tender days
 Accept this humble tribute of my lays ;
 So may each art and science grace thy halls,
 And wealth and splendor still adorn thy walls,
 May ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace be thine
 As love and gratitude shall still be mine
 The dutious sons shall sing thy glories round
 And Dona's banks repeat the pleasing sound
 To ev'ry lyre the rural pow'rs shall crowd,
 The sylvan gods and naids of the flood.
 With raptures list'ning to the song divine
 Inspir'd by Phoebus and the sacred nine.
 Let Helicon his fountain boast no more
 Nor Tyber glory in his vocal shore ;
 Ye Greek and Latin springs resign your fame
 Now lost in Dona's consecrated stream.

Within the neighb'ring walls the monarch lay,
 Liv'd on delight, and lov'd the hours away

† The people of Mar, Bachan, and all about Aberdeen

† The forelaid James IV.

The others chiefs, amidst their comforts charms,
Forget their toils, and lull the din of arms.
Short their delights. From all th' adjacent lands,
And neighb'ring strengths, arose the South'ron bands.
Assemble to the war the gath'ring pow'rs,
And joyn and thicken to Devana's tow'rs.
The King appri'd, nor able to sustain
Th' unequal force, withdraws his little train.
From Deva's shores to Avon's spacious source,
The royal bands remenfurate their course.
There rode the Queen, and all the lovely fair,
'Mid' barren climes expos'd to bleaky air.
Near where † M'Dougal held his savage sway,
The monarch with his thin battalions lay,
M'Dougal nephew to the Cum'ing slain,
Fir'd with rev'ge, advances to the plain.
A thousand shields approaching to the fight,
Dart from their bossy orb's a glimm'ring light.
The hardy King near to a forest stands,
And to array calls forth his faithful bands,
Three hundred lances glimer in the air.
Move into ranks, and wait the barb'rous war.
Swift as their native Does, the hostile train
Arm'd with fell axes, bounding to the plain,
By fierce M'Dougal violently led,
On Bruce's host a furious on'et made
Ye gods ! how dire, how dreadful was the fray ?
How fierce the charge, how obstinate the day ?

† M'Dougal of Lorn was sister's son to Cum'ing whom Bruce had slain ; and, as was natural, resented his uncle's death, whilst perhaps he did not know who had the just title to the crown. His honourable and loyal descendants will pardon the author's being obliged to follow the course of history, and to treat him here as a rebel.

The bold M'Dougal's troops, a barb'rous crowd,
 Innur'd to rapine, and bred up to blood ;
 Like wolves untam'd, or like the mountain boar,
 Their fury on the royal squadrons pour,
 And with fell axes mow the bloody shore.
 'Twas here the noble King was hard essay'd,
 At once his courage force and conduct try'd,
 He mark'd the fury of the barb'rous host,
 And saw his friends bestrew the sanguine coast :
 With grief beheld the havock of the day,
 Ev'n Douglas bleeding and the gallant Hay.
 He felt his soul pierc'd with the tender sight,
 And call'd forth all the wonders of his might.
 Awful in ire, his banner cry'd aloud,
 And rush'd resistless on the savage crowd.
 Thro' the crush'd war with dreadful force he broke,
 Trembl'd the nodding forest at the shock
 As when some furious whirlwind sweeps the plain,
 Sounds thro' the skies, and settles on the main ;
 Mix'd in black tempests rising billows roll,
 Roars the vex'd ocean, and resounds the pole.
 Thus far'd the monarch midst, the adverse band.
 Thus burn'd the thick'ning combat on the strand.
 The barb'rous foe, stop'd in their bloody course,
 Stood still and gaz'd astonish'd at his force,
 While pour'd in torrents roll the savage gore,
 And ten score axes strow the crimson shore ;
 Ev'n fierce M'Dougal dreads the monarch's might,
 Yet fir'd with rage still animates the fight.
 Mean time the Queen, and all the lovely crowd,
 From the thick covert of the shady wood,
 Viewing the fury of each adverse train,
 And all the various terrors of the plain,
 Amaz'd and trembling at the face of war.
 Thus to the heav'ns their ardent vows prefer,

Thou ! at whose voice divine the thunders roll
And shake the solid basis of the pole,
Whose dreadful nod ev'n gods and men obey,
Thou sole, thou sacred rector of the sky !
To our joint vows thine ear propitious bend,
And thine anointed from his foes defend
Bear him, thou mighty arbiter of fate.
Far from the fury of the dire debate,
Or crush the hostile war, and drive yon band
Dismay'd and wither'd, from the bloody strand
The monarch's labours crown, reward his toils
And bid him triumph in the rebel spoils,
They said, and heav'n assents, to half the pray'r,
The half rejects and mingles with the air.

Just as the foe again for fight prepare,
Range in fierce ranks, and recommence the war,
The king with wisdom as with valour grac'd,
His bands assembling, thus the chiefs address.

• You see, yon rebel animates his train
• His squadron rallies and renews the plain,
• Num'rous their troops, and well with weapons stor'd,
• A brutal people with a savage lord,
• Stock'd with provisions in their native soil
• We pinch'd with famine, and fatigu'd with toil,
• Suffice it, then, we once have check'd their course
• Their fury blunted, and repell'd their force,
• Nor let us further tempt our doubtful fate
• But save our friends and cautiously retreat
• Renown'd the chiefs, whose souls, undaunted dare
• Face the stern day and meet the front of war,
• Can slaughter in each hideous form disdain
• Thunder thro' fate, and sweep the ghastly plain ?
• The Hero lives exalted into fame,
• Nor less the glory of that leader's name
• Who, prest with odds, can check his martial fire
• Elude the foe, and cautiously retire,

Thus spoke the King : and soon in just array.
Retreat the legions from th' unequal day,
The hostile squadrons for the chace prepare,
But the bold monarch sternly guards the rear.
Douglas and Hay, and all the chieftains stand
In arms an iron bulwark ! on the strand,
Till by degrees retiring from the field,
The loyal troops had gain'd the woody bield.
His hopes all blasted, and his purpose crost,
To Lorn M'Dougal reconducts his host.

Thus to the wood the King and chiefs repair,
Safe from the noise and danger of the war
There found the Queen, and all the charming train
And in their lovely arms forget their pain,
By their soft hands each scar and bleeding wound
With studious care is tented, bath'd, and bound,
Nor Pææus self, God of the healing art,
Could halt so swift, so sov'reign ease impart.
Her dittany no longer Crete shall boast,
No more Arabia vaunt her balmy coast,
The fair physicians speedier aid afford,
Their touch was med'cine, and their lips restor'd,
The weary chiefs secure from dire alarms
Feed on their eyes and live upon their charms ;
In pleasing dialogue consume the light,
And melt in softer extasies the night.

Now late in ocean bath'd th' autumnal star
Rears his red orb, and shoots a keener glare,
Around, his breath in sultry vapours flies,
Glow's the parch'd earth, and flame the middle skies.
Long had the host consumed their irksome time
Midst barb'rous foes, and in a horrid clime.
By hunger driv'n pursu'd the hunters toil,
O'er craggy cliffs, and thro' a desert soil ;
Spoil'd all the forests of their savage game,
Ransack'd each den, and pillag'd ev'ry stream.

Now spent with labour much, with famine more,
At last prepare to quite the rugged shore.
‘Bove all, the royal dame, andauteous train,
Strange to the hardships of a rough campaign;
By hunger pinch’d and round with foes beset,
Resolve to flee, and tempt their future fate
The King and chiefs their comforts sorrows shar’d,
Mourn’d their declining strength and charms impair’d;
With boding hearts the lovely fair embrac’d,
And bath’d in tears, the sad departure haste.
The noble † Neil, and Arhol’s loyal thane,
Direct the way, and guide the lovely train.

On Dona’s fertile banks a fortress stood.
Stupendous pile! the labour of some god.
Held by the father of the royal dame,
Impregnable: Kildrumny is its name.
Tnither the watchful chiefs with loyal care.
Thro’ wilds, and paths unknown conduct the fair.
There at their ease the tender beauties rest,
But still the monarch labours in their breast.
The monarch: who, meantime, thro’ hills and dales,
‘Midst barren rocks, and solitary vales,
With fates averse, with cold and famine’s pains,
Superior strives, and heav’n his soul sustains.

How deep the counsel of the eternal mind;
Man’s thoughts how stinted, and his views how blind;
Far in the womb of causes fix’d on high,
Events in regular confusion lye;
Till heav’n shall by degrees each link unloose,
And step by step our future fate disclose;
Not man, but angels, shall explore in vain
The winding order of the mystic chain.

† Neil Bruce the King’s brother taken after wards by
the English, and put to death at Kildrumny.

Mortals, obedient to th' eternal nod,
Must hope, and suffer, and attend the God.

Thus long, the monarch struggl'd with his fate,
Glorious in patience, and resign'dly great;
Means and events he weigh'd with proper care,
In counsel wise, and terrible in war;
Through ev'ry scene, in ev'ry act sedate,
Bold to attack, and cautious to retreat:
No toil refusing for the state's defence,
A loving father and a generous prince.

Thus long, illustrious, in distress he lay,
And spent in mountain wastes, his tedious hours away:
Nor durst, fore pinch'd with want, the loyal pow'r
Forsake the heights, or tempt the champaign shore.
Now autumn past, approach'd the wint'ry sway,
And night's black shades usurp'd upon the day.
The gathering clouds descending from on high,
Lowr' fraught with storms, and threaten in the sky.
The north's chill breath comes keener o'er the plain,
And, sharper thrilling, scuds, the thicken'd rain.
The noble Bruce unable now to bear,
Amidst a desert clime, th' inclement year;
His legions warns, resolving to retreat,
And in Cantyre to tempt his future fate.
Mean while, before the gen'rous Campbell sends,
To view the country, and apprise his friends,
Then to Lochlowmond march the loyal band,
And find a crazy birlin on the strand;
They launch the boat, and, pair by pair, the host
In twice twelve hours attain the farther coast.
The hungry legions scour the desert lawns.
Beat round the woods, and rouse the nimble fawns.
Boid Lennox hears, amaz'd the mingl'd sounds
Of cheering horns about and op'ning hounds.
Lennox; who, here, since Methven's fatal strife,
On roots and savage game sustain'd his life.

He knew the King, and warn'd his little pow'r,
 And joyful met him near the briny shore
 At once the monarch and the chiefs drew near,
 And courteous, hail, and hug the loyal peer.
 The loyal peer supplies the host with food,
 The mountain goats, and product of the wood.
 Of toils and dangers past the various tale
 Mutual diverts, and cheers the welcome meal.
 The repast ended, rose the royal train
 And hasted to the margin of the main,
 By this had faithful Campbell gain'd the land,
 And ships, with victuals fraught, obscur'd the strand
 The joyful host soon launch into the deep,
 And lab'ring oars the foamy billows sweep.
 † Th' Hebridian chief, who stretch'd his ample reign
 † Wide o'er the daughters of the Western main
 The monarch welcomes to the friendly coast,
 And gen'rous entertains the loyal host.
 Three days they rested, and then put to sea.
 And to • Raclinda plow'd the liquid way
 Raclinda's boors their ready aid afford
 Receive with joy, and own their righteous lord,
 Gladly supply the troops with needful store
 A friendly race, an hospitable shore.
 Thro the bleak season here the monarch stay'd;
 Obscure, and fame around proclaim'd him dead,
 Mean while his foes assemble all their bands,
 Harass his kindred, and ransack their lands,
 No difference put twixt sacred and prophane
 And ev'n the hallow'd mitre pied in vain,

† Æneas or Angus, son of the western islands,

† A poetical way of expressing those islands scattered up and down through the Caledonia sea.

• Rauchrine or Rauchline one of the said islands,

‡ Glasgow's old loyal, venerable fire,
 In bonds and dungeons felt the factions ire
 † The noble Seton, ever dear to fame,
 A godlike patriot, and a spotless name;
 By factious treason in Lochdown betray'd
 And to * Augusta's hostile towers convey'd,
 For Scotia's sake resign'd his gallant breath
 Great in his life and glorious in his death.
 Seton! thou brave, thou ever loyal name,
 How the muse warms with the exalted theme,
 Let Rome no more her fam'd preservers boast,
 Camillus Curii, and the Fabian host,
 Old Albion in her Setons vaunts her odds.
 A race of Heroes rising into gods.
 The royal dame, beset with trait'rous pow'r
 Forsakes Kildrummy, and the faithless shore
 Northward she fled: but Ruffia's rebel thane,
 Betray'd, ungenerous the female train
 Convey'd them captive to Augusta's towers,
 To waste confin'd, their melancholy hours

To assail Kildrummy, South'rons next prepare,
 And young Cae'narvon heads the num'rous war
 Great Gloucester the youthful leader joins
 And, 'midst his squadrons, hardy Hertford shines,
 In broad array the legions sweep along,
 And round the walls dispose the warlike throng.
 Each gate young Edward views each pass secures,
 And storms of batteries rattle on the towers
 But gallant Neil, and Athole's hardy thane,
 Repel the fury of the hostile train.

‡ The Bishop of Glasgow (our author does not mention his name) imprisoned and put to death by the Cummanan faction

† Sir Christopher Seton, the noble ancestor of the Earl of Winton

* London.

In vain an iron tempest round them flies,
And shocks of engines thunder thro' the skies,
Their noble breasts no sense of danger palls,
Each soul undaunted, as unmov'd the walls.
Tir'd with the fruitless task the impatient prince
His Sire admonish'd of the bold defence.
The haughty Sire soon arms his awful pow'r,
And onwards speeds to Solway's sandy shore,
Fond man! How inscious of thy mortal date?
How blind to that last swift approach of fate?
In vain thou seest thy steely legions glare,
And triumph'st in the pomp of impious war.
In thy fond heart proud conquest vainly reigns,
And lust of lawless pow'r thy bosom stains.
In vain oppressive sway thy breast inspires;
Behold the period of thy vast desires!
Sudden thou feel'st thy latest minutes roll,
• And in a paucity hut expires thy soul.
Pride and ambition hand thee down to fame,
And tyranny sits black upon thy name.
Not so when once, 'gainst unbelieving foes,
Flam'd thy dread falchion in the sacred cause;
When Antioch saw thee thunder on the shore,
And syrian streams run red with Pagan gore
'Twas then bright trophies to thy name arose,
And bays unfading grac'd thy awful brows.
Now lawless might and fraud the scene o'ercast,
Wither thy laurels, and thy triumphs blast.
Now, unlamented, thou resign'st thy breath,
The hate of life and ridicule of death.

MEANWHILE the Scots maintain Kildrumm'y tow'rs,
And darts and jav'lines mix in iron show'rs,

† Edward I died suddenly in this expedition to Scotland, at a cottage in a place called Burgh upon the Sands.

High in their glittering arms the chiefs appear,
 And from the walls annoy the hostile war.
 Impregnable the mighty fortress stands,
 And braves the force of all the South'ron bands.
 Vex'd at the vain attack, the prince recalls
 His troops, just ready to forsake the walls;
 When suddenly a mighty flame he spies
 Burst from the roof, and crackle in the skies.
 Accurst contrivance! a perfidious Scot
 Had in a secret tow'r the treason wrought.
 At this, the prince again his squadrons forms.
 And with fresh force the flaming fortress storms.
 Betray'd, the brave defendants, and amaz'd,
 With tears upon the spreading mischief gaz'd,
 No longer equal to the dire dispute,
 Assail'd by fire within, by foes without;
 Their hopes extinguish'd, the provisions lost,
 On terms surrender to the South'ron host.
 But haughty Edward, who no terms observ'd,
 Some hang'd, some quarter'd, some in prison starv'd,
 The chiefs, brave Neil and Athol long renown'd,
 Their fate amidst a thousand torments found.

AND now Caernarvan and his bands retire,
 To pay the last sad duties to his Sire.
 The court expecting on the border-land,
 Welcome the monarch to his native land.
 Peers, prelates, gen'als, knights, a splendid train?
 Sumptuous attend, and aid the solemn scene;
 To Westminster in sable pomp proceed,
 Yawns the deep marble, and receives the dead;
 The Sire's last rites perform'd, his royal son,
 The young Caernarvan, mounts the South'ron throne.

MEANTIME brave Bruce on Rauchlin's rugged shores,
 Patient consumes the winter's bleak hours;
 Intirely inscious of the lowland state,
 His captive Queen and mighty Edward's fate,

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Nor fame had yet o'er these wild mountains spread.
 Kildrummy sack'd. and his lov'd brother dead,
 Unknowing. and unknown. his days he past.

Far on a horrid, unregarded coast,
 But Douglas weary of the dull delay
 The vain spent night and the inactive day,
 The martial youth aspiring now to fame,
 To prove his worth and to assert his name :
 Cou'd brook no longer this inglorious rest,
 And thus, impatient, the bold Boyd address,

‘ How long, my friend, thus idly shall we moan
 Our fortunes ruin'd, and the state undone ?
 ‘ How long shall Albion's unrelenting foes,
 ‘ Feed on her spoils and triumph in her woes,
 ‘ While thus her cause her sons like cowards yield,
 ‘ Nor dare assert her in the gen'rous field ?
 ‘ Forbid it heav'n ! nor let the Douglas fame,
 ‘ Sink in a dastard son's inglorious name.
 ‘ No ; like my Sires. I'll seek the dire debate
 ‘ Meet the brave day, and court the face of fate,
 ‘ Henceforth this anxious soul shall know no rest
 ‘ No ease these limbs, no peace this lab'ring breast ;
 ‘ Till Albion, free from force of foreign bands
 ‘ And from her impious sons more barb'rous hands.
 ‘ Shall in her pomp of ancient splendor rise.
 ‘ Her glory fill the earth and reach the distant skies,
 ‘ Till Bruce, succeeding to his right divine
 ‘ Shall add new lustre to great Fergus' line
 He said And Boyd assented as he spoke,
 And of the King a sudden leave they took,

Swift from the rough Rachiinda's sleepy bay
 Launch the bold chiefs, and sweep the wat'ry way,
 Fly o'er the whit'ning surface of the main,
 And land on Arran's coast their little train
 Long had the isle obey'd the South'ron power
 And Hastings govern'd on the rocky shore

In Bradwick fortrefs lay the hostile band,
 When Boyd and Douglas gain'd the barren strand,
 The Scots withdrew, and in close ambush lay,
 Far in a thicket on a scraggy bay
 Just as the deputy the galleys brought
 With arms, and with provisions richly fraught
 The mariners their vessels quickly moor,
 As quick the Scottish chiefs array their pow'r,
 The servants led the victuals from the main,
 Mov'd the stuff'd waggons o'er the beachy plain
 When, amaz'd, the Caravan beheld
 The hardy Scots in order, take the field.

As when some lion couching on the lawn,
 Views from a rocky cliff the sportive fawn,
 The lovely savage shoots along the way
 Bounds from the steep and tears his trembling prey
 Thus Douglas furious rush'd amidst the foe,
 And twenty deaths the sea-bear level strow,
 The artful Boyd his needless aid restrain'd.
 But spoil'd the attendants, and the victuals gain'd
 By this bold Hallings hears the warlike noise,
 And ireful to his friends assistance flies.
 The doughty Douglas spies th' approaching band,
 And sudden hastes to meet them near the briny strand
 But when the haughty Southron chief beheld
 The daring foe thus dauntless take the field,
 Superior, yet he dreads the Douglas might,
 And back to Brothwick wings his coward flight.
 Brave Douglas to the walls pursues in vain
 Strong was the fort, and few the Scottish train,
 The chief returning finds the hostile store.
 And faithful Boyd attending on the shore
 Then in the covert of a shady wood,
 The Scots themselves and all the prey bestow'd.

Ten days were past, when Bruce embarks his host
 And swiftly launches from Kachinda's coast,

Furnish'd with needful stores, the royal train
In thirty galleys plow the wat'ry plain :
On Arran's rocky isle, direct they bore,
And gales propitious waft them to the shore.
There rose a hamlet on a rugged bay ;
Thither the King and chiftains bent their way ;
Enter'd a paultry inn, and quick, demand
What strangers late had trod the barren strand ?
Up rose a female, and the Monarch led
Where Boyd and Douglas held the forest-shade :
The Bruce his horn inspires, the vehement blast
Rings thro' the wood, and boats along the coast.
Alarm'd the leaders at the well-known sound,
With eager haste from out the thicket bound.
Joyful salute the King and then relate
The warden's foil, and their first prosp'rous fates ;
Thence to the inn trace back the winding shore,
And menial lead along the ruffled store.
Rich sourh'ron victuals load the homely board,
And Boyd and Douglas entertain their Lord.
Next all the army share a large repast ;
Glad was the King, and merry was the host.

Now ceas'd keen Boreas freezing breath to blow,
And streams, unbound, in grateful murmurs flow ;
No more, thro' lowring skies mix'd tempests reign,
Nor angry surges swell the sounding main,
Smile all the meads, and blossom all the groves,
And the wing'd songsters chant their tender loves.
The various beauties of the spring appear,
And gentle Zephyrs fan the genial year.
The noble King three days in Arran's isle,
Retresh'd his troops, and rested from his toil.

Now tir'd of ease his thoughts on Carrick bends *,
 And thither soon a faithful courier sends :
 Bids him, attentive, view the country o'er,
 Practise with caution, and their faith explore.
 If friendly—on the coast a fire must blaze †,
 Th' undoubted signal of a loyal race
 The messenger obeys, and quits the strand,
 And, swift, arrives on Bruce's native land.
 The peasants tries, but finds them as he goes,
 All sworn to South'ron. all the Monarch's foes,
 Yet, or by chance or fraud, 'tis hard to say,
 The blaze appear'd upon th' appointed day.
 The careful King beholds the rising gleam ‡,
 And to the leaders points the distant flame.

* Carrick belong'd hereditarily to Robert Bruce in right of his mother, which made him the sonder to sound the inclinations of that people.

† I have always found it the greatest difficulty to bring up such little circumstances as these to any degree of poetry. When the action is great in itself, and the incidents proportionally noble the poet labours least, A dignity of expression rises naturally out of the greatness of such an action and in that case, a man has more use for his judgment than his genius, in order to moderate his heat, and keep him from running up into rant and fustian. On the contrary, in petty circumstances, like this before us, the judgment has but little to do; nor are they capable of genius, because they cannot be turn'd out of their own nature, that is, they cannot be rais'd or depress'd with any manner of decorum or propriety.

‡ In case the reader shou'd not so well understand this circumstance, as it is narrated in rhyme, I shall tell him in prose, that the King had commanded a trusty servant to pass privately over from Arran, (where he then was) into Carrick, one of his own hereditary possessions, in order to try the inclinations of that people, if he found

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But whilst the sailors, at their Lord's command,
 Unmoor the fleet and clear the crowded strand:
 The hostess bent beneath a load of years
 Before the monarch on the beach appears :
 Time on her brows in wrinkled furrows sat,
 But deep her counsels, and her words were fate,
 Some secret pow'r her lab'ring bosom sway'd
 Her bristled hair rose horrid round her head
 Foaming she stares, her eye balls wildly roll
 As Bruce's fate came full upon her soul.
 Her words, in more than mortal sounds unfold
 Long fix'd decrees and oracles of old
 While thus— ' Hail mighty Prince' pursue thy way
 ' Thro' toil to glory and unbounded sway
 ' Descended of an ancient † Druid I
 • Feel future scenes and labour with the sky.
 • Long shalt thou struggle in the dire debate,
 • Combat distresses and contend with fate,
 • Ev'n now I see thee sweating on the shore,
 • And the red field distain'd with running gore,

them loyal, he was to erect a fire upon the nearest point of land towards Arran, as a sign of their fidelity and good disposition; but if not, he was to come off privately as he went, without kindling any such fire. He found them intirely in the English interest, and Bruce's enemies to a man, and consequently erected no fire, However either by chance, or to the King's imagination, a fire did appear, which carried him over amongst the midst of his enemies.

† The Druids were ancient heathen priests both in France and Britain. They generally performed all their religious offices under oak trees, and from thence received their name; for so oaks are called in the Greek, and old Celt or Scythic language.

- I see, a Hero † now amidst our foes,
- Whose soul, miss'd, still loves the loyal cause,
- By subtle art to South'ron homage brought,
- Rise on neglect and conquer by his fault,
- I see a knight from hostile regions far
- Great in his wrongs, approach to aid thy war,
- The injur'd Exile † combats with disdain,
- And glory crowns him on a foreign plain,
- I see yon sable Chief * amidst the crowd:
- All grim with dust, and stain'd with future blood
- Ere yet eternal slumbers seal thine eye.
- Ere yet thy soul shall mount its kindred skies,
- To him I hear thy latest breath impart,
- The pious charge of thine untainted heart,

† This was Thomas Randolph the king's nephew who had been taken and was at this time in the English interest; But was afterwards recover'd by James Douglas, as I hinted before. At the battle of Bannockburn, he happen'd to neglect a post his majesty had order'd him to maintain, but afterwards bravely recover'd his honour, and was a great instrument in the victory of that day.

† The ancestor of the present duke of Hamilton His name was Gilbert Hampton, descended (as some say) of the family of Leicester. This gentleman having spoke well of Robert Bruce in the English court, was for that reason suddenly attack'd and slightly wounded by one of the Spencers then great favourites of Edward II, The crowd interpos'd, so as Mr Hampton could not revenge himself at that time, but the next day he met him and run him through. Upon this he left his country and fled to Robert Bruce who received him kindly. and in lieu of his estate, which was then forfeited in England, gave him the lands of Cardow, Hamilton, &c in the West, and chang'd his name from Hampton to Hamilton. He behaved with the utmost bravery at Bannockburn. and was knighted on the field,

* James Douglas, who was order'd by K. Robert to carry his heart after his death to the holy land,

' Pure from thy breast eachas d in shining ore,
 ' To bear the relique to the sacred shore.
 ' I see the Hero eager to fulfil
 ' The last great mandate of the Sov'reign's will,
 ' Around encompass'd by a warlike throng,
 ' And join'd by Sinclair, and the gallant Young;
 ' In Tay's broad chanel hoist his swelling sails,
 ' Waft o'er the brine, and reach Iberia's vales *
 I see him there oppose his manly breast
 ' To swarming legions from the swarthy East †;
 ' All bath'd in blood upon the distant shore,
 ' I see him thunder thro' the pagan war;
 ' I see whole nations fall beneath his hand,
 ' And Osman's millions choke th' Iberian strand ‡.
 ' But now his courage into rashness grows,
 ' And, flush'd with success, he disdains his foes:
 ' Too far incautious, tempts the treach'rous plain,
 ' O'erborn by armies, and by armies slain.
 ' More I cou'd name of ancient loyal blood,
 ' But see—thy fleet already stems the flood,

* Iberia and Hesperia ancient names of Spain.

† This was about the end of the 13th century when those expeditions of the christian princes (commonly call'd the Croisade), in order to recover the holy land out of the hands of the infidels, were hottest. James Douglas having been enjoin'd (as I have hinted) to carry the Kings, heart to the holy sepulchre, hearing in his passage by the coast of Spain, that the Saracens were very numerous, and prevail'd exceedingly there, immediately landed, engaged and defeated them in several battles. At last growing too confident of his success, the enemy having now become contemptible to him, and venturing to pursue a vast number with a handful of men, he fell into an ambuscade, was surrounded and slain.

‡ Emperor of the Saracens.

' Go then, to glory, patient, trace thy way,
 ' Till once shall dawn the bright immortal day;
 ' When one brave field shall all thy labours crown,
 ' And earth and skies shall echo thy renown.
 ' And to confirm the fate I now declare,
 ' Mine own two sons shall all thy dangers share;
 ' Attend thy toils 'till the great task is done,
 ' And fate have fix'd the Bruce on Fergus' ancient throne.

Thus far the prophets and bent her way
 Back to the inn; the Monarch put to sea.
 The labouring oars the heaving billows sweep,
 Bound the swift vessels o'er the hoary deep.
 At last they gain the Bruce's native land,
 And the moor'd galleys cloud the oozy strand.
 Dejected, on the beach appear'd the squire,
 Before commission'd to erect the fire.
 He told the Monarch all was hostile ground,
 And that bold Piercy rul'd the country round.
 Three hundred South'rons waited his command,
 Himself the sov'reign tyrant of the land.
 Then ask'd the Monarch, how he dar'd to raise
 Upon a hostile coast the trait'rous blaze?
 The man deny'd; nor knew he how it came,
 Nor durst extinguish the deceitful flame.
 Then thus the King accosts the council round,
 ' Or shall we venture on the faithless ground?
 ' Or silent shall we quite the dang'rous plain,
 ' Unmoor our fleet, and measure back the main?'
 To this the fiery Edward first repl'd,
 ' No dread shall drive me back into the tide;
 ' Let thousands meet our hundreds on the strand,
 ' Resolv'd I'll venture on the rebel land.'
 The monarch smil'd the chiefs the sentence own,
 March the bold squadrons to the neighb'ring town.
 'Twas night, and all secure the South'rons slept,
 No dangers dreaded, and no watches kept,

Diverse the Scots to distant quarters go,
 And, fierce, with shouts assail the drowy foe;
 Break splint'ring bars, and burst opposing doors
 And with red torrent sudden, stain the floors,
 The air around mix'd groans and clamours bears
 And mournful accents reach Lord Piercy's ears;
 But safe in Turnb'ry fortress Piercy lay,
 Nor durst approach or mingle in the fray,
 Alone M'Dougal †, who betray'd before,
 The Monarch's brothers to the South ron pow'r,
 An ancient traitor, 'scap'd by sudden flight,
 Unknown, and favour'd by the shades of night,
 Before the sun arose to gild the day
 Drench'd in their gore three hundred South'rons lay,
 Next Turnb'ry castle the bold monarch view'd;
 But then impregnable the fortress stood.
 Two days Lord Piercy lurk'd within the walls,
 And on the third a faithful courier calls,
 Straight to Northumberland his orders sends,
 To warn his friends, and raise his native bands,
 Northumbrian powers the courier soon alarms,
 And sudden shone a thousand men in arms
 But Gaudifer de Lyle †, an ancient knight,
 Who knew the Scottish chiefs, and Bruce's might
 Dissuades his vassals from a march so far
 Propounds the danger and deters the war,

† This was not M'Dougal of Lorn, whose engagement with the King we have describ'd before, but one Duncan M'Dougal of Galloway, who had betray'd Thomas and Alexander Bruce, the King's brothers to the English and this is all the notice my author takes of that action,

† A French name. one of those who settled in England after the conquest. It is represented by the honourable 'Squire Lyle a gentleman of a considerable fortune in Northumberland to this day.

The folly shows to seek in their own soil
 An host expos'd, and inur'd to toil,
 The troops dishearten'd, would have quit the shore,
 But Lady's John animates the row'r †.
 By him conducted soon arrive the host,
 And guard Piercy to his native coast.
 Secret they march'd, resolving not to fight
 For now the Scottish learn'd the Monarch's might.

Meantime secure, the Scots in Carrick lay,
 And all the region round their sov'ign's sway,
 The King at leisure view'd the country round
 And mark'd the ruins of his native ground,
 As Pæbus once declining to the sea.
 Glow'd on the margin of Helperian day,
 Along the pleasing vales the monarch stray'd
 And Boyden Douglas clos'd his royal side.
 Far on the lawns a warlike troop they spy'd,
 And at their head a nymph her charms display'd
 Advanc'd the loyal fair with easy grace
 The Monarch's cousin ‡, of Clackmannan's race
 Approaching the bright dame and all her train,
 The sovereign hail'd submissive, on the plain,
 Her name and business next the nymph express'd,
 The King surpris'd, the loyal fair embrac'd
 To serve their prince, she told, these warriors came
 The Bruce accepts the aids and thanks the gen'rous dame
 A band of forty kneeling on the shore,
 A firm inviolable homage swore.
 The King and chiefs dispute the list'd war
 And straight to Turnbury fort conduct the fair

† See another of the late Viscount Bolingbroke

‡ This lady was of the house of Clackmannan which family is still extant, and its honourable representative chief of the Bruces.

Glad was the the Monarch, but his joy how short,
 Soon as he heard the lady's sad report:
 His royal consort to the foe betray'd.
 His brother, Athol, and brave Seton dead:
 How did he mourn, how did the chiefs deplore
 That scene of fate to them unknown before!
 The dame herself some comfort must afford
 To soothe the leaders, and their doleful Lord.
 Sometime she stay'd, and her fond care express'd,
 To lull the tumult in her sov'reign breast;
 At last departs; the chiefs in order came
 And homeward, grateful, guard the gen'rous dame.



B O O K III.

THE King o'er Carrick now extends his sway;
 Submit the chieftains and the boors obey;
 Peaceful, and gently rules his native land,
 And every subject feels the soft command.
 But doughty Douglas now a dreadful name,
 Fird with an high uncommon thirst of fame;
 Feels no delight, nor tastes his lab'ring breath
 The lazy charms of an inglorious rest,
 War's distant scenes still in his bosom roll,
 And future fields run crimson in his soul.
 Whilst thus his heart the glorious impulse feels,
 He meets his prince, and thus his thoughts reveals,
 ' Now, gen'rous Sov'reign! have you gain'd your own,
 ' The auspicious prelude to your lineal crown;
 ' ‡ But Clifford, still possessor of my domains,
 ' His lawless title to my right maintains.

‡ Lord Clifford had got the grant of Douglas's lands from Edward I.

' But here I vow by all th' immortal pow'rs,
 ' That tread yon azure vault and blissful bow'rs ;
 ' He either shall resign my rightful 'state,
 ' Or one of us shall meet a sudden fate.
 ' Forth then, dread Sov'reign ! give me leave to go,
 ' Pursue my fortune, and attempt the foe.
 ' His arms and mine shall in the field be try'd,
 ' And fix the title to the cong'ring side.
 ' The chief may see your subject bravely die,
 ' But ne'er shall Clifford see the Douglas fly.

The Hero thus But Bruce whose cautious mind
 Events and means in just proportion join'd,
 Oppos'd the motion, and the chiftain told

' The foe was num'rous, and the leader bold.
 ' I know thou dar'st, he said but hast not pow'r
 ' To match yon captain on the doubtful shore.
 ' Weigh well the odds and thy resolves delay,
 ' Till heav'n shall open a securer way ;
 ' Till we some farther our just right regain,
 ' Then may we try our fortune on the plain.'
 Thus the wise monarch Douglas quick reply'd,
 ' Did, all the pow'r of England guard his side,
 ' I'll meet th' usurper in th' field of death,
 ' My right reconquer, or resign my breath.'
 ' Go then, said Bruce, and bless'd him as he went,
 ' May heav'n, propitious, second thy intent.'

Now Douglas speed'd him to his native land,
 And only two th' advent'rous chief attend,
 Thro' hills, and dales, and rugged rocks by day
 Painful he labours on his cautious way.
 By night some grove affords a mossy bed,
 And round him throws its hospitable shade.
 Secret, at last, thro' paths untrod before,
 Arrives the Hero on his native shore.
 'Twas night, and now from the laborious field
 The swain retiring seeks his homely bield.

Sol's fiery chariot drench'd in ocean lies.
 And stars began to spangle o'er the skies.
 When thro' the gloom the chief † a stead espy'd,
 And a soft stream just murmur'ing by its side,
 Then from within a taper's twinkling light
 Pointed his doubtful passage thro' the night,
 Bold Douglas cautious view'd the stead around.
 And by the barn the honest farmer found;
 Who mark'd (his labour done) with curious eyes
 The signs, and read the symptoms of the skies.
 Adjusting by the stars, to-morrow's toil.
 To thresh the grain, or vex the fallow soil.
 Because the stars (as swains experienc'd say)
 Are certain prophets of the future day,
 Douglas, the man approaching, softly calls,
 ' Friend, may three yeomen harbour in thy walls,
 ' This night? nor longer we resolve to stay.
 ' But with to-morrow's sun renew our way.
 The labourer, unabash'd, enquires their names.
 What their late journey meant, and whence they came?
 And, feign'dly, satisfy'd in those requests,
 Straight to his homely parlour leads his guests.
 Now Douglas, seated in the household chair,
 The rest promiscuous round the beamy fire,
 View'd his new host, nor view'd without surprise.
 And mark'd the sparkling vigour of his eyes,
 A lively bloom his manly face o'erspread,
 Tho' sixty winters had already shed
 Their snowy honours o'er his rev'rend head,
 Just were his sentiments, his looks serene.
 And all the man express'd a more than vulgar mien
 Nor was the loyal boor unknown to fame,
 True to his Lord, and Dickton was his name,

† A stead, is a Scots word for a country farm or cottage

A jolly rustick, and in danger bold,
 Who long had serv'd the Douglas Sire of old,
 The board was loaded with a clean repast,
 And the kind host invites each hungry guest,
 Great Douglas, now conspicuous by the light,
 The farmer views and wonders at the sight,
 His noble mien, and his erect face
 Undaunted sheds around a dreadful grace,
 His brows august in fable arches rise,
 And glaze two living fires his piercing eyes,
 Huge nervous limbs compos'd the Hero's frame
 His looks were terror, and his soul was flame!
 The labourer, curious, runs his village o'er
 And marks some features not unknown before,
 Intent he gaz'd, impell'd by fond desire,
 And in the son began to trace the Sire.
 By this the guests had finish'd their repast,
 And sleep invites each weary guest to rest,
 Douglas alone still with the farmer stay'd,
 While to the chief the loyal Dickson said,
 ' Pardon, my Lord perhaps an erring thought,
 ' Nor blame the man whose zeal may be his fault,
 ' Superior to all his mental throng,
 ' Your father serv'd, and think I saw you young,
 ' I shar'd my country's troubles nor had shame
 ' Ev'n blush'd to mention Thomas Dickson's name,
 ' I know by South'ron pow'r my master gone
 ' But hope I view the father in the son
 He said and tears run trickling from his eyes
 Whilst half astonish'd Douglas thus replies.
 ' Faithful old man! how am I pleas'd to see
 ' My father's friend and mine alive in thee
 ' My good old father! dead in South'ron chains!
 ' And exclud'd all his wide domains
 ' While Clifford holds my heritage by might,
 And reigns a lawless tyrant o'er my right.

' Therefore I come (your ancient master's son,)
 ' To try some method to regain my own,
 ' And here I vow by ev'ry sacred pow'r
 ' That never shall I quit this native shore
 ' Till Clifford or I resigns without debate,
 ' Or one of us in battle meets his fate,
 ' Now (since the dubious means distract my choice)
 ' Prove your affection in your best advice.

Thus spoke the chief, and Dickson soon reply'd
 ' To morrow's light some succours shall provide,
 ' My duty to your noble Sire I own,
 ' Nor shall, ungrateful, e'er desert his son
 This said, to bed the honest farmer goes,
 And leaves the Douglas to his late repose,

scarce had the orient dawn disclos'd the day,
 When loyal Dickson speeds him on his way,
 Thro' Douglassdale his eager steps he bends,
 And secret warns his master's ancient friends
 Each man in private bids his arms prepare,
 And singly to his farm by night repair.
 The loyal swains to his desire accord.
 And, one by one, haste to attend their Lord,
 Hardy in arms full forty rustics came,
 And swore allegiance to brave Douglas name,
 Round their young chief the joyful vassals stood,
 Old borderers! and long bred up to blood,
 Douglas, meanwhile, embraces all his friends,
 And, artful their past services commends,
 Now down in Dickson's barn the council sat,
 The largest room and fittest for debate.
 The question's put—What should be first essay'd?
 The Douglas' castle, all at once reply'd,
 For if from Clifford we that fortress gain,
 We may with greater ease the future strife maintain,
 There South'rons hoard their stores, themselves secure,
 And safe within the walls defy our pow'r,

Near to the castle, on th' adjoining plain,
 Erected, stands † Brigidia's ancient † fane,
 Thither, next Sunday, South'rons bear their palms
 There pay their vows, and distribute their alms.
 Then, let us each his private arms prepare.
 And to the temple one by one repair.
 There all at once, unwary as they stand,
 Boldly with sword, assail the South'ron band,
 Assents the chief Each homeward bends his way,
 And, unsuspected, waits th' appointed day
 Appear'd the day. The hardy Scots attend,
 At church, and South'rons from the fort descend,
 Just as the priest the sacred rites began,
 And all promiscuous, crowding throng'd the fane.
 Dickson aloud, the noble Douglas cry'd,
 Th' appointed signal to the Scottish side,
 * The borderers at the word their weapons bare,
 And, fierce before the choir commence the war.
 The priest and people with the scene dismay'd,
 From 'midst the combatants confus'dly fled,
 Straight to the chancel's utmost sacred mound,
 And grasp'd th' inviolable altar round,
 Meanwhile the South'ron's in their arms appear
 Rang'd in the choir, and bravely face the war,
 But Douglas, whirling round his flaming brand,
 Like thunder bursts upon the adverse band,

† Brigidia or Brigits, a holy woman to whom this church was consecrated. She was the instituter of an order of Nuns in the time of Pope Urban V. A. D. 1264.

† From the Latin *fanum*, a temple or church.

* It was common in those days to have a certain word whereby to animate the men when they began the battle or at any time when they slackened, or began to weary and intermit. This word was commonly the name of the King or the captain who led them at that time, perhaps their country, or the cause for which they fought,

In heaps on heaps the foe to ground he bore,
And purple streams stray'd o'er the hallowed floor.
His vassals almost interrupt the fight,
And gaze, astonish'd at their leaders might ;
Till hardy Dickson, Douglas names again,
Then all the Scots at once their force unrein,
And strow the breathless corpes round the fane }
Thence to th' adjoining castle march'd the pow'r,
Warm as they were and red with recent gore.
Void, and defenceless 'gainst a hostile crowd,
With gates disclos'd, at large the fortress stood.
Ent'ring the train a cook and porter met,
Poor menials ! doom'd to share their master's fate.
The porter, negligent, deserv'd the stroke,
But where the trespass of the harmless cook ;
‡ Ev'n now had he prepar'd a sumptuous feast,
His hapless labours doom'd but just to taste.
His well-dress'd victuals bloody Douglas gains,
Eats up his hopes. and riots in his pains.
The repast done, they search the castle o'er,
Seize cloaths and arms, and pillage all the store ;
Trust what they can, then fire the house around,
And the gay fortress level with the ground.
To wood and wilds, in secret thro the land,
Repairs the chieftain and his loyal band ;
By Dickson yet dissuaded to appear,
Till fresh supplies shou'd reinforce their war.

‡ My readers will please pardon the levity of this passage. I happened to be in a little gaiety of humour, and could not get by it. If it gives offence to the critics as an indecorum in a serious performance, they may apply themselves to sacred or prophane antiquity, and they will perhaps find the character and office of a cook not so despicable as is commonly imagined. Else I had hardly meddled with this poor fellow at all.

Inform'd now Clifford speeds o'er † Solway's shore,
 And thro' the dales, indignant, leads his pow'r.
 He came he view'd his fort in ashes laid,
 His stores all rifled, and his servants dead.
 Bold Douglas author of the horrid sc^heme,
 Vengeful he fought, but fought, the chief in vain:
 Nor durst too far thro' woods and wilds pursue
 So brave a leader, and so bold a crew,
 Returning, soon his artizans he calls,
 Re-builds the fort, and stronger rears the walls.
 Appoints the guards, and reinstates the land,
 And to keen Thirswall deputes the command.
 This done to Solway reconducts his host,
 And quickly lands on England's fertile coast.

In Carrick still the noble Monarch lay,
 And o'er his own exerts his clement sway.
 The region whole a firm obedience shows,
 Asserts his claim, and aids the royal cause.
 Meantime great Pembroke from Edain's tow'rs,
 Assembles all around the South'ron pow'rs.
 Soon at the summons rendezvous the bands,
 And hardy Omphraville the troops commands.
 By Pembroke order'd to conduct the host
 Against the Bruce, and Carricks rebel-coast;
 Sudden, the warlike chief in armour shines,
 And straight to Air advance th' embattl'd lines.
 Nor wou'd fly Omphraville pursue too far,
 Thro' fens and fastnesses, the royal war.
 He knew his force superior, but he knew
 What the bold Monarch in the field cou'd do;

† Solway firth divideth England from Scotland on the West border. It hath its denomination from an ancient people called Selgovi. who, in Ptolomy's time, dwelt near it, and were a tribe of Brigantes.

So judg'd it conduct to decline the fight.
To act by treachery, and gain by flight,
A boor in Carrick, not unskill'd in arms,
And his two sons manur'd adjoining farms,
Robust in enterprizes hardy found,
The terror of the neighbourhood around,
Upon the Sire the Bruce had oft reply'd
And his firm faith in frequent danger try'd,
Firm unattempted — but too bale to hold,
Unstain'd, against th' infernal tempter gold,
Gold ! of each virtue the undoubted test
Dissolves in treason thro' the villain's breast,
As by degrees, in distant India's mines,
By suns, and central streams, the ore refines.
So in the soul the metal works by time,
Exalts to guilt, and ripens into crime.
Sly Omphraville a secret message sends.
To the false boor ; the boor the chief attends,
The treason in a moment is decreed.
And forty pound the price of Bruce's head,
Back to his farm returns the felon boor,
Informs his sons, and waits the treacherous hour.
He knew the monarch us'd each op'ning dawn
To take the air along a scroggy lawn,
Thence o'er a mountain to a distant wood,
A page attending on his solitude,
Thither completely arm'd the rogues repair
With swords, and spears, and implements of war.
Now sudden, must the glorious Monarch bleed.
A traitor friend the author of the deed.
Unseen, unaided by his faithful bands,
Must fall a victim to a villains hands,
But fate forbids ! and Ariel from on high,
Swift as a thought, shoots down the nether sky
Not half so quick the lightning's flashy glare
Bursts on the night, and glances thro' the air.

Fast by his charge, unseen, the guardian stands,
Warms his brave heart, and fortifies his hands,
And now the Monarch, thro' the gloomy dawn,
Espies the traitors stretching o'er the lawn;
Feels in his breast a jealous impulse roll,
And secret treason whisper'd in his soul ;
What arms the boy had brought in haste demands,
A bow and single arrow charg'd his hands,
He snatch'd, and as he bent the twanging yew,
The trembling child assum'd a livid hue,
Then to the string he fits the feather'd flane,
And bids the page retire—for, villains cross'd the plain
Approaching now the three were just at hand.
When loud, the Monarch bids the villains stand
Nor dare the lawn one further step to tread.
Or death attends the order disobey'd,
The rustic Sire continues to advance,
And fawns, and seems surpris'd at his offence,
Enquires submissive—still approaching near,
The whizzing death swift cleaves the yielding air
Thro' the left orb of light it pierc'd the brain,
The traitor, reeling, backward press'd the plain,
The vengeful son fir'd at the father's fall.
Furious advanc'd the monarch to assail,
Charg'd in his hand a large broad faulchion shone
The King unsheath'd his sword, and met the clown,
With manly force, full aim'd, the shining blade
Down to the jaws divides the villains head.
Iresul the third, advancing to the war,
Against his Prince protends a length of spear,
The Monarch bending shuns the coming foe,
And hews the lance afunder at a blow :
Then thro' his bowels drove the reeking brand.
Tumbles the rebel carcase on the strand
Now roll the traitors in the jaws of death.
And curse the treason with their parting breath

Their souls, with horror fraught forsake the light,
Flit, conscious, to the shades, and veil their forms in night.
The scene completed, and the fellows dead,
His vows to heav'n the grateful Monarch paid.
Then with his page, returning to his own,
Relates the adventures of the distant lawn.
The chistains hear the tale with vast surprise,
And blame their Monarch, while they thank the skies.
Inform'd, fly Omphraville pursues his way,
Straight to Lochmabane where the warden lay.
Before that chief runs o'er the recent scene,
The treason baffled, and the traitor slain.
Pembroke himself admires the Monarch's force,
Tho' vex'd, and puzzled in his future course.

BRUCE rests a while; but soon a warlike host
From Gall'way's shore advance to Carrick coast,
Two hundred in battle broad array'd,
The late escap'd M. Dougal at their head. &
His pow'r dispos'd in hamlets thro' the land,
Scarce sixty warriors on the King attend.
With these the Bruce by night pursues his way,
Where a great river wash'd a craggy bay.
The royal watch had view'd the foe afar,
And to their own declar'd the coming war.
The crafty King in covert lodg'd his band,
Himself along adventur'd to the strand;
Nor forward to engage in doubtful fight,
He went, and view'd the foe by Cynthia's friendly light;
Full on the river's rocky margin stood,
And saw the van on horseback take the flood;
Then felt his soul with sudden ardour glow,
To match alone with all the coming foe;
The stream he saw in its deep channel glide,
And rising rocks o'erhang the silent tide.
Careful he search'd the rugged margin round,
And from the bank but one strait passage found;

Where one at once on horseback and no more,
 Could just but labour up the steep, shore.
 Fir'd by some power divine ! the Monarch there
 His sword unsheaths, and, singly waits the war !
 Advance the foes, and joint'd the current break,
 The chieftain first describes the narrow tract,
 Cautious ascends, and, as he culls his way,
 A man in arms espies upon the bay.
 He mounts, and near had gain'd the rugged brow,
 When daring Bruce discharged a deadly bolw.
 Full on his casque descends the forceful stroke
 Backward the chieftain tumbles from the rock ;
 And checking as he fell, th' untimely rein,
 Recoil'd the steed on the succeeding train ;
 Hurl'd headlong downward from the craggy side,
 Mix'd men and courfers flounder in the tide.
 Some in the fall were bruist'd, and others slain,
 Their fellows gaz'd astonish'd at the scene.
 Now fir'd with rage all hasten to the fray,
 And with loud shouts at once ascend the bay.
 But in the pass see the bold Monarch stand,
 And in the foremost courser plunge his brand.
 Reels the gall'd courser back upon the crowd,
 And Bruce's faulchion drinks the rider's blood.
 Successful, he pursues the lucky blow,
 And down the steep, confounded, drives the foe *

* I considered this action in all the lights I possibly could, before I ventur'd to narrate it. It has indeed an air of improbability in it at first sight, and savours somewhat of romance. But if we look into the character of the person who managed it, a man of the utmost courage and conduct, join'd to an extraordinary strength of body, advantaged on this occasion by the circumstances of the time (it being night), and like wise by then arrowness and steepness of the place ; all these put together, did in my judgement, solve the probability, and induced me to the narration. But I leave the reader to his own opinion.

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Awful he thunders on the falling war,
 And steeds and riders tumble on the shore,
 Now mingled heaps on heaps they choke the bay
 The pass encumber, and block up the way,
 Amaz'd, the rear in wild confusion stood,
 Entangled in the margin of the flood,
 Swift down the slippery track the monarch sped.
 And dauntless trod the ruins of the dead,
 Fierce on the river's brink by Cynthia's light.
 With dreadful shouts commenc'd the doubtful fight,
 With awful force he rush'd upon his foes,
 Marr'd and encumber'd in the slimy ooze.
 Full fifteen warriors by his single hand,
 Drench'd in their blood, lay gasping on the strand
 Crush'd by his single might, the dastard power,
 Retire infamous, to the farther shore,
 Bear their disgrace to Gall-way's distant coast,
 Returns the conqu'ring monarch to his host,

Still in the dales the hardy Douglas lay,
 And Thirswal still possess'd his native sway,
 Long had he seen the haughty South'ron bands,
 Reign uncontroll'd, and riot o'er his lands,
 At last the chief his friends to council calls,
 Where a small wood half join'd the castle walls,
 There they dilib'rate to decoy the train.
 And draw the haughty Thirswal to the plain,
 Some herds (the country's spoils) at random fed,
 Hard by the fort, along a scrubby mead.
 These Douglas orders ten to drive away,
 In ambush forty in the forest lay,
 Himself their head, Soon by the evening dawn*,
 Speedful, they drive the cattle from the lawn,

* I wou'd not have our critics mistake this expression for an impropriety, If they question it, they may (amongst others) consult Dr Sewel's translation of that passage in

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The watch espies the theft, and sudden calls ;
 Thirswal and his in arms descend the walls ;
 Pursue the robb'ry o'er the op'ning glade,
 And just had past the secret ambuscade
 When Douglas rose, and all the private war.
 Rush'd to the plain and charg'd the South'ron rear
 The blended shouts behind the van surprise,
 And Thirswal wonders at the sudden noise,
 Bright in his mail, the ireful chief returns,
 And desp'rate, on the field the combat burns.
 The word was Clifford on the South'ron side,
 A Douglas—the bold borderers reply'd,
 From plaits of polish'd steel the streaming gore,
 In purple currents drench'd the braky shore,
 Full in the front the hardy Thirswal stands,
 His brave example animates his bands.
 He sees bold Douglas thunder thro' the fight
 And forward rushes to oppose his might.
 Against the chief advanc'd his shining spear,
 The daring Douglas meets the extended war,
 Evites the stroke, the truncheon hews in twain,
 Glitters the steely fragment on the plain.
 A slanting blow next aim'd ; the trenching blade †,
 Fast by the collar, lopt the warrior's head.
 By this the ten, that drove the herd, appear,
 And with fresh vigour charge the South'ron rear,
 Thus prest on ev'ry side the hostile train,
 In mangled heaps lye scatter'd o'er the plain,
 A few by flight the neigh'ring fortress gain,
 To the pursuing war the gates oppose,
 And bolts shut out the fury of the foes.

Ovid, traherunt cum sera crepuscula noctem, The Dr is reckoned classical,

† Trenching, an old word for cutting. Hence retrench, to take off, impair, or diminish.

Douglas returns, and sudden bends his way
To Carrick's coast where still the Monarch lay ;
Since the late wond'rous act the loyal bands
Increasing daily from the neighb'ring lands.
Then all at once decamp the royal war,
And to Glentrout's thick woody shades repair.

AND now from Carlisle on the South'ron coast,
Pembroke, and Vanes, and Clifford lead their host,
Swift to Glentrout the squadrons shape their way,
And fifteen hundred shields reflect the day.

LONG had the Bruce's stars, malignant, shed,
Their direful influence o'er his royal head.
Long had he thro' a maze of dangers run,
His toils, successive, circling with the sun ;
Thro' woods and mountains, and deserted shores,
Pursu'd by faction, and by foreign pow'rs :
Expos'd to want, to fears, and hostile snares,
And all the miseries of lawless wars.
But now the sufferer feels the stars relent,
Their force exhausted, and their poison spent.
Each orb, benign, now shoots a milder ray,
And dawning glory rises on the day.
The heav'ns at last disclose th' immortal scenes,
Conquest, and laurels, and triumphant plains !
Bounteous the Monarch's patient toils reward,
And victory sits brooding on his sword.
Nor more he needs to weigh the dire debate †,
Doom'd to the palm, and conquerer by fate,
The pow'rs, by patience won, at last have shed
A blaze of future glories round his head.

† I hope this passage will not be excepted against, upon account of the King's future circumspection ; because his ignorance of such a determination made him still go on to act with his usual caution.

M

APPROACH'd the South'ron troops, and quickly found
 The Scots dispos'd along the higher ground.
 Just where a woody mountain's rugged brow,
 Threatning o'erhung a steepy vale below.
 The spies advanc'd to view the royal force,
 And found that steep impassable to horse
 Soon they return, and to the leaders show
 The ground and strait encampment of the foe,
 Then Pembroke—' Useless here our cavalry,
 ' And if we strive on foot to force our way,
 ' The Scots advantag'd by the craggy height,
 ' Shou'd mock our labour, and defeat our might,
 ' Long hath the Bruce in martial arts been skill'd,
 ' And long yon legions harden'd to the field
 ' Then let us, cautious shun the bold debate,
 ' Act by surprize and conquer by deceit.
 ' Poorly array'd, a woman first shall go,
 ' And unsuspected, shall decoy the foe;
 ' Slyly expose the weakness of our train.
 ' And draw the Scots, incautious, to the plain.
 ' Meantime our troops unseen, from yonder wood.
 ' Shall secretly surround the hostile crowd.'

THE chiefs approve The woman takes her way,
 A staff supports her up the rugged bay.
 Straight to the King the beggar[†] traitress came,
 And ask'd an alms in good St. Andrew's name;
 † So might that saint still shield him from all harms,
 And grant due success to his righteous arms.
 Not far encamp'd she told on level ground
 Sir Aylmer lay below the craggy mound.

† I design'd to have put this short address in the wife's own language, as I have begun it in those two lines; but am so afraid of the cavils of little wits and the effects they may have on extraordinary readers to my prejudice, that all I dare do, is to show I thought it most natural it shou'd have been so.

But his raw troops, undisciplin'd appear
 Green to the field and novices in war-
 Wou'd he descend, soon might he rout the foe,
 Look them to flight, and gain without a blow,
 Full on her face the monarch fix'd his eye,
 And gaz'd suspicious, on the beggar spy,
 His yeoman calls,—out springs a nimble band,
 And sudden seize the mendicant in hand
 Afraid of death, the trembling traitress kneels,
 Her crime confesses and the truth reveals ;
 Informs the king the South rons were at hand,
 And Pembroke Vanes, and Clifford led the band
 THE Monarch heard, and soon the war array'd.
 And his broad banner in the field display'd.
 Wedg'd in close ranks the firm battalions stood
 And now the foe advances from the wood,
 A bow already bent the monarch drew.
 Whizz'd the swift arrow from the twanging yew,
 Quite thro the foremost, gullet glanc'd the flane
 The wounded warrior, falling bites the plain,
 Fierce on the rank the hardy Edward goes,
 And Hay and Douglas pour upon their foes
 With their bold chiefs advanc'd th' inferior war
 And to the ground the South'ron vanguard bore,
 Succeeding lines, disheartened with the sight,
 Back thro the wood precipitate their flight,
 The haughty chiefs, asham'd at the defeat,
 Industrious haste to stop the foul retreat,
 Now threaten now exhort the coward train,
 But still they threaten and exhort in vain
 The hardy Scots th' astonish'd foe pursu'd.
 And heaps of death lay scatter'd thro the wood
 The South'ron rear beheld the routed van.
 And down the rocks in wild disorder ran,
 The gen'als fled, confounded and asham'd,
 And ev'ry chief his fellow leader blam'd.

'Twixt Vane and Clifford high the quarrel rose,
 And words began to terminate in blows,
 Divided bands espouse their chief's debate,
 And South'ron lances South'ron lances threa',
 But Pembroke's interposing pow'r prevails
 And quick the dangerous civil difference quells,

Thus Bruce with twice two hundred in his train,
 Drove fifteen hundred South'rons from the plain
 No longer now his royal pow'r conceals,
 In woods, and invious hills, and barren vales ;
 No more can brook the tedious slow debate,
 Nor the dull tenor of the lazy fate,
 But feels his bosom with new ardors glow.
 To risk his future fortunes at a blow,
 The chiefs he calls and all the loyal bands,
 Mounts at their head, and to the plain descends.
 Thro' ev'ry honest breast what raptures ran,
 Soon as the Monarch glitter'd in the van;
 With tears of joy the loyal troops beheld
 Their prince undaunted take the open field,
 In caves and woody coverts lurk no more,
 On bleak mountains, and a barren shore,
 But to the plains ascend in bold array,
 The gilded lions waving in the day
 A thousand warlike Scots of ancient race-
 In steady ranks around the banner blaze,
 Thro' Kyle and Cunningham direct their way.
 The loyal regions own their sov'reign's sway.
 To Bothwell where great Pembroke rul'd his host
 Soon spreads the news of Kyle's revolted coast
 Incens'd that chief his rendezvous ordains,
 In arms a thousand glitter on the plains,
 To Coila's shore advance th' embattl'd lines,
 And at their head the hardy Moubray shines.
 But Douglas spies abroad had timely view'd
 The swift approaches of the hostile crowd

Then sudden to the royal camp repair,
And to their chief narrate the coming war,
'Twas night, when Douglas call'd his proper band,
And sixty spears gleam'd o'er the dusky strand,
To Eiderfoord he shapes his private way,
Where a strait pass 'twixt two morasses lay
Thither he saw the foe must bend their course
And knew that pass impervious to horse,
A narrow, broken track of rugged ground,
With fens, and briers, and brambles hedg'd around.
There all the night the Scots in ambush lay,
And soon as Phœbus rose to gild the day,
In order rang'd, approach'd the Southron war.
Their gilded ensign glittering in the air,
The Scots still lurk'd unseen, till all the pow'r
Their steeds dismounting, throng'd the narrow shore
Then all at once the hardy ambush rose,
And, shouting, fierce assail'd th' incumber'd foes
With steely lances gor'd th' astonish'd van,
And men and couriers tumbled in the fen
So strait the pass so deep those fens below,
So fierce th' assault, and so amaz'd the foe,
That Moubray ev'n with tears beheld his band
Without resentment butcher'd on the strand,
The muddy ooze stood stagnated with gore,
And mangled steeds and warriors choak'd the shore
The dire disaster of the slaughter'd van,
Back to the rear in doubled terrors ran,
Where hopes or fears direct their doubtful way,
Diverse they fled, astonish'd at the day
The chief deserted views the routed war.
The murder'd vanguard, and the flying rear,
Griev'd; and inflam'd at the disastrous sight
Unreins his steed, and rushes thro' the fight,
Charg'd in his hand a lance he bore on high
A steely faulchion glitter'd at his thigh.

Onward he drove, and as he scour'd the strand
 A scottish warrior seiz'd his shining brand,
 Grasp'd the strong belt, and strove. but strove in vain
 To stop the gallant Moubray on the plain
 Furious he rush'd and in the warriors hand
 The bursting belt he left and shining brand,
 Thus having 'scap'd the danger of the day,
 First to Kilmarnock he directs his way,
 Thence thro' Kilwining and the Largs he goes,
 Till Inverkip, at last, affords a late repose,
 ▲ South'ron garrison that fortress held,
 To these the chief narrates the hapless field
 His troops all helpless butcher'd in his sight,
 By Scottish treachery and Douglas' might.

IN Bothwel still the warden held his seat,
 Vex'd at the news of Moubray's foul defeat
 Rage in his breast and grief, alternate, roll.
 And sudden thirst of vengeance fires his soul.
 Soon to the Bruce a trusty herauld sends,
 The herauld, careful, bears his lord's commands,
 The purport thus—Against a certain date,
 If Bruce would venture on the stern debate,
 His sly attempts and stratagems refrain,
 And nobly dare to risk the gen'rous plain
 Then shoud the Hero fix his future fame,
 Alive renown'd. or dead, a glorious name.
 Arriv'd the herauld and his charge reveal'd,
 The dauntless King accepts the proffer'd field.
 'Twixt Gasson heath. where lay the royal pow'r
 And Loudon hill upon the mossy shore.
 There was the ground determin'd; and the day
 Fix'd to the first approaching tenth of May
 Returns the messenger with speedy care,
 And to the chief narrates th' accepted war,
 The time perfix'd, and the determin'd ground,
 And now to arms the South'ron trumpets sound.

III
To Bothwell, where the rendezvous was made,
Conveen the legions for the war array'd,
Three thousand whole. adorn'd in martial pride,
Bred to the field, and oft in battle try'd.
The chief confided in these daring bands,
Secure of conquest from such valiant hands.

Meantime the King by prudence ever rul'd.
Cautious in warmth, and rationally bold,
Whose courage no fermented spirits fir'd.
No rising tumult of the blood inspir'd.
Where sudden gusts of passion, furious, roll.
And rage ungovern'd, supersedes the soul !
But led by schemes from due reflection brought.
By solid plans, and consequence of thought :
Each circumstance with circumstance still weighs,
And all the series of the action sees ;
Then dauntless in the field his force unreins,
Combats from reason, and by reason gains,

Thus, on the ninth, while shades involv'd the night
Secret he went, and view'd the field of fight.
He found the breachy plain lay stretch'd too wide.
But hemm'd with marishes on either side,
Fear'd lest the foe shou'd on that length of ground,
Outwing his numbers and his troops surround
Three ramparts therefore from each hord'ring fen,
Of hurdles rear'd, he drew across the plain
Nor did these ramparts at the center close,
But op'ning breaches so receiv'd the foes
As equal force might equal force oppose.
This done, back to his host he bent his way,
Prepares the war and waits th' approaching day

Arose the day and Phœbus from the deep
His blazing car drives up the orient steep,
From Bothwell's plain approach the South'ron lines
And pompous in the van proud Pembroke shines.

The van, on barbed steeds, that chief around,
Rode sheath'd in mail, with clasping silver bound
Next these, with lances arm'd and bossy shields,
Advanc'd the second battle o'er the fields
Their gilded banners high in air display'd,
And Omphraville and Clifford at their head
The noble Bruce perceiv'd them from afar
And at the second rampart rang'd his war
Seven hundred Scots in native armour shone.
And spears and axes glitter'd in the sun.
The gen'rous King full in the center stood,
And on his right the fiery Edward rode
The left, to battle rang'd in firm array,
Were led by doughty Douglas to the day.
Three hundred waggoners, ignoble crowd.
Upon the hill, retir'd, at distance stood.
Approach'd the foe. The monarch gives the sign^a
And rushing pow'rs in furious combat join,
From either host promiscuous shouts arise,
Ring thro' the hills, and thicken up the skies
With spears protended, and opposing shields
Together, dreadful, rush the adverse fields.
Resounds the crash of lances thro' the air.
And roars, transfix'd with wounds, the dying war
The lances broke, unsheath'd by eager hands,
Thro' all the ranks thick flame the glittering brands,
The noble Pembroke animates his train,
Inspires the combat, and supports the plain
• You have I chose, he said, to guard my fame,
• On you alone depend your Pembroke's name
Meantime the Bruce in ev'ry rank appears,
Aids ev'ry scene, and ev'ry danger shares,
Each single warrior by his name he calls.
Commends his worth, and ev'ry blow extols
Thro' all the field he sheds a father's care,
Each soldier's bosom warms, and cheers the war

'Tis yours, my friends, he said, this day to show
 If I must rule you or yon foreign foe
 Lodg'd in your hands is all your Bruce's fate.
 By you he's wretched, or by you he's great.
 In you your country's latest hope remains,
 Her ancient freedom, or her future chains.
 He spoke, and bursting on the hostile bands,
 Unquestion'd death in ev'ry blow descends
 Ev'n Edward wonders at his brother's might.
 And onward rushes to support the fight.
 Clifford and Omphraville exert their pow'r
 Thick burns the combat round the ensanguin'd shore,
 Here daring Douglas, and the gallant Hay,
 Their subtle, Boyd resistless urge their way,
 The crimson torrents roll along the strand,
 And heaps of warriors, dying, spurn the sand
 The King the vanguard broke, and all around
 Widens the spreading ruin o'er the ground,
 Next Edward ravages the bloody coast,
 And breaks, and drives, and scatters Clifford's host,
 The South'ron rear beholds the van defeat
 And spite of threats and promises, retreat.
 In vain great Pembroke, long in battle skill'd,
 Us'd all his conduct to sustain the field,
 Vain were his flatteries, his reproaches vain,
 The Grampian legions thunder thro the plain,
 As when some storm long hung in bellying clouds,
 Bursts from their hollow womb, and sweeps the woods
 The roaring tempest in its rage descends,
 This way and that the cracking forest bends;
 Nor able to oppose its dreadful course,
 Yields to the blast, and falls beneath its force.
 So yield, o'erpower'd at length, the hostile lines,
 And all the wav'ring field at once inclines
 The Scots to death a thousand warriors bore
 Bold troops! the pride of all the South'ron pow'r.

The rest amaz'd, and daunted at the sight,
 From the dire field precipitate their flight,
 Homeward great Pembroke from the Scottish coast
 Retires, indignant, and resigns his trust.
 The chieftains fled along, and all the band
 Dispers'd, at once desert the hostile land.
 The provinces to Bruce their homage pay,
 And all the west, obedient, owns his sway;

The west reduc'd with banners broad display'd.
 The Monarch to the North his squadrons led,
 His hardy brother, and the gallant Hay,
 Lennox and Boyd attend him on his way.
 Meantime bold Douglas with his trusty friends,
 Private, to Douglasmale his passage bends,
 Reduc'd his fortrefs, and his native lands,
 And Etrick whole rescu'd from South'ron hands.
 Randolf and Stuart, who had since Methven's plain,
 Renounc'd their faith, and serv'd the hostile train
 Both pris'ners of war the Douglas made,
 And to the King the kindred captives led
 Meantime the King still northward march'd his host,
 But on the mountains sicken'd as he past
 Of this inform'd, Buchania's rebel Thane
 Near Inverury rendezvouz'd his train,
 Fix'd on revenge, his treach'rous uncle dead
 Full fifteen hundred to the field he led
 Brechin, himself and Moubray at their head.
 Of their approach the Monarch quickly hears,
 Tho' unrecover'd for the fight prepares,
 Straight he commands a troop to guard him round,
 And bear him in a litter to the ground.
 His brother orders in the van to ride
 And Hay, and Boyd, and Lennox by his side,
 These, secret, bids direct him in the fray
 Check his fierce heat and guide him thro the day.

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Pleas'd with his orders Edward quickly shines
Before the van, and onward leads the lines.
In arms seven hundred hasten to the plain
The bold array soon shook the coward thane,
Nor daring to endure the warlike sight,
The rebel squadrons meditate their flight,
The King that instant felt his illness gone,
And, mounting sudden in the center shone,
His friends, astonish'd, rend with shouts the air
Inglorious fled at once the rebel war
Cuming and † Moubray haste to shun their death,
To south'ron shores, but there resign their breath,
Brechin to his own castle bends his flight,
And there besieg'd, soon owns the Bruce's right,
The Monarch rode thro' all the Northern land,
The north at once acknowledg'd his command
To Angus thence returning, rests a while,
Then Forfar's fortrets levels with the soil,
To Fay advancing next, the royal pow'rs
With hardy force assaulted Bertha's tow'rs.
Their ladders rear'd, the Monarch foremost scales.
And all the legions sudden mount the walls
The tow'rs demolish, and the works around
The scatter'd ruins smoke along the ground,
All these reduc'd, straight with a select band,
Edward advanc'd to Gall way's rugged strand.
St John and Omphraville in arms well skill'd.
Twice there defeat and drove them from the field;
Victorious over all the region past,
And to his brother's sway reduc'd the coast,

† This was one Sir John Moubry, not that person we mentioned before. and who held Stirling castle, as we shall hear by and bye. whose name was Sir Philip Moubray, a man far superior to the other.

Douglas now master of his native land,
Straight to the Monarch reconducts his band ;
Makes Stuart and Randolph in his journey share,
And to the King presents the rebel pair.
Soon Stuart submissive own'd his forc'd offence,
And had his crime forgiven on penitence
But Randolph obstinate, the King ordains,
To stricter durance, only free from chains ;
Till friends, and his repentance interpos'd,
Obtain'd his pardon, and the captive loos'd,
Brave Randolph ; first amongst the loyal train,
Created Lord of Murray's fertile plain.

THE royal host, again led forth to war,
In arms to Lorn (rebellious clime) repair.
That chief the royal cause had long distressed,
O'er run and ruin'd half the loyal west.
With rage the monarch feels his bosom glow,
And fraught with vengeance, hastens to the foe.
Appris'd, bold Lorn conveys his trait'rous pow'r
Two thousand targes glitter on the shore ;
Hard by the sea, where a rough mountains brow
Slop'd by degrees, and touch'd a stream below,
Deputed leaders the fierce war array,
Himself embark'd beheld them from the sea,
For Lorn, now dreading hardy Bruce's might,
Had mann'd his galleys to secure his flight,
By spies ascertain'd of the rebels post,
The wary Monarch soon divides his host.
Douglas he orders with the archer lines,
And Gray and Fraser to that leader joins,
Unseen by any foe, their rout to keep,
And fetch a compass round the rugged steep.
Soon as they heard himself began th' attack,
Then, unawares, to charge the rebels back,
Douglas obeys. The Monarch takes his way
And, foremost, boldly mounts the craggy bay,

Advance the foe, and from the mountain pour
 Vast heaps of tumbling stones, a rocky show'r.
 In vain, The King still presses to the war :
 By that stern Douglas thunders on the rear,
 The vanguard in close fight the Monarch join'd,
 And the fierce archers gall'd them from behind,
 Th' inviron'd rebels desp'rate in the fight,
 Exert the utmost rage of savage might,
 Vain rage ! behind in feather'd tempests flew
 The whizzing flanes, and wide destruction drew,
 The hardy King the ruin spreads before,
 In heaps the dead and dying croud the shore,
 A few escap'd but met the fate they shunn'd,
 Amidst th' adjoining streams deep eddies drown'd
 M'Dougal's self swift launching to the main,
 Plows to some distant coast the wat'ry plain
 Submits Argyle at last to Bruce's sway,
 And all the tribes their due obedience pay.

Now from the heights descend the loyal pow'rs
 And spread their conquests o'er the champaign shores,
 Linlithgow's tower by Binny's means they gain,
 And the strong bulwark level with the plain,
 To Perth the Monarch march and Randolph rais'd
 To favour now, and high with titles grac'd ;
 † To the wing'd camp advanc'd by Forth's coast,
 And near * the Maiden fortress lodg'd his host,
 The Maiden fortress still the South'rons keep,
 And Randolph boldly storms the rocky steep,
 In vain Impregnable the castle stands.
 And mocks the labours of the loyal bands,

† The Castra alapa, or winged Camp, an old appellation of the city of Edinburgh.

* The castle of Edinburgh ; a passage was discovered to it up the rock, by one William Frances

Frances at last a secret passage found.
 And led the chieftain up the craggy mound.
 First Frances mounts by night, the legions scale.
 And drive the watches headlong o'er the wall.
 Arose the guards, and quick commence the war.
 The hardy Scots their sudden weapons bare;
 Fierce on the foe the hardy Randolph flew.
 And at a stroke the South'ron captain flew,
 The doughty legions seconded their head.
 And all the guards along the works lay dead
 Bold Randolph thus Edina's fort possess'd,
 And, long fatigu'd, indulg'd his grateful rest
 Meantime the Douglas, on the border dales,
 Roxburgh's strong towers by craft nocturnal scales
 Unseen the warriors climb the sleepy mound,
 And all the fortress scatter o'er the ground,
 All Teviotdale by force the chief o'er-runs,
 The land reduc'd its rightful sov'reign owns,
 By this fierce Edward on th' Allestian shore,
 Had quickly rendezvouz'd his select war.
 Into the town his hardy legions pours,
 And soon in ruins lays the ancient towers
 Without delay from thence to Stirling coast,
 Boldly advances the victorious host
 Around the walls dispos'd, the hardy train.
 Assault with fury, but assault in vain
 † That feat the gallant Moubray boldly held,
 Wise at the board and daring in the field.
 Edward impatient of the tedious hours,
 And Moubray dreading his decaying stores;
 Both to a mutual interview advance,
 And artful Moubray thus propounds his sense,

† This was the brave Sir Philip Moubray. at this time
 in the English interest, but, after the battle of Bannock-
 burn, he became loyal to King Robert

' My lord, you've prov'd and found the fortress strong,
 ' The siege expensive, and the labour long.
 ' Cou'd you accept a truce for certain days,
 ' Throughout which time hostilities may cease.
 ' Then I, assisted by the South'ron might,
 ' Shall fairly meet your troops in equal fight,
 ' But if I'm still unsuccour'd by these pow'rs
 ' Then at the day the fortress shall be yours

Edward, unseen in politic designs,

Accepts the terms, and the sly treaty signs.

And from the leaguer'd walls draws off the Scottish lines }

To fair Augusta Moubray speeds his way,

The haughty seat of great † Caernarvan's sway,

There the bold chief, before the South'ron states,

Proposes the treaty, and the terms relates,

The King and peers applaud the leaders sense.

Commend the truce, and jest the Scottish Prince

Meantime to Perth, where his wife brother lay,

Good undesigning Edward shapes his way,

Joyful, relates each various action done,

The treaty sign'd, and hardy Moubray gone.

The Monarch heard the terms with vast surprise,

And on his thoughtless brother fix'd his eyes,

Then thus, ' Fond man! which shall I first regret,

' A brother's folly, or my country's fate?

' Harass'd with toil, with dangers press'd before,

' Hast thou not learn'd to know your monarch's pow'r

' Yon Monarch! whom no neighbouring states withstand,

' Sole heir of all his father's large command,

' Whose sway not Britain's shores alone restrain,

' Wide stretch his conquests o'er the distant main,

' His tyranny, not ‡ Cambria feels alone,

' Or in his bonds * Hiberian vallies groan,

† Edward II of England, was always call'd Edward of Caernarvan, a place in Wales where he was born.

‡ Wales.

* Ireland

' Great part of France and Flanders owns his claim,
 ' And Europe trembles at his mighty name. (shores ?
 ' Drawn from those climes, what swarms shall croud our
 ' How vast th' assemblage ! How array'd the pow'rs ?
 ' Their numbers shall our utmost thoughts beguile,
 ' Extend o'er shires, and darken half the isle
 ' The rebel Scots besides † a potent line
 ' In arms already, shall their standards join,
 ' Then what are we, how small our native lands ?
 ' How weak our force how thin our loyal bands
 ' See our dispeopled plains, our barren soil,
 ' To faction long expos'd, and foreign spoil,
 ' Consider this, and view the treaty made,
 ' And all our hopes in that one treaty dead
 ' By cautious steps we hop'd our right to gain,
 ' But, rashly, thou hast render'd caution vain,
 ' Disarm'd and bound by truce so long a date,
 ' Secures the tyrant, and compleats our fate,
 ' Long have we vainly spent our tedious hours,
 ' 'Midst hoary mountains, and deserted shores ;
 ' 'Midst cold, and heat, and hunger's pinching pain,
 ' Long have we toil'd, but long have toil'd in vain.
 ' In anxious thoughts have pass'd the wakeful night,
 ' And, girt with foes, consum'd the dang'rous light,
 ' By suffering, partly we regain'd our sway,
 ' And, Fabius-like, we conquered by delay.
 ' In one rash word now all our labour's gone
 Our hopes extinguisht and ourselves undone.
 ' Say brother ! Whence shall we our troops prepare,
 ' Where is our force to meet yon dreadful war
 He spoke, disdainful—Edward, fierce replies ;
 ' By all the pow'rs that tread yon spangling skies ;
 ' Let isles united with the distant land,
 ' And Europe pour her millions on our strand ;

† The whole race of the Cumings, and their allies.

' Resolv'd I'll dauntless face the dread array,
' And meet the glorious terrors of the day
' I love the gen'rous treaty and in vain
' shou'd crowns and sceptres bribe me from the plain,
' Scotland may see me fall but never yield,
' Or fly, a coward, from so brave a field.

The Monarch smil'd, His dauntless soul he knew,
And what he dar'd to say he dar'd to do.
The noble warrior in his arms he prest
And all his brother kindled in his breast
Then thus, So may just heav'n our counsels aid,
' As I shall sacred keep what thou hast said
' Haste then, bid all our loyal friends prepare
' To join our standard 'gainst the day of war.
' The day ! when each pretension shall be try'd
' And heav'n determine on the juster side

Meanwhile Caernarvan mounts his royal seat
The peers around in splendid order wait,
Thence to the chiefs he issues his commands,
To raise his pow'rs, and muster all his bands,
Near Berwick's walls on Tweda's fertile plains,
The royal writ the rendezvous ordains,
The warlike chiefs in sudden armour shone,
And round dispatch'd the mandate of the throne.
Straight ring the South'ron shores with loud alarms,
And drums and trumpets, mingled, sound to arms.
Sing, muse from various climes th' assembled throng
And fit these names, and numbers to the song
Where Wye's smooth stream and Severn's fiercer tide,
Thro' Cambrian dales in wild meanders glide ;
Where British billows pent, indignant roar,
And, furious, lash old Cornwall's chalky shore ;
Rose thirty thousand, in strange arms array'd,
And hardy Mo'mouth glitter'd at their head,

† Where Thame and Isis roll their royal waves
 And the six current princely structures lave :
 Where flows the Ouze, and * Trent divides the land
 (Both lost in Humber's more capacious strand).
 Arose the mighty † Trinobantian host
 And fifty thousand cloud the darken'd coast,
 The moving bands the neighbouring vales overspread
 By Arundel, and gallant Oxford led
 From Humber's stream whose tumbling waves resound,
 And deafen all the adjoining coast around,
 To where the Tweed in softer windings flows,
 Full fifty thousand quiver'd arrows rose.
 A hardy race, who, well experienc'd. knew
 To fit the shaft, and twang the bended yew.
 Bred up to danger, and inur'd to dare,
 In distant fight, and aim the feather'd war.
 These bands their country's highest triumphs boast;
 And Gloucester and Hertford led the host.

Advance the factious Scots, a rebel line,
 And to the foe their impious levies join
 Five times five thousand, by experience skill'd,
 To mix in closer combat on the field.

† The river Thames upon which London is situated.
 the greatest in England. It has its name from Thame,
 which rises in Buckinghamshire : and Isis, which rises in
 the borders of Gloucester, near the confines of Wiltshire.
 They have their confluence at Dorchester, and from
 thence running in one united stream, fall into the German
 ocean, thirty miles below London

* The river Trent is reckoned to divide England in-
 to two equal parts, North and South. It rises in Stafford-
 shire, passeth through Derbyshire, Leicestershire, &c. and
 below Burton in Lincolnshire, falleth into the Humber.

† Trinobantes were the people of Essex, Middlesex,
 and all about London,

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Led by great Omphraville well known to fame
And bold Corpatrick, a redoubt'd name.

Next to the Scots approach th' Hibernian powers,
From hoary mountains and from fenny shores ;
Three times ten thousand strong a nervous race
Bred to wild game, and nimble in the chase,
Before these troops. Fitzgerald's haughty son
The brave O'Neil, and hardy Desmond thone.

From Gallia now, and Belgium's distant coast
In arms assembled, moves the foreign host,
Twice twenty thousand whole a warlike train
In sixty galleys plow the wat'ry plain
Nor does the muse the leaders names rehearse.
Nor stand those names so smooth in British verse
Albion's white cliffs soon gain the foreign tails,
And pour their legions on Northumbrian vales.

Now with the King from fair Augusta's * towers
Proceeds the court to Berwick's crowded shores,
The awful King ! in gold and gems array'd.
The vast, the wondrous rendezvous survey'd.
His thick battalions views extended far,
And glories in the lengthen'd pomp of war,
The various climes in various armour shine,
And distant nations wonder as they join.
Review'd, wide o'er the fields encamp the powers
Repairs the shining court to Berwick's towers,
Near Stirling's walls where Forth's large billows play,
The noble Bruce with twice two hundred lay
From whence around his royal art he sends.
To warn the chiefs, and summon all his friends,
Meantime he view'd the ground, and mark'd a plain
Th' intended master of the loyal train.
Before that plain, a league extended lay,
A green sward marsh, on a flaunting bay,

* The name the modern English give to London.

The King, well seen in all events of war,
 The muddy fen surveys with cautious care
 His troops he calls, and digs a spearlength deep;
 The level marish, from the slooping steep
 Then plants with sharpen'd piles the tract around.
 And close with hurdles covers o'er the ground.
 Untouch'd the plain appear'd, and all the hollow sound
 Behind those fens the King resolv'd to stand,
 And there the haughty foe's first charge attend.
 The Scottish peasants from the champaign shore.
 Up to the mountains led their household store
 The plains of herds and victual dispossess'd,
 And left the country one abandon'd waste.

Now rings th' alarm along the Northern coasts,
 And rush to war the Caledonian hosts.
 From Skye, Pomona's isles, and Caithness strand,
 Three thousand targets glitter o'er the land,
 The Skye and Orkneys their own chiftains head,
 And Caithness' troops the gallant Sinclair led,
 Strathnaver, Sutherland in arms appear,
 And the bold Rossians issue to the war
 The brave M Donalds and M'Kenzie's join
 Frasers, and Grants and the Clan-chattan line,
 That stretch dispers'd along the † Hebridian shores
 Monroes M'Leans, M'Kays and all the pow'rs
 These hardy troops in Scythian arms array'd,
 Distinct in tribes, their proper chiefs obey'd
 Conveen the band on Rossia's spacious bay.
 And twice three thousand bucklers gild the day
 From Murray's shores advance a thousand spears,
 And daring Randolf at their head appears.

† The Hebrides are a vast cluster of islands lying
 the North west and West of Scotland, scatter'd up and
 down the Deucaldonian sea,

East on Tœzalia's coast † there lies a plain
 Blest with rich pasture, and luxuriant grain
 Much fam'd for cattle, much for woolly store,
 But for its hospitable people more.
 On its smooth margin German billows play.
 And pour their sinny millions in each bay
 This region, 'spite of the false Thanes commands †,
 Rais'd and mantain'd at its own charges, sends
 A thousand warriors to the royal aid,
 By bold Philorth, and brave Pittligo led.

And now in arms the noble Gorton shines.
 And Enzie's squadrons to Strathbogy joins
 Arabia's keen axes in the center glare. §
 And Badenoch gleams horrid in the rear-

Next hardy Forbes and the gallant Mar,
 On Don's fair borders rendezvous the war,
 Forbes ! in Scotia's annals long renown'd,
 And oft of old with loyal laurels crown'd,

Horestia's plains a thousand warriors yield *
 And godlike Marshal leads them to the field,
 Thrice noble chief ! I feel my spirit roll
 And all the Hero rushes to my soul.

Where shall the mute commence thy deathless fame ?
 From what immortal æra trace thy name?
 She saw him 'midst surrounding ruins stand,
 When hardy Camus bit the bloody strand.
 When from the field he bore the regal spoils,
 Proud prize ! the badge of his triumphant toils,

† The counties of Mar, Buchan, and, all about Aberdeen ; Buchan is only meant here

† Cuming Earl of Buchan.

§ The country of Lochaber,

* The shire of Mearns

O!t wou'd the muse have sung the godlike line,
 But the bold task still check'd the just design.
 Fond she set out but felt the theme too strong,
 Too high the labour, and too vast the song.
 Nor needful—— For, what genius ever sings
 Of Scoria's Heroes and her ancient kings?
 Let their fam'd deeds but once the muse engage.
 And still some Keith shall glitter in the page.

Next, where the Esk a double current pours,
 And laves Æneas ever loyal shores;
 Two thousand lances gleam along the strand
 Strathmore, Southesk, and Airly led the band,
 Airly, renown'd for ancient honours gain'd,
 When Gilchrist conquer'd, and a William reign'd.
 Kinnaird and Falconer their legions call,
 The brave Dundee and ever faithful Maule,†

Adjoining near, a fruitful region lies.*
 The darling care of more indulgent skies,
 Whose sunny mountains and luxuriant vales,
 Are fann'd by friendly zephyrs softer gales
 Where the rich year in vast profusion reigns,
 Riots in groves, and revels on the plains;
 Thence came a thousand in bright mail array'd,
 Glitter'd the mighty Arrol at their head,
 Full of his Sires, the Hero took the field.
 Display'd, the yoke glar'd in his bloody shield.
 Proud ensign! glory of that dire debate,
 Where dauntless Hay revers'd the Scottish fate.

† The reader will please observe here, once for all,
 that we don't by any means pretend, these gentlemen were
 all nobilitated either before or at the time. We only give
 them the titles of their posterity, in order to make the
 narration the clearer and their names more obvious to
 the present age,

* The Carse of Gowry

When Luncarty beheld th' Albanian pow'rs
Vanquish'd, and routed on her sanguine shores ;
'Twas then, great Hay oppos'd the shameful flight
Drove back the conquer'd, and renew'd the fight.
Thro' Cimbrian ranks, impetuous, forc'd his way
And thundring with his yoke restor'd the day,
By him thus, wondrous, rose the ruin'd state,
Conquer'd by loss, and triumph'd by defeat.

'Twere long in ancient actions to engage
And croud with different characters the page
Nor needful is the task. Our chiefs of old
Brave by succession, and by birthright bold,
In all their father's various virtues shone,
And ev'ry Sire descended in the son.
Bred to the field, and conscious of their might,

They rang'd the globe, and taught the world to fight

From Fife's fair coast three thousand take the plain
Headed by Wemyss, and Crawford's ancient Thane,
The noble Wemyss ! M'Duff's immortal son
M'Duff ! th' asserter of the Scottish throne
Whose deeds let Birnane and Dunsinnan tell,
When Canmore battl'd † and the villain fell

By Athole, and by Perth array'd to war,
Three thousand lances glister in the air,
See ! glorious in his Sires the great Montrose,
Amidst his conqu'ring Grahams to battle goes.
His mail bright fludds of gold enamel'd gild,
Th' immortal trophy of some ancient field,
Three times five hundred to the war proceed
By Eglinton, and Nairn and Bothwell led,

† The story of M Beath's usurpation, in the time of
Malcom Canmore, and likewise the prophecy concerning
Birnane wold's coming to Dunsinnan castle, is so com-
mon, I need not insist on it.

Carrick and Kyle pour forth their hardy train,
 And Kennedy conducts them to the plain,
 Reafrew and Bute and Rothsay join their aid,
 Glitters the godlike Stewart at their head,
 Advance in arms the Argathelian lines.
 And in the van the loyal Campbell shines
 Some faithful aids approach from Lothian's coast,
 And Seton's loyal offspring leads the host.
 From Mercia's fertile plains appear'd a band,
 Obedient to the gallant Hume's command.
 Confed'rate dales, and warlike borders join,
 Proud at their head to see great Douglas shine,
 Fierce Edward, last, leads from his native shores,
 Rang'd to the field, the Gallovidian pow'rs.

Thus from the distant north, and Solway's sands
 At Bannockburn arriv'd the loyal bands.
 The King with joy beheld th' assembl'd train.
 Full five and thirty thousand croud the plain,
 The chiefs embrac'd, and view'd the squadrons round,
 Assign'd their stations, and mark'd out the ground.
 The leaders to the royal tent repair.
 And o'er the fields encamp th' inferior war.
 Now, † in ten battles rang'd, from Tweda's vales,
 The South ron pow'rs advance thro' Lothian dales
 The wide extended pomp the region fills,
 Glares o'er the lawns, and gleams along the hills,
 Nations on nations shed the crowded strand
 From shore to shore and cover half the land,
 Thick as the waving grain the valley clouds.
 Or leaves in spring that load the blooming woods
 Lances and shields emit their blended rays,
 And o'er the distant plains confus'dly blaze.
 Thro' Lothian swift advance the swarming pow'rs,
 And sudden croud Bodotria's winding shores.

† In ten battles &c.) Or Battalions or ranks,

Thence, quick, arriving at the † various fane,
Wide o'er the fields encamp the num'rous train.

Detach'd old Stirling's fortrefs to secure,
Before the host Lord Clifford leads his pow'r.
In arms eight hundred with that leader ride,
Choice bands ! the mighty Edward's chiefest pride.
Meantime bold Randolph, charg'd a post to keep
Close by the temple, on a sloping steep,
Thro' which, unheeded by the Scots, the chief
March'd his swift legions to the towns relief,
Foul negligence ; to expiate his offence,
And sooth the just displeasure of his prince.
With eager steps pursues the escaped war
Two hundred lances shining in his rear.
Soon as the South'ron chief the Scots beheld.
With force inferior, boldly take the field ;
Disdainful in array he rang'd his band,
And in the front himself and † Howard stand,
Howard the brave ! a knight renown'd in fame
The boast the glory of the South'ron name
Ambitious chief : too eager in the strife
Too rashly bold and prodigal of life;
Forward thou rushest upon certain death.
And 'midst unnumber'd wounds resign'st thy breath,
Thy native troops with tears beheld thee bleed,
And England yet laments her Hero dead

Meanwhile the combat furious, burns around
And crimson tides roll, slippery, o'er the ground.
Baulk'd in his first design, and fir'd with spite,
The haughty Clifford, vig'rous urg'd the fight
His lengthen'd ranks extended o'er the ground
And just began to enclose the Scots around.

† Falkirk

† Sir William Howard, the noble ancestor of the Duke of Norfolk.

This Randolph saw, and, with a gen'ral's care,
 Dispos'd into an orb his thinner war,
 Each way objected. spears and gleaming shields
 Glitter an iron circle round the fields,
 And now both hosts in closer combat join,
 And thick'ning deaths in order ruin shine
 Nor knows the ardent warrior to retire,
 Fix'd where he stands to conquer or expire
 No blended shouts of war's tremendous voice,
 Ring thro' the hills, or rattle in the skies
 The busied field hears no tumultuous breath
 But clashing armour, and the groan of death,
 Glorious each chief, and grim with dust and blood
 Amidst the war with rival fury rode,
 Along the strand the widening havock spread
 And round them roll'd in heaps the mangl'd dead,
 But English bow men long in battle skill'd
 With feather'd deaths fore gall'd the Scottish field,
 This Douglas viewing from the camp afar
 Thus to the king prefers a soldiers prayer.
 ' Sov'reign ; he said, May heav'n direct the day,
 ' And may to-morrow's sun secure the sway
 ' As I with pity view yon dreadful scene
 ' And Randolph sweating on the unequal plain,
 ' Opprest with numbers, and overwhelm'd with foes,
 ' Behold your Hero fainting in our cause
 ' Soon shall he fall 'midst yon superior host
 ' And Scotia in her second hope be lost
 ' Forbid it fate : and thou our gen'rous Prince
 ' Forgive a nephew's † undesign'd offence

† Randolph had been commanded by the King to guard
 a pass near the church, by which the enemy behov'd to
 march to the relief of Stirling ; but, having neglected it
 he was obliged to follow and attack them on the plain
 with numbers much inferior to theirs,

- Overlook the fault and let me haste to share.
- Yon bloody field, and turn the scale of war,
- So may kind heav'n confirm thy right divine,
- And fix the sceptre ever in thy line.

He said, — The Monarch thus himself express'd,
(The gen'ral scene engrossing all his breast)

- No aid from us this day shall scorne his crime,
- My slighted words and his neglected name,
- Let him, unsuccour'd, 'midst yon furious croud
- Feel his past folly, and repent in blood.

He spoke, and thro' the camp pursu'd his way,

To view the troops; and predispose the day.

Still on the spot the hardy Douglas stands;

Fix'd to his purpose, and resolv'd to aid;

When now the foe, with pleasure he beheld.

Loose in their ranks and reeling in the field.

Randolph and his, with unresist'd might,

Bearing down crowds and bursting thro' the fight

Then stop: th' intended aid — lest aid had stain'd

The glory by such blood and labour gain'd.

And now Lord Clifford's troops desert the war,

And Randolph thunders on the flying rear,

Back to their host retreats the routed train,

And twice two hundred breathlets press the plain,

Randolph returns, the monarch grasp'd his hand,

And to their rest obtain'd the weary band.

By this the night † unusual darkness forebids.

And heav'n and earth involves in thickest shades,

No beams from Cynthia's silver orb appear

No lesser taper twinkles in the sphere!

But nature sunk in sable horrors lay

Profound and pregnant with the future day

† This was, the more remarkable upon account of the season of the year, it being on the 20th of June, when in these climates there is little or no darkness at all,

Yet watchful Bruce exerts a father's care.
 And thro' the silent gloom explores the war
 Views all the lines now part in slumber's lost.
 Part talking, wakeful, of the adverse host,
 In deep attention still he march'd along,
 And mark'd the whole behaviour of the throng
 In every word, in every gesture skill'd
 And as he went dispos'd th' approaching field.
 Near to th' entrenchments stood an ancient fane
 The pious structure of some former reign
 Where midnight vows employ the reverend Sires,
 And twinkle in their lamps the drowsy fires,
 Thither his private oraisons to pay,
 Devout the Monarch treads his silent way.
 The priests receive him with paternal care,
 But soon to heav'n as he prefers his pray'r
 Dreadful, thro' all the skies loud thunders roll
 And the thick lightning gleams from pole to pole.
 The fathers, hasting to the porch espy,
 Two flaming armies combat in the sky,
 The legions seem'd to blaze in red attire
 And all the visionary war on fire,
 Then sudden, in a train of flashy light,
 Downward bright Ariel shoots along the night
 Straight to the King appears within the shrine,
 Celestial glories round his temples shine,
 His flowing robe in azure volumes roll'd.
 Bright sapphires blazing on aetherial gold,
 (Pure radiant gold of heav'n, without alloy)
 Around the fane diffus'd a flood of day
 The gen'rous Monarch, at the sight amaz'd
 On the bright form with awful reverence, gaz'd ;
 When Ariel thus, 'From regions distant far,
 • Beyond the convex of your arch'd sphere,
 • Where blissful minds dissolv'd in raptures lye.
 • Or float on azure pinions thro' the sky ;

- Or on the Trine's immortal glories gaze,
- Bask in the beams and live upon the blaze ;
- Down from those happy seats, to thee I come
- To sooth thy cares—Not to unfold thy doom,
- That secret lies beyond the realms of light,
- Far in the womb of fate, and wrap'd in night,
- To heights of future scenes in vain we soar,
- The sole, fix'd priv'lege of eternal pow'r,
- No more I know but that to morrows ray,
- Is doom'd to finish this contended sway,
- Thee I behold, with anxious cares oppress,
- Alone to heav'n resign thy pious breast,
- Go then, and boldly meet the stern debate
- Be still thyself, and leave th' event to fate.
- With pious courage fraught, thy fortune try,
- A fortune not unfavour'd by the sky.

This said, the seraph swiftly wings his way,
Mounts thro' the spheres, and gains upon the day,
Full of the wond'rous scene, the monarch trod,
Back to the camp his solitary road ;
Alone unto the royal tent repairs.
And a short slumber overshades his cares.

From ocean now uprais'd, the god of day,
Mournful and slow pursues his airy way
The fiery car the steeds reluctant roll,
Recoil, and scarce oppose the whirling pole,
Condense the vapours, not to feed the blaze.
Or add fresh fuel to decaying rays :
But that the beams might point oblique, nor gild
Direct, the horrors of so dire a field

Now from Falkirk, by Forth's winding coast,
In dreadful order moves the South'ron host.
Men, arms and steeds, the mountains shade afar,
And vallies groan beneath the load of war,
Unfurld in air the golden banners play,
And clarions, drums, and trumpets rouse the day,

Adjoining hills the loud alarm rebound,
And rocks and forests multiply the sound.
Great in the van, and awful as a god,
In gems and gold the mighty Edward rode,
Round him all heath'd in mail a dreadful line,
Three thousand warriors on barb'd courfers shine.
Beld Gloster, and Bohun, a martial knight,
Oxford, and Kent, and Hereford guard the right.
The left obeys the Omphraville's commands,
Join'd by Corisparrick's and by Clifford's bands,
The troops from Belgium and from Gallia's coast,
Make up the center of the martial host,
Monmouth, O'Neil and Desmont next appear.
And with united squadrons guard the rear. —
The quiver'd bands around the flanks dispos'd,
On either side the moving battles clos'd,
In pompous order thus the numerous train,
Forward advances to the destin'd plain.

Thro' Bruce's host next ring the loud alarms,
And Caledonian trumpets sound to arms;
All o'er the camp the ready squadrons stand
And wait impatient, for their chiefs command,
Forth from his tent advancing to the lines
The daring Monarch in bright armour shines,
A cheerful vigour sparkles in his eyes,
And o'er his face the martial terrors rise
Blaz'd his strong corslet on his ample breast,
And nodded on his helm a bloody crest.
Fast by his thigh bright shon his flaming brand,
An ax of steel gleam'd in his better hand.
The legions joyful, on their monarch stare,
And wonder at the godlike form of war,
The Grampian chiefs, array'd in warlike state,
With cheerful pomp upon their Monarch wait
And now to battle arms each loyal band
And thick'ning squadrons form along the strand.

Glare in the van the bold Tazulian lines,
 And at their head the noble Randolph shines.
 Rang'd on the right the South'ron legions stood,
 And on their front the fiery Edward rode.
 With him experienc'd Boyd divides the sway,
 Sent by the King to guide him thro' the day,
 Before the West, upon the left appears,
 Young Stuart, and Douglas joins his border-spears
 The other chiefs their proper stations held.
 But these, the gen'ral leaders of the field,
 Instructed last the rear in order stood,
 And at their head, the King, unusual, rode.
 But whilst he views around th' embattl'd war,
 The gen'rous Keith supplies his master's care,

And now both hosts a mile divided sat,

A short and anxious interval of fate,
 When great Caernarvan waves his awful hand.
 And list'ning thousands round their monarch stand;
 Then thus, ' Behold, my friends, our mighty powers,
 ' From British climes conven'd, and foreign shores,
 ' Our sire's immortal laurels to maintain,
 ' And fix our conquests o'er the Grampian reign
 ' Ev'n here yourselves before have often fought,
 ' And frequent ruin on the rebels brought.
 ' This day have we a mightier force array'd,
 ' Than e'er at once our Sires commands obey'd,
 ' You then who still with him victorious shone,
 ' Still conquer, nor degen'rate with the son.
 ' Behold how thin appear yon dastard bands.
 ' Scarce half sufficient for our foldie's hands.
 ' Ev'n thousands here shall find no foe to fly
 ' But idly share the triumphs of the day,
 ' Go then my friends attack the puny plain,
 ' And drive yon handful, scatter'd, to the main,
 ' Assert your own, assert your Monarch's name
 ' Let death, or fetters, crush yon rebels' claim.

He spoke—With mingled shouts resounds the air,
And all the eager troops demand the war.

Now the bold Bruce before the center stands,
And thus accosts his Caledonian bands.

‘ Fellows in arms ! Long did our Sires oppose
‘ The haughty insults of ambitious foes.
‘ Long hath our country struggled with her fate,
‘ With Pictish fraud, and Saxons savage hate,
‘ These too supported by Ausonian pow’rs,
‘ How did the mighty ruin spread her shores
‘ What seas of blood, what mountains of the slain,
‘ Choak’d ev’ry vale, and strow’d each purple plain
‘ Thus fell our Sires, or, drove by sword and flame
‘ Fled far ; and Scotia scarce remain’d a name,
‘ Yet heav’n, relenting heav’n, beheld her fate,
‘ And arm’d the great restorer of the state ;
‘ From frozen climes, and Scythia’s distant strand,
‘ † The godlike man collects the scatter’d band.
‘ He came, he conquer’d, and her right restor’d,
‘ Doom’d to the sway, and Albion’s fated Lord.
‘ Pictish and Saxon spoils his triumphs grace,
‘ These banish’d, those a quite extinguish’d race.
‘ Next from the North, where Ballick billows rave,
‘ And Cimbrian rocks the foamy tempests lave ;
‘ Against our Sires advance the swarming train
‘ Our hardy Sires undaunted, take the plain.
‘ Let wond’ring Lonscarty record the day,
‘ And to great Kenneth join the greater Hay.
‘ Let Malcom next, and Keith’s superior rage,
‘ And Barry’s field run purple in the page !
‘ When Lochty’s current, choak’d with tides of blood
‘ Groan’d to the ocean in a crimson flood.

† Fergus II who restor’d the Monarchy of Scotland,
after it had been almost utterly extinguished by the Picts,
Saxons and Romans.

' For Scotia's right thus stood the Scots of old;
 ' Thus glare your fathers in recording gold,
 ' Such were their acts, and such their loyal fame;
 ' Such glories blaze around each deathless name,
 ' And now, my friends, this day methinks I see
 ' Those noble patriot in their progeny,
 ' This day; the last of all our long debate,
 ' The fix'd, important period of our fate,
 ' How does yon King in gold and jewels glare,
 ' What pride of armies; and what pomp of war;
 ' Behold yon vast array yon swarming host
 ' How the extended legions cloud the coast!
 ' This hour; this instant hour of fate demands,
 ' Your fathers souls, and all your fathers hands.
 ' We know the deeds of ev'ry doughty Sire.
 ' Nor shall we doubt their hardy offspring's fire.
 ' Methinks I see great Graham undaunted go,
 ' 'Gainst Rome's proud eagles, and the Saxon foe.
 ' Here are his sons, behold the manly race,
 ' See how the father threatens in their face,
 ' Methinks I see the Douglas fire of old,
 ' Red from his toils, and resting on the mold;
 ' When the just prince enquir'd the hero's name,
 ' And Sholto Dow Glas * pointed him to fame.

* This is said by some to have happened in reign of Salvathius King of Scots, Anno Dom 787 to wit, that in an engagement betwixt the Scots and Picts aided by the Saxons, the Scots were in a manner intirely routed; but the extraordinary bravery of this Dow Glas turned the fortune of the day, and procured the victory to the Scots. The King enquired who he was whom he had seen behave so gallantly; a gentleman pointed him out, as he rested himself on the ground, and said, Sholto Dow Glas, see the black grey man. The King loaded him with honours and his family hath ever since bore that name,

' Already mention'd, needless I run o'er,
 ' The trophies by our Sires obtain'd before,]
 ' This glorious day shall ev' eclipse their rage-
 ' And Bannockburn roll redder in the page.
 ' A new, & nobler æra shall unfold,
 ' And Scotia's sons shall stand in brighter gold.
 ' Pardon my friends : that's the field delay,
 ' And stop with words the laurels of the day.
 ' That I retard the freedom of the state ;
 ' Your glory, and my own propitious fate.
 ' Go on, brave Scots : and let each Heroes fire,
 ' Prove his bold lineage and assert his Sire.
 ' Scotia this day demands her ancient right,
 ' 'Tis Scotia arms her daring sons to fight.
 ' The pride, the hate, the tyranny you know
 ' And all the rage of yon relentless foe
 ' Think then, your wives, and helpless infants stand,
 ' And weep for safety at each warriors hand,
 ' Dear pledges ; Let their images remain.
 ' Fix'd in your souls, and bear you thro' the plain,
 ' Let these soft ties of life, your better part,
 ' String ev'ry nerve, and steel each hero's heart.
 ' Thro' ev'ry scene of action point your way.
 ' And heav'n, propitious, shall conduct the day.
 He spoke — and tears, indignant, swell'd their eyes.
 And furious shouts to battle tore the skies.

But pious Bruce, in view of all the host,
 Prone on the earth his suppliant body cast
 His hand apply'd unto his spotless breast.
 And thus the Father of the skies address'd.

' Immortal power ; Whose sacred voice supreme,
 ' Spoke to existence his stupendous frame.
 ' Who sway'st the nations with thy dreadful nod,
 ' And crowns, and trembling thrones confess the God,
 ' If e'er with lips unfeign'd my vows I paid,
 ' If e'er my soul a pure oblation made :

' Regard my sufferings past, attend my woes.
 ' And judge, O judge ; this day the suppliant's cause.
 ' If I unrighteous, fall before yon foe.
 ' From thee, submissive I receive the blow.
 ' But if my right th' Almighty's aid can claim
 ' Aid thou, and teach me to adore thy name,
 The pious Monarch thus And all the bands,
 With humble hearts, and with uplifted hands.
 Devout, address the Sov'reign pow'r on high,
 Confess their guilt and deprecate the sky,
 This done advancing from the Southron train,
 A knight in shining armour cross'd the plain, †
 His haughty mien, and his gigantic size
 At once attracted ev'ry warriors eyes.
 The hardy champion forth disdainful rode,
 And in his left a lance, enormous, stood.
 Approaching, he defies each Scottish knight
 And dares the bravest out to single fight,
 Soon as the king the giant foe beheld,
 Alone defy his legions on the field,
 The steed he reins, and rushes o'er the strand ;
 An ax well temper'd charg'd his better hand ;
 Dauntless he rode to meet the champion's force,
 And the proud knight begins his furious course,
 Full at the monarch aims his length of spear,
 Th' eluded weapon spends its strength in air,
 The courser bore him on ; but as he past
 (Just where the plume stood nodding on the crest)
 A forceful blow the monarch aims with skill,
 Thro' helm and brain down rush'd the shining steel,
 Prone fell the champion on the gorey strand
 And the stern visage threaten'd on the sand
 This saw both hosts, and, from th' important sight
 Each takes the omen of the future fight.

† This is said to be Sir Henry Boeme. or Bohun, of
 the family of Warwick,

Returns the King ; his worth each bosom fires
And every leader to his post retires,
And now both armies for the fight prepare,
And shiller clangors animate the war,
Drums trumpets, clarions blend their warlike noise
Ring thro' the air and echo thro' the skies,
Woods, vales and mountains the alarm rebound,
And heaven and earth appear'd involv'd in sound.

Say, sacred Nine ! the dreadful scene relate,
And print the wonders of this day of fate,
Approach the foe ten thousand Gloster heads,
Ten thousand more the hardy Hertford leads,
Full on the Scottish right they shape their way,
Where Edward's legions lin'd the hollow bay ;
The hollow bay ; thick set with piles before.
And with fictitious turff dissembled o'er
Arm'd on rich steeds the South'ron thither bound,
And plunge at once into the faithless ground,
Five thousand wholelay wallowing in the shore,
And sharpen'd spikes five thousand coursers gore,
Edward to war his infantry commands ;
Rush the fierce foot amidst th' entangl'd bands
Their fiery leader thunders at their head
And fast around the wid'ning slaughter spread,
Warriors and steeds lay in one ruin mix'd,
Bycraft ingulph'd, and secret piles transfix'd,
The rest affrighted, from the fatal coast,
Confus'dly flying, join'd the distant host,

Again in air the south'ron banners play,
And fifty thousand issue to the day
The hardy Monmouth heads his Cambrian force,
And Oxford joins his Prinobantian horse,
To meet thole battles dauntless Edward goes,
But looks for aid against such odds of foes.
Nor long expects, Before his hardy lines,
Soon at his side the noble Randolph shines.

In quick battalia form'd each adverse train,
 With double courage commenc'd the second plain,
 Together fast the burst of battle goes,
 And to the skies the shouts tremendous rose,
 As when loud winds the foamy surges sweep,
 And from its caverns tear the bellowing deep ;
 Or, as fierce flames their crackling torrents pour,
 Thro' mountain forests, and the shades devour ;
 Just with such rage the hosts together bound,
 Just so the clamours thro' the heav'ns resound.
 Soon as the crash of spears obscures the air,
 At once unsheath'd the gleamy fauchions glare.
 From clashing arms the blended sparkles blaze,
 And blushing torrents form a crimson maze,
 Here haughty Monmouth thunders in his might,
 There hardy Oxford animates the fight.
 In vain, See where fierce Edward swims in gore,
 And Randolph's mighty arm lays waste the shore.
 See where the spreading ruins of the slain,
 Thicken, and grow, and widen o'er the plain,
 Incline the South-ron ranks, nor longer dare,
 Oppose the fury of the Grampian war,
 Monmouth and Oxford see their troops give way,
 And pierc'd with wounds, themselves forsake the day
 Retreat the legions to the gen'ral host,
 And twenty thousand, lifeless, strow the coast,
 The scots soon rally, and their standards join,
 And the form'd troops again in order shine,
 Doubly repuls'd, now all the South-ron war,
 Fir'd with resentment, for the field prepare,
 In gold array'd, and blazing diamonds bright,]
 The mighty King rode foremost to the fight,
 Three thousand knights in mail severely gay,
 Rich on barb'd steeds conduct him to the day,
 The long extended legions fill the train
 And crowding nations thicken on the plain,

Aloft, unfurl'd, the gilded standards fly,
 And all the pomp of battle strikes the sky
 Where Edward's legions and brave Randolph's flood
 Rally'd and reeking still with recent blood ;
 Array'd, the banded squadrons proudly fare,
 In all the dire magnificence of war
 Unequal match ? but ere th' attack begun
 Amidst the chiefs the doughty Douglas shone.
 Three thousand bord'ers his command obey,
 Fresh to the field, and ardent for the day
 Him gallant Stuart in burnish'd armour joins,
 And to the onset leads his western lines
 Heroic youth ! Nor had five lustres shed
 Their circling seasons o'er his blooming head.

The charge begins. The hosts together bound,
 And steeds and warriors tumble on the ground.
 The crashing spears in clouds of splinters rise,
 Fierce thund'ring noise, deep groans and mingled cries
 Ring round the forests ; echoing rocks reply,
 And all the war redoubles in the sky,
 The Monarch's steely guards, amidst the fight
 On Edward's legions pour their awful might,
 Edward as furious meets the iron train,
 And heads and helmets ring against the plain,
 Hibernian foot, and Gallia's warlike horse,
 Toward the noble Randelp bend their course,
 The noble Randolph 'gainst those squadrons rode
 And foreign gore soon swell'd the neighb'ring flood
 What wonders were by dreadful Douglas wrought
 And ev'n young Stuart not undistinguish'd fought,
 But Omphraville, in arts of war long skill'd,
 Draws forth the South'ron bowmen to the field.
 Rang'd to th' attack, full fifty thousand came,
 That drunk the Tine, and Humber's tumbling stream,
 From twanging yews the whizzing tempests fly.
 And clouds of feather'd fates obscure the sky.

By this Hyperion on his radiant car,
 Flam'd in the zenith of the middle sphere,
 And now th' unerring balances on high.
 Fram'd of pure gold, depended from the sky :
 The work of art divine. to weigh the fates
 Of rival Monarchs, and contending states,
 Impartial heav'n's decrees ordain'd to prove.
 And fix th' eternal equity above,
 Bright in the azure vault the balance shone †
 And British fates in either side are thrown,
 Sinking more pond'rous, Scotia's lots prevail,
 High mounts in air, o'erpois'd. the South'ron scale
 Meanwhile the King, nor yet engag'd, beheld
 The bold encounters on the various field,
 Joyful had view'd his glorious leaders fight,
 In all the terrors of their fathers might,
 But now at last perceives the quiver'd power,
 By crafty Omphraville well known before,
 Rang'd on the hostile flanks. in order glare,
 And gall with distant wounds the Scottish war,
 To arms he calls, and tribe by tribe draws forth,
 Array'd to battle, the intrepid north,
 Himself before the squadrons takes the plain,
 And Hay and Keith and Gordon fill the train,
 His troops M'Kenzie to M'Donald joins,
 And all the war in Scythian armour shines,
 The dales around Hebridian axes gild,
 And bossy bucklers glimmer o'er the field.
 Detach'd before, the noble Marischal rood :
 To quell the fury of the racher crowd,

† This piece of machinery (if we may call it so) the reader will find made use of both by Homer and Virgil: nor is it any invention of theirs, or indeed, owing to the Pagan theology. We have several authorities for it in sacred writ. particularly that of Daniel, in the account he gives of Belshazzar's feast, chap. 5. v. 27.

Two thousand spears obey the chief's commands,
Fiercely they rush amidst the quiver'd bands.
The bold detachment dealt destruction round.
Bows, shafts and warriors mingling on the ground,
Not able to sustain their awful might.
Back to the rear the archers wing their flight,

By this the king majestically great,
Shines in the center of the day of fate,
Stern terrors rising brood upon his brows
And in his looks the God of battle glows,
Quick round the field his piercing eye balls glare
At once directed through each scene of war,
Then as the thunder, bursting from on high
Drives thro' the gather'd wreck and sweeps the sky
While clouds dissolv'd in mighty torrents pour
The founding ruin round the delug'd shore,
So rush'd the Monarch 'midst the thickest fight,
And flam'd in all the wonders of his might.
Gods ! How his rage the widening havock spread
How thick around him rose the growing dead
What tides of rolling gore, from ranks o'erthrowa
Unite, and swell and deeper float the lawn,
The lawns ! that, late, fresh crown'd with verdure lay
Now groans with death, and waves a purple sea.
The distant war, astonish'd, stops its course,
And wond'ring, view'd his more than mortal force,
The hardy North's undaunted sons engage,
And second thro the field their Monarch's rage
The foreign troops, amaz'd, for flight prepare
And ev'n the great Charnarvan dreads the war
But Omphraville collects the flagg'ring lines,
And at their head once more that leader shines.
Bold Giles, the Argentine renown'd in fame,
And long in foreign fields a dreadful name
Recalls the Belgian, and the Gallic horde
And joins to Omphraville the rally'd force.

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The Scottish battles, distant on the field.
 The assembled foe's fresh rendezvous beheld;
 From different quarters their whole troops combine,
 And all at once the Monarch's standard join,
 The Monarch takes the van, and all his pow'r
 Upon the foe with dreadful fury bore
 On them the hardy foe as furious bound.
 Deep groan'd beneath the shock the trembling ground,
 The mighty clash of arms resounds in air.
 And mountains eccho to the din of war
 Now did the Bruce in all his dread array,
 Renew the former wonders of the day,
 His rage thro' every scene of battle ran,
 Flam'd on the flanks or lighten'd in the van.
 Gods! How fierce Edward urg'd the stern debate,
 From his bold hand what warriors met their fate;
 In vain the Gallic chief oppos'd his pow'r,
 Breathless by him extended on the shore,
 This Belgium saw and Gaul's astonish'd horse,
 And fled disorder'd, from his dreadful force,
 Bold Douglas, Randolph Stuart exert their might
 Thunder thro' death, and drive the scatter'd fight.
 Their rage no more sustains the hostile band,
 All disarray'd, and reeling on the strand.
 And now the sun had shot a fainter ray,
 His car declining to the western sea;
 When from the heights descend the Scottish swains:
 The foe beheld afresh the cover'd plains.
 They gaze sometime, astonish'd at the sight
 Then all at once precipitate their flight.
 His armies routed, and his honour lost.
 The great Caernarvan leaves the bloody coast,
 To where loud billows beat Dumbarton's shores.
 He flies: and Douglas drives the scatter'd pow'rs.
 By sea at last he gains his native sway;
 Dead in the chase three thousand victims lay.

Of hostile corpses (dreadful to relate :)
 Full fifty thousand gorg'd the field of fate.
 Four hundred spurs of gold Equestrian spoils
 Part grace, and part reward the Grampian toils.
 There Typont fell, and Gloucester the brave
 From Bruce's gen'rous bounty found a grave,
 There the bold Argentine's † fam'd laurels fade,
 Mix'd with the ruins of the vulgar dead
 The Argentine who never knew to yield
 And scorn'd to fly inglorious from the field,
 In distant climes for martial toils renown'd
 And thrice his head with Pagan triumphs crown'd,
 Four thousand Scottish warriors yield their breath,
 Loyal in life, and glorious in their death.
 There Wepont fell, and Ross renown'd of old
 But still in Scotia's annals, live in gold.
 While thrice the sun his course diurnal rolls,
 And shades, successive, thrice involve the poles;
 Still Bannock-burn choak'd with a tide of gore,
 Groan'd in deep murmurs to its ghastly shore,
 Edward escap'd bold Douglas led his host
 Back to victorious Bruce by Forth's coast,
 Conjoin'd, to Stirling march'd the laurel'd war,
 And spoils of nations load each groaning car,
 Vast troops of captive foes the pomp adorn'd,
 And haughty chiefs in hostile fetters mourn'd,
 Chiefs who estoons by gen'rous Bruce dismiss,
 Restor'd his royal consort to his breast.
 Moubray the fort surrenders loyal gown,
 And henceforth faithful to the Scottish crown,

† Sir Giles the Argentine who commanded a part of
 the foreign auxiliaries, was a brave man, and had done
 signal services abroad against the Saracens. He was cal-
 led the Argentine, from Argento, a city of Alsatia, in
 Germany, now Strasburgh,

Now glorious Bruce (all opposition quell'd,
 Each faction crush'd, and ev'ry foe repell'd)
 Throughout the provinces proclaims his sway ;
 At once the willing provinces obey,
 From far Pomona's coast to Solway's shore,
 Each subject, loyal, owns his lov'reign pow'r,
 His friends rewarded, and his host dismiss'd,
 With bounty loaded, and with freedom blest
 Each office he invests with due command,
 Dispenses laws and constitutes the land.
 No more dare foreign foes his right invade.
 No more dares faction lift its rebel head
 No more the Grampian swain in battle bleeds,
 But to the sword the peaceful rake succeeds,
 The lab'ring hind, free from oppressive toil
 Turns the rich furrows of his native soil
 In freedom, peace and plenty wastes the day
 And a rich indulgence of a righteous way.
 No longer Caledonia now deplores.
 Her ruin'd cities, and her desert shores ;
 Her cities, round, their ancient splendor gain,
 And golden harvests wave on ev'ry plain,
 At home rever'd abroad diffus'd by fame,
 Through distant climes resounds the Brusian name

Thus far the muse, in unambitious strains,
 Hath sung the Monarch sweating on the plains.
 Immers'd in ills with perils long beset,
 (Glorious in patience, and resign'dly great!)
 'Till by degrees he gain'd upon his foes,
 Grew in distress, and on his dangers rose,
 Triumphant 'midst the spoils of nations shone ;
 And now unrival'd, mounts, his native throne :
 Where regal ore and gems his brows infold.
 And everlasting laurels shade the gold.

While circling spheres their endless rounds shall run
And feel the genial influence of the sun :
While earth shall daily on her axle roll
And the slow wain attend the freezing pole :
While monthly moons their revolutions keep,
By turns shall raise, and sink by turns the deep ;
While Fortha, spacious, rolls her winding waves,
And Tay's rich stream Æneian borders laves ;
Still dear to Albion be her Bruce's fame,
Sacred his merit, and rever'd his name

So may just heav'n maintain her ancient crown,
And Banquo's race for ever fill her throne.
May both ye gods ! one final period know,
That cease to rule, and Fortha cease to flow,

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